









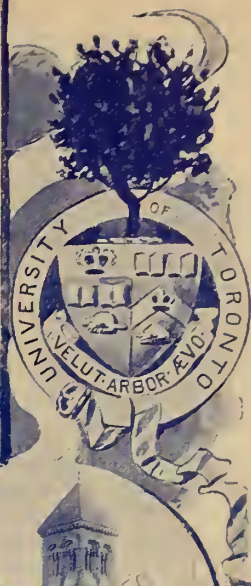


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TORONTO ENG. CO.

# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 1.

University of Toronto.

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 14TH, 1896.

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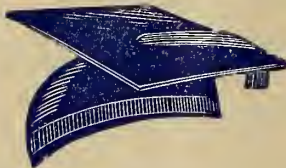
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1896.

No. 1

## UNIVERSITY AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CONVOCATION.

The outside world cannot be said to have assumed the fairest aspect on the occasion of the First Convocation of the University Arts Faculty, which was held last Tuesday afternoon in the gymnasium building, but despite the drizzling rain which set in just at the hour of commencement, the hall was comfortably filled with an audience which was certainly quite as representative and as appreciative as any of those in attendance on like events of former years. Before the entrance of the mace, friends of the University had for the most part taken up the chairs which had been placed on the ground floor, while in the gallery "the humblest freshman and the most grave and reverend senior" united in supplying for the rest of the audience that mirth and stir so characteristic of autumnal convocation exercises. The long wait for the entrance of the procession can hardly have been termed unpleasant: for were there not, as of yore, those unlucky gentlemen, whose failure to doff their headgear called down upon them the opprobrium of the exacting undergraduate? And what would a University assemblage be like without the rendition of those classical ditties so essentially the Varsity man's own? Surely all this furnished sufficient entertainment, without even taking into account the vociferation, with which the various years gave their cries, and the guileless *tirones* were called to order. At last, however, that stately gentleman, who is made by the gallery to assume an infernal character at least once a year, made his appearance at the head of a most notable procession, and order was resumed while the distinguished in public as well as academic life quietly filled the platform.

Convocation being formally opened, the presentation of awards for merit proceeded with, the pleasant task of introduction falling to Profs. Coleman, Wright and Mavor, and Mr. Dick, University architect. President Loudon then arose to deliver his usual Convocation address. A clear, concise, historical sketch of the relation of University and College was given by the honored gentleman, from which he went on to call attention to the various marks of progress to be seen in connection with the University in recent years. Yet all this had been done with very limited means. Would it not be a good idea to devote part of the Provincial surplus to supply the University's needs, and so obviate the necessity of raising the fees? Yet, though poorly off financially, they had good heart, and looked to the future with every hope.

Loud cheers and the singing of the National Anthem greeted the Lieutenant-Governor. In the course of a very interesting address he took occasion to congratulate the University on its abundant evidences of prosperity. As to the best means of relieving financial necessity, the question was too closely related to practical politics for him to express an opinion thereon. Passing on, His Honor expressed himself as pleased with the attention given the sciences and made an interesting allusion to the struggle of English and German manufactures, and its bearing upon University training.

The Lieutenant-Governor then gave way to his first adviser in the person of Mr. Hardy, whose appearance made the assemblage of particular interest to the outside public. As it was his first academic speech in his official capacity, the audience naturally was a very expectant one; and it is quite safe to say that none were disappointed with the manner in which he acquitted himself. Hearty applause greeted his appearance, followed by a particularly appropriate college anthem. He had come, he said, to make a personal acquaintance with the future leaders of thought and action in our country; for that University men would be such, those, who understood the exceptional advantages which they enjoyed, would never for a moment doubt. As well say that we have too much wisdom as too much education. Men should be careful about entering the overcrowded professions, but that is no reason why the gifted son of the poor man should not have equal opportunities of an education with the rich. The Premier then proceeded to pay a compliment to the work in political science, and expressed the hope that a chair of rhetoric would soon be founded, closing with urging undergraduates to never fail to cultivate the spirit of love of country.

Finally came the extreme pleasure of a short address from that ever-welcome and true friend of the University, our eminent Chancellor. The question of University aid called for his attention. It was a question for the masses; the rich could always gain an education. But let us rather raise the fees than have inefficient instruction. He would have felt much better satisfied with the remarks of previous speakers if they had not fought shy of the question of money-aid. Surely a good proposition would be to set aside some of the public lands for the University. After a pleasant reference to the Rugby Club and to his tenure of the Ontario premiership twenty-five years ago, he closed a most impressive speech with one of those magnificent perorations which have gone so far to give him his present high rank as an orator, as well upon the other side of the Atlantic as here.

For the majority of the audience the most important part of the proceedings now ended; not for a small portion massed in a part of the gallery. In a few minutes, hours to them, they were experiencing the gentler treatment which their seniors so expectantly looked forward to mete out to them. Words fail to describe such a ceremony. Sufficient it is to say that those present will be long in forgetting the *melée* which met the eye in the ravine, or cease to rejoice in the thorough and systematic manner in which these extremely *fin-de-siècle* freshies were ushered into university life.

The University Convocation in the evening was not as well attended as that in the afternoon, doubtless due to the inclement weather. The successful prizemen, scholars and medallists were presented for their hard won honors, amid the generous applause of the audience generally. On this the lecturer of the evening, Prof. Fletcher, was introduced, and by his able and scholarly effort, firmly established his already high position among the great teachers and scholars on this continent.



## IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN HERBERT BROWN, M.A., LL.B.

OBIT. JUNE 29TH, 1896.

Ten years ago this fall, amongst the new boys at the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute, there was one whose bright and merry eye, but quiet and retiring demeanor, attracted the attention and aroused the curiosity of his classmates. To the teachers he gave the name of John Herbert Brown. He came from the village of Markdale, and was soon found to be a student of more than ordinary ability and diligence. We who had but just entered the Collegiate were at first rather suspicious of the newcomer, for he entered into none of our mischievous pranks and seemed to develop instantaneously a remarkable popularity with the staff. These facts were sufficient in our eyes to justify a degree of misgiving.

We soon had cause, however, to change our first estimate of Herbert Brown. The longer we knew him the better we liked him. Though gentle and courteous in his manner, he proved himself, as we came to know him better, a manly, genial and warm-hearted companion; while his marvellously keen intellect and almost unlimited capacity for work compelled the fear and respect of even would-be rivals. Everyone felt, moreover—though we were young then to recognize moral force in others and though he was young to display it—that our friend had within him some strange fire that illuminated and gave eminence to his life, and made it a beacon and strong tower around which the lives of others might rally. From the second or third month after he entered the school till he left it in the summer of 1890, he steadily rose in the estimation of his fellow-students, and there is not the slightest exaggeration, I am confident, in saying that there never has been anyone in the history of the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute who enjoyed so large a measure of the confidence, respect and admiration of his fellows as did J. H. Brown.

After taking out third, second and first class certificates, he matriculated into the University of Toronto in the summer of 1890 with the highest standing accorded any candidate in a great many years—taking first class honors in classics, mathematics, English, French, German, history and geography, standing first in the list in nearly every one of these subjects, and winning both the Mary Mulock classical scholarship and the Prince of Wales scholarship. In his first year at the University he headed the lists in both classics and moderns, and then, dropping the moderns, he took up political science, and in his second, third and fourth years led in both that course and classics, winning a number of scholarships and prizes. At graduation he took the McCaul gold medal in classics, and at the convocation of the fall of '94 was Latin orator. His course through the University, we all know, was one of amazing brilliancy and distinction, and as a record of intellectual achievement is possibly unequalled in the annals of Canadian Universities. At Knox College, also,



J. H. BROWN, M.A., LL.B.

where he took up the study of theology, he held the lead of his year, scoring in the several examinations triumph after triumph of scholarship.

Yet it is upon this phase of his career, perhaps, that it is least necessary and least desirable to dwell. Mere intellectuality counts, after all, for little in the great forum where men move busily to and fro absorbed in their daily tasks and bargainings and plans. He who lacks in truth and faith, be his talent never so imposing, is not likely to make a very deep impression on the world and its ways. Not for the number of the scholarships that he won is J. H. Brown remembered among his old associates. He himself undoubtedly looked at these things as the least part of his life. The reason he can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of knowing him is that his name is inscribed not only in the class lists, but graven on their hearts and set forth forever in the history of their spiritual lives.

His whole activity was never centred merely in his studies. He had in a marked degree the confidence and respect of his associates, who conferred many honors and offices upon him. In these he always came up to the highest demands and rose to the full measure of the occasion, not solely because he had the necessary mental endowment—but for the greater and better reason that he was sincere, truthful, courageous, modest, considerate of others, patient, painstaking and entirely consecrated to his duty, as he conceived it. Perhaps the most wonderful thing of all in his character and career was the combination of such surpassing talents and splendid achievements with so much of true and unfeigned humility. All the brilliant triumphs scored in the past ten years, in one field or another, never altered J. H. Brown's demeanor in the smallest degree.

In the little village churchyard at Markdale, on Sunday, July 5th, the mortal remains of John Herbert Brown was laid to the bosom of Mother Earth, mid the scenes of his own childhood and neath the stage where his father had toiled before him. Many were the sun-burned faces from all the surrounding country that were bowed that day in silent sorrow at the grave of the young man whom all had respected, to whose future all had looked forward with confidence and hope. Around that grave were gathered, also, a small band of the school and college friends of the dead. The words spoken that day came from the lips of one who knew much of the inner life, the struggles, the difficulties, the aspiration and the faith of him who had gone down into the dark valley. Strong was the testimony borne in every countenance and on every tongue to the triumphant success of the brief life of John Herbert Brown.

We cannot measure success by years. "So many aspirations, so many hopes, so many plans, to die at twenty-four on the threshold of everything." Ah, no, it was not that! His life was short, but it had an elevation and a purity that made it majestic and venerable. To those who knew him his memory is an inspiration. What more could one say, had he lived seventy years?

\* \*

JOHN D. PHILLIPS, B.A., LL.B., '93.

By the death of John D. Phillips, B.A., LL.B., the University has lost one of the most brilliant of its younger graduates. Entering the University in '90 as a senior matriculant, he continued the successes which had marked his course in Jarvis Street Collegiate, and was soon recognized as the ablest man of the year in his department, carrying off the Blake Scholarships in successive years and establishing a reputation as a skilful and polished debater.

While maintaining his place as a scholar Phillips was concerned in most matters of interest, was a frequent contributor to VARSITY, a member of the directing board, one



of the keenest of Varsity politicians, and his loss, coupled with that of J. H. Brown, has brought not alone sorrow, but something of dismay to the hearts of the remaining members of that warm brotherhood of "stalwarts" who fought the battles of the "Outside" in years not long past.

"How shall we meet, who oft have met, to counsel peace or war,  
And know the bravest in the fight shall march with us no more."

Mr. Phillips' graduate career was not less distinguished—winning the Ramsay Scholarship and two first scholarships in law, he found time to take his LL.B. degree in '95.

His health, which had shown consumptive tendencies, began to give way, and when the final examination in law approached, he was urged to give up work, but determined to struggle through, hoping to regain his health in the subsequent vacation. Possibly this hastened the inevitable—a hasty trip to Muskoka to find little benefit; a short interval of lessening hopes, and Phillips had crossed the bar. The end came on the 6th September, and at the early age of twenty-three, a career which had been so rich in achievement and so brilliant in promise, came to a lamented close.

Mr. Phillips was a resident of Toronto and an active member and supporter of Woodgreen Methodist Church. To his relatives in their loss will reach out the warm sympathies of hundreds of his Varsity and Osgoode classmates, who knew him as the generous, resolute, warm-hearted Jack Phillips, the trustiest of friends, the sturdiest and fairest of foes. But among so many the grief will, perhaps, be deepest of three to whose year he did honor, and who honored him with their best gifts—the men who left with him and under his presiding charge their college halls in '93.

\* \* \*

DONALD ROSS GRANT, '97.

The news of the death of Donald Grant came as a sad shock to all those who had the pleasure of being acquainted with this estimable young man. Few of the present undergraduates, with the exception of the fourth year, with whom he entered the University as a freshman and with whom he would have graduated had his life been spared, will remember the smiling face and still happier disposition of "Don" Grant. Death is a sad thing at all times, but when a bright young man is stricken down by its inevitable hand, barely at the threshold of a promising life, it is particularly so. A boy of noble character and brilliant scholastic attainments, he is a loss to the University at which he was able to spend but little over a year.

Donald Ross Grant was born in the town of Beaverton, Ont., December 26th, 1875. Here, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, he passed his boyhood years attending the public school, from which at the remarkably early age of thirteen he was successful in obtaining a third-class certificate. The year following he went to school at Orillia, and on his family's removal to Toronto he attended the Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute in Parkdale, at which he spent three years. Here, after two years, he passed the junior leaving examination, and the following year matriculated into Toronto University with high honors in English and Natural Science, in which latter department he was awarded the first Edward Blake Scholarship. Though small and delicate in frame he was greatly interested in athletics, particularly association football, a game he played with considerable skill, several times finding a place on the Collegiate junior team. A favorite with both teachers and scholars, he was entrusted with the honor of delivering the Valedictory address on his graduation from the school.

In October, 1893, he enrolled in University College as a member of the class of '97, pursuing the honor course in Natural Science. His genial and cheerful disposition soon won him hosts of friends. He was elected historian of his class and in that capacity read a clever skit on the

happenings of the year. In February, 1894, when the Greek tragedy of "Antigone" was represented at the then Academy of Music "Don" took the part of the blind prophet's boy. Although a diligent student he was not a "plug," but took a prominent part in the sociable side of University life. In many an impromptu football match on the lawn did he engage, and at the social gatherings of his class his face was never lacking. He was a prime favorite, not only with the male members of his class, but also with those of the gentler sex. At the annual May examinations he tied for first place in his chosen course.

At the commencement of his second year his popularity was evidenced by the fact that he was nominated for the highest office in the hands of his classmates, namely, president of his year, and was only defeated by a small majority. Owing to a decline in his health, for he was not naturally strong, he was able only to attend lectures intermittently until Christmas, and at the first approach of the dread disease of tuberculosis, his physician considering it inadvisable for him to stand the siege of our severe Canadian winter sent him to a warmer clime in the south. He spent the winter in Denver, Colorado, and was so improved in health that he commenced the study of medicine there. But the improvement which he had shown proved only transitory in its character and it was deemed advisable for him to proceed still further south. He removed to Phoenix, Arizona, where he remained for some time. The climate proving inadequate to check the ravages of the treacherous disease, he returned to his home in Toronto in May, 1896, where he passed away on June 8th, after an absence of about a year and four months.

The sincere and loving character of Donald Grant endeared him to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. Little we thought as we gazed on his handsome, boyish face that he would be the first to leave us. But, alas! he is dead, and we who mourn his loss feel comfort in the fact of having known him. His was indeed a nature to win affection. His mind was pure and good and worthy of the highest tribute which his sorrowing friends may pay. He leaves behind a father, brothers and sisters, and it is with a keen sense of the loss that both they and we have sustained that his many friends in Toronto University extend to them their heartfelt sympathy.

#### PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

We are indebted to the editor of *Markdale Standard* for the cut of the late F. H. Brown, which appears in this issue.

The many friends of Mr. C. G. Paterson, ex-Editor, will be sorry to hear that he is at present very ill at 431 Church St. We hope it may not prove serious, as we have a profound regard for our esteemed predecessor.

The University Council are contemplating the erection of two bicycle sheds, one in the ravine south of the Gym, and the other on the west side of grounds opposite the round tower. This will be very acceptable to the army of riders.

Du Maurier, author of the famous "Trilby," which the students witnessed at the Grand last Hallowe'en, died early last Thursday morning. His last words were to the effect that he had had too much success and it had killed him. Let the aspiring Freshman beware!

During vacation a wonderful transformation has taken place in the Janitor's quarters, and no one feels more proud of its improved appearance than the occupant himself. The staff and students will be pleased to know that the Janitor has of late increased his usefulness in a most appreciable manner by keeping on hand a stock of stamps, postcards and writing paper. The latter is stamped with the University crescent, and will be just the thing for the students' use. Give Robert a call now before getting in a supply.



## GEISTESBLUME.

Hämmern in Dir Schmiedesschläge?  
 Lehot an Dir Vulkanesfeuer?  
 Dasz er Ruhe stille Pflege  
 Lenket nie zu Dir ihr Steuer?  
 Ach, was leidst Du Pein!  
 Kannst nicht scherzen!  
 Denn mit Schmerzen  
 Zicht die Unmüt ein.

Mutter! einsam steh, ich Armer  
 Da in meinen trüben Sünden,  
 Wenn sie alle, Allerbarmer,  
 Wandeln trostesreich von hinnen!  
 Ach! was leid ich Pein!  
 Kann nicht denken,  
 Dasz ich lenken  
 Werd, in Ruhe ein.

Nimmer ruht des Pulses Wandeln,  
 Bis es ewiglich sich stellet,  
 Mutter! bis der Kräfte Handeln  
 Seinen Anker schon gefället  
 So ruht mein Herz nicht!  
 Nie wird sonnen  
 Reiner Wonnen  
 Ungetrübtes Licht!

Zu mir hämmern Schmiedesschläge,  
 An mir zehrt Vulkanesfeuer,  
 Dasz sich nicht im Herzen rege  
 Mutter! Wonnlicht,—so teuer!—  
 Sohn, Dein Hirn ruht nicht?  
 O so glühe  
 O so blühe  
 Thue das Weisheitslicht.

—B.

## THE RETURN OF LORD CARSTAIRS.

That meeting of the Club might have been rather quiet if Timothy Vivian had not ended one of the long pauses by slowly raising his head and asking in his laziest drawl if the assembled fraternity were aware they had His Lordship of Carstairs in their midst.

"Your humble servant," added Walter Jones, otherwise "Doc."

"First cousin to the Dauphin of France and the Duke of Bilgewater?" asked MacNamara, without any amazement.

His Lordship grinned. "No, not exactly. The title was thrust upon me. I dropped it as soon possible."

"You did that!" said Vivian, sententiously, "and left your sorrowing family, too—kissed your new-found sister only once, and she so fair!" "What!" shouted the other half dozen, horror-stricken. "Doc!"

"Yes, and it was once too often," said the medical man, grinning. "But look here, Tim, that's all a mouldy chestnut now. Don't inflict it on these unfortunates."

Vivian waved him aside. "Gentlemen, I have a glorious duty to perform. I have to inform you of the elevation to the peerage of one whom you have long known but as an innocent gory-fingered Med."

The Doc. grinned anew. "I suppose I've got to put up with it. If the lies get too numerous I'll stop you though. Fire away if you must."

Vivian stretched his legs out, dropped his chin on his tie, and tightened his lips, while he laid out his story in the fireplace.

Then he began: "It was on the trip down to Detroit. We had a tame enough time for the first day—didn't even smash our wheels—but the fun came next night. It must

have been about five o'clock, and we were a mile or so from Plainville, when a buckboard came round a bend jerking all over the road. There was a brace of highly intoxicated young bucolics in it. As soon as they saw we hadn't turned completely out—for there was only a single track—they held each other up, and told us where to go next in a most affectionate manner. We thanked them and let them have the road. You can't get much glory out of doing up a drunken man. We met more of them all the way into the town.

"You see they were celebrating the Queen's Birthday. There was a darky band circulating around the metropolis—all fife and bass drum—kids were setting off fire crackers on the corners, and freaks of all sorts were promenading the streets, eating candy and pop-corn. But what caught my eye was a barber shop which advertised *Hot and Cold Baths*. Doc. hadn't any notion of taking a bath, but as usual, thought he needed a shave. He's always under that hallucination when he's more than ordinarily dirty."

"You know how much to swallow," commented the slandered one, resignedly. "There was only one bath. He hogged it naturally."

"Well," continued Vivian, "I went down stairs and tubbed, and when I got back, I found that this irresponsible infant had signed with a theatrical company, billed to play in town that night. I think you'd better tell that part of it Doc; the thought of it makes me feel faint."

"Why, you'd have joined quicker than I did if you'd got the chance. You see, I was just being scraped when some person came in, and wanted the barber's water-bottle; said they were going to use it for the wine decanter, and added something about things getting on first rate, but their being in a hole because some fellow had taken sick. I was wondering what the dickens was on, when the barber said, 'You are not going to have the same soft thing you had last year, are you?' The fellow answered that they were, and gave it as his opinion that it took mighty well. I began to ask questions, and found the fire brigade were giving a play, but lacked a man. The other was full, I dare say. There seemed to be fun ahead, so I offered myself as a victim. He was a little shy of my shape at first, but we went over to the hall together to see the rest of the company."

"And left me to insult the barber," broke in Vivian. "He said you had joined, and I said he was off. Well, this Hamlet turned up for supper, bragged about his being Lord Carstairs, and then rushed off without so much as giving me a complimentary ticket. I tramped over to what they called the 'Operry,' alone. They all seemed to be taking in taffy and pea-nuts, so I turned back and got some oranges. I swear the door-keepers and ushers looked pretty suspiciously at that bag; the oranges were about the size of hen-fruit. However, I soon jollied in with them, and by telling them I thought of writing it up, was shown to the best seat in the house—away up behind the bald-headed row. Then I prepared to enjoy it."

"And that play was a sight for the gods. If you take Jerome's 'Stageland' you'll find all the characters and most of the plot; only this was more so. And here the villain hardly knew which end of his cigarette to smoke. There was a proud and haughty Earl of Rivington—he was Doc's father—and the moustache he wore kept getting skewgee all the time. One side would turn up in a Frenchy, cat's-whiskery sort of way, and the other would hang down straighter than Li Hung Chang's. On one side he was rakish, on the other quite sedate and pious-looking. They were all hands—six or seven to each individual—and they stood with their backs to the audience and declaimed sentiment in a high key, as if they were dictating it through a telephone. It was soul-stirring, and don't you forget it! Occasionally part of the scenery would tumble down. I thought I'd have a fit once. The poor wretch of a hero was calling on 'merciful powers' to see how miserable



he was, and all through the neglect of those he thought his friends, and all this time he was bracing his back against the side of his dungeon. It was leaning forward about six feet, ready to cave in any time, and I thought his remarks anything but extreme.

"However the funny joke was in the horny-handed son of toil beside me. He was a big-jointed six-footer, with a hand about a foot across, and knuckles like my elbow. Well, as soon as the heroine came on, his face split like a cut watermelon. It wasn't hard to see what was the matter. I confided to him that I thought her the gem of the whole collection, and at the end of the first scene I knew it all. But the worst of it was that every time she would do something which struck him as particularly good, he would smack me on the knee in a way that made my eyes water. If he didn't do that he would knead his fingers into my shank in a spasmodic sort of joy, which must have left me black and blue."

Vivian stopped to enjoy this painful recollection, then took up his tale again.

"One of the little peculiarities of this style of drama was that when one of the characters was to be out of the acting for a scene or so, he would emerge from a door beside the stage, and make for his friends in the audience in long, stealthy, apologetic strides—like a man carrying chairs up the aisle of a church—as if he didn't want to be noticed. But all the time he knew the admiring eyes of the whole crowd were on him, and his self-satisfied smirk was a sight to see! Well, at the end of the second act down came Doc."

"See here, Tim," interrupted the latter, indignantly, "you're not going to say I acted like those jays, are you? I wasn't expecting any admiration."

"You were right there, Doc," continued Vivian, imperturbably. "Well, he shoved in beside me—the fellow who watched the heroine was on the other side—and told me the plot. He wasn't to go on again till the last scene, for it seems he was the stray son and heir, who was to turn up in the *dénouement*, wrest the estates and the heroine from the wicked toils of the villain, and make everything all serene. He was the lost Lord Carstairs, long given up for dead."

"If they'd given me up for dead ten minutes after the play was over, they'd have been nearer right," murmured Doc. ruminatively. "You've been guying me about that eye, fellows. Now you'll hear all about it."

"I'll come to that," said Vivian. "Well, just as this Thespian was leaving—he said he had to help them with the scenery—he turned back and jammed his lips against my ear to tell me his new-found sister was going to get the kiss of her life."

The Club shouted loudly and variously, but the medical man was not abashed. He was indignant. "And you let me walk straight into that, you wretch! It was a regular man-trap!"

"You *are* getting gallant, 'Doc.,'" said Vivian; "and I can't drive it into your head that I tried to get you to stop a minute till I warned you. You rushed off and I couldn't do anything. I ought to have told you, fellows, that the osculatory gymnastics in this play were peculiar. Doc. should have taken his tip from them. You see, there was no positive contact—they were never nearer than six inches—and it was finished mighty quickly at that. I didn't know what to make of it at first, for I've timed them in a good, rich melodrama at the 'Toronto,' and it would run up to ten and eleven seconds. But when I thought of the big fellow beside me, it flashed upon me that it would have been exceedingly dangerous to do it that way there; I felt badly scared for Doc."

However, the play went on, and I confess it made me forget everything else. The affectionate swain beside me kept telling me tender private history, and I kept praising up the heroine till I hadn't a thought for any long-lost brother. And some of the audience were worth watching,

too. A maiden in front of me was taking it seriously; when the heroine got up to her neck in misery, she would give her eyes a wipe every few seconds. But the last scene came, and with it Doc. He was doing the Jack's-come-home-from-Sea business, and it seemed natural enough to one that he should do the usual when he met the family. But as soon as he reached the heroine, and gave his affections full scope, the cork drawing was followed by her shoving him away like hot iron. Whew! she was vigorous—mad as a hornet! "The stupid idiot!" broke in Doc., angrily, and then laughed weakly. "To tell the truth, I'd spent the whole of the fourth act cribbing up how my arms should go, under or over, or how I ought to tackle, for you may believe I haven't had much experience in that line. And then she to spoil it all!" "Oh, it was lovely!" pursued Vivian, gloating over the recollection. "It was the only bit of natural acting in the whole show." But I soon forgot the stage, for the freak beside me had grabbed me by the shoulder and was swearing shockingly; said he "would teach that So-and-so smart Aleck to try his games on country girls. We'd see if we could run that town." And then he struck out towards the back of the hall; he was white hot, I tell you, madder than a hustled freshie. Well, I don't know how they finished the scene—"No more do I," interrupted Doc.—they got through it somehow, and then all the actors lined up before the footlights—coal oil lamps—and struck up "God Save the Queen." That was idiotic enough, but I couldn't laugh; I knew Doc. was in for a tragedy. As soon as I got him by the arm I told him to prepare to scrap, and we made for the stairs. He kept asking questions, but I only jerked him along, for I wanted to get to the hotel. He got his answer as soon as we reached the sidewalk; the protector of the offended heroine came through the crowd like a cyclone, clutched him by the collar and tried to yank him into the street. "You thought you were mighty smart," was all he said. Doc. held back, and I was holding to the freak's arm, so we stopped right there. Doc. was more than astonished. He said, "What did I do?" and some one, who, next thing I knew, had collared me, shouted: "You tried to kiss my sister!" I began to explain that it was all in the play, but he only said: "Oh, you want some too, do you?"

Doc yelled: "It was a scene in a drama. I didn't do it on my own account," and the big fellow simply snorted out: "I'll make a scene in a dramar of you," and jerked us into the street. It was a rough-and-tumble after that. There were two of them, and I confess we were badly done up. I got a bloody nose, and Doc got that eye—it's nothing to what it was then—but when we did get pulled apart, the joke of it was he wouldn't come away to the hotel."

"It wasn't any joke," expostulated Doc fiercely, "it was nothing but a cowardly outrage!"

"Shut up, you clam!" said Vivian, amid loud uproar. You may judge what he was like then by the way he acts now. Never mind, Doc, you'll see it as a joke some day. Well, I got him started off at last, and when we reached our room, I sent out for beefsteak, and I had to promise to leave town next morning and take my drunk and disorderly companion, or we'd have both been jugged. Even then this idiot wanted to stay and appeal to what he kept calling "British fair-play," or some such obsolete law. He'd have got a dollar and costs. I think that's about all there is to tell.

"No, it isn't all!" fumed His Lordship of Carstairs. But what he added shall not be written down.—FESTE, '98.

The improvements made upon the appearance of the grounds on the east side of the College building during the past few weeks are immense. The change on the position of the walk was badly needed, and permits an almost direct course to the Gymnasium.



# The Varsity

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

WITH this issue THE VARSITY begins a new year under a new management. We venture to hope that the sixteenth volume will be in no way inferior to any of its predecessors. There is no good reason why it should. We have that advantage which always accrues to those who have had the pioneer work done for them. We come not as emigrants to a new country, but as settlers upon a well-tilled plain. We hope we know how to escape the errors and profit by the successes of those who have gone before. We see and appreciate to the full their noble work—with the fruits of which we find ourselves endowed, as with a veritable heritage. And to prove ourselves in some degree worthy thereof is the task which we have set before us. Even this, we know, cannot be done without much difficulty. Editors' pathways are not generally strewn with roses, and we expect ours will be no exception. We accept as a trust the work which we have been assigned to do as the representatives of the undergraduates of this great University, and the exponents of their opinions. We shall endeavor to discharge our duties to the best of our ability and with the utmost fidelity to such a "great public." At the same time we shall try not to over-estimate the importance of our position and misuse the privileges given to us. Further than this we cannot go. By making few promises we shall have few to perform or few to break. Still we cannot refrain from saying that whatever talents we possess will be brought unsparingly to the task of having each week an interesting and readable sheet, the work of which will have the merit at least of having been done honestly and conscientiously, if it has not been done well.

By such a course we hope to win the respect and the support, financial and literary, which this paper deserves and has always received from the student body. We wish to

make every student feel that he or she has an interest, a personal interest, in his college journal. We wish to make this paper indispensable to every student. But we cannot do this without the hearty coöperation and loyal attachment of the students themselves. We fully expect this from them. And if it be freely granted, it will be graciously accepted, and we shall have every reason to feel confident of our success.

\* \* \*

By way of compensation for the omission of Convocation last year, we had the unique experience of being treated this year to a double share. The Convocation of the University Arts Faculty was held in the afternoon and that of University College on the evening of the 6th ult. The former is a new thing, we understand, in the history of this University, and has been thought proper in order to cement and unify the interest of the Federated Colleges, and to permit an annual public discussion of the affairs of the University. We hope that the success which attended this year's ceremony will be a sufficient guarantee for the continuation of such a pleasing and such an imposing function. To us it was certainly both of these. Pleasing, because, we thought, it told of the silent restoration of harmony and concord between the governors and the governed, and because, for the first time in years, it was held at home. Imposing, also, it seemed, for how could it be otherwise with such a magnificent array of great and scholarly men—the representatives of the light and learning of the Province—upon the platform? We must confess, however, that we never had a very high opinion of the Gymnasium building in regard to its acoustic properties. The absence of these was never more manifest than on the present occasion, when the voices of two at least of the speakers completely failed to reach more than one-half of the audience.

The speeches delivered were no less interesting and gratifying than was the ceremony itself, as a whole. It was extremely gratifying to learn that in the University finances there was no deficit. We were not delighted nor surprised, however, to hear that no new plan had been discovered for raising the wherewithal to establish new departments, or even to resuscitate those that are half-starved. We had hoped that Premier Hardy, on his first appearance before the University in his new capacity, would have opened his heart and handed over for purposes of public instruction the paltry sum so sorely needed and so modestly demanded. But we were disappointed. The so-called state-aided University must go on without further Provincial assistance, in hopeless expectancy of private benefaction, and with no other prospect than the exaction, at any moment, of a higher fee from her students. That this state of affairs should continue longer is inexcusable. The very existence of a state University presupposes that such an institution pays, that without it the state would be the loser, that the addition which popular education contributes to the intelligence, enlightenment and welfare of her citizens, amply remunerates her for the expenditures so made. If this is so, if a state University does pay, we are at a loss to know why this University cannot get sufficient for her needs out of the Provincial treasury. If it does pay, and is worth supporting, we

If you are the homeliest man on earth and want to be tickled half to death, we would advise you to be photographed by Frederick Lyonde.—*Hamilton Times.*



submit that it ought to be well supported or not at all. We hope before long, in spite of recent utterances, to see either one of these conditions realized, so that our University may be relieved forever from the poverty which at present seems to be the only obstacle which keeps her from extending her sphere of usefulness and power as the greatest centre of education in the Dominion.

\* \*

Every student who lives outside the city can tell of the troubles he experiences every year in getting himself suitable and comfortable rooms. Anything which makes this unwelcome task easier and pleasanter is greatly appreciated. That this is accomplished by the officers of the Y.M.C.A. is evidenced by the great numbers who this year consulted the lists of accredited boarding-houses, kept on file by the genial and capable secretary, Mr. J. Lovell Murray, and his staff of zealous assistants. The enterprise which this live institution shows increases from year to year. A special Reception Committee was detailed this year to meet all trains during the first days of the re-opening, and conduct those students coming to the city for the first time to rooms of the Y.M.C.A. Here they were given a list of houses, accompanied by one of the officers of the Association, and sent out upon a tour of inspection. In this way the Freshmen and others in search of rooms were carefully looked after, and in the majority of cases much better satisfied with their choice than if they had set out to do for themselves. In another respect also the organization has made an advance upon former years, viz., in the new covering and general arrangement of their Hand-Book for Students, a publication which for the variety and usefulness of its information bids fair to excel the University Calendar.

\* \*

There is always more or less ambiguity in the minds of most students regarding the rules and regulations which govern the Library. To avoid this in future, we would like to call the attention of the undergraduates to the fact that printed copies of these have been posted up in conspicuous places in the Library building for general observation and faithful observance. If this is done there will be no chance of a conflict with those in authority and no unpleasantness because of the imposition of a fine. Everybody cordially hates to pay a fine, and all sorts of excuses are urged by way of palliation for a breach of the rules. The strongest of these, however plausible, are insufficient. The laws are explicit and impartial. When anyone ignores the laws, they incur the penalty. There is no room in a large and well-ordered circulating library for laxity or even for the recognition of "special cases." Were this otherwise, there would soon be no books to lend. The rules must be rigidly enforced, without respect of person or circumstance, for the protection and benefit of those who never disregard them, and in order to maintain a satisfactory and efficient service.

\* \*

It is noticeable what a peculiar fascination always surrounds new work. In the beginning of every new undertaking there is always so much of hope, so much of promise, so many bright expectations, so many fine

possibilities, that the mind, held, as it were, by a strange enthrallment, seems to be oblivious for the time to the trials, the hardships and the worries which are the inevitable and necessary accompaniment. This is especially remarkable in the case of students at the opening of a new college year. The past, with its trials and disappointments, its successes or its failures, seems forgotten. If anything is recalled they are those experiences which were the most pleasing. The present is occupied in the most delightful of exercises—renewing old acquaintances and meeting new ones, arranging for some new forms of diversion, or planning how soon to put again into execution those which served us well during the past year. At all hours and on every hand little groups may be seen discussing some momentous question. The chances of the Rugby team for the championship are speculated upon with enthusiasm. The organization of the various class societies is freely considered. The Lit, the annual sports, the coming Hallow E'en celebration—all these seem to engross most minds, and but few remarks are exchanged concerning how the "work" is going. It is well that this is so. For no one is more tiresome and pitiable than the man who "talks shop" all the time. Yet it will pay the most of us to have a true and just appreciation of the nearness and reality of the future. It will be judicious and profitable for the most of us not to forget occasionally to ask ourselves the question: Why am I here? A word to the wise is generally sufficient.

\* \*

With each succeeding year a number of those once connected with this institution, where the memory of them is still cherished with fond recollections, pass away to their eternal rest. Such has been the fate of the three whose obituary notices appear on a previous page. We knew Mr. J. D. Phillips by reputation only. But we had always conceived him to be a man of strong character and generous impulses by the high position he held in the estimation of his acquaintances, and by the tender and kindly references they have made to him on the mention of his name. With D. R. Grant we had the pleasure of a year's companionship as a classmate, and we always admired him for his genial and friendly manners, his bright disposition, and intellectual strength. We knew J. H. Brown ever since he was the marvel of his Collegiate Institute, and we can say that we never knew a young man of such strong understanding, pure tastes, appalling energy or lofty ambition. We regret that three such men of mark are forever lost to this University and to humanity, and we offer the sympathy of THE VARSITY to those who mourn their untimely decease.

\* \*

The Editor desires to express his sincere thanks to Mr. G. G. F. Pringle, '98, for a copy of his "Syllabus of Logic." This work he has prepared during the summer from the lectures of Dr. Tracy and the prescribed texts. It is printed on excellent paper and interleaved with blank pages, and has been approved and recommended by Dr. Tracy to the students of this subject in the University. We congratulate Mr. Pringle for such an excellent compilation and for the ability and enterprise shown, and we are sure his Syllabus will be invaluable to his fellow students. Price 25 cents.



## ATHLETIC NOTES.

The management of the Athletic Association would urge upon the students the necessity of joining the Gymnasium as early as possible. This year, on account of the unusually large class of Freshmen and the new situation of the Dental College, which will allow the students of Dentistry the opportunity of the advantages offered to them by the finest equipped collegiate gymnasium in America, it is expected that some difficulty will be experienced in the formation of the separate classes which the instructor is now arranging for. For the past ten days the enrolment of members has been going on rapidly, and every confidence is felt that the number of members will exceed that of any previous year. The annual fee for the use of the gymnasium proper, including baths, plunge, and bowling alley, is the small sum of \$3 with an additional dollar for locker. Besides these privileges members have the rare advantage of the instruction in separate classes in single-stick fencing and gymnasts without any extra charge. These classes are arranged with regard to the convenience of the students and are intended for beginners as well as those more advanced. It is hoped that no student will neglect to take advantage of these unexcelled facilities for physical development during his college course. Mortality statistics argue too forcibly the necessity for systematic physical exertion, while students are undergoing a severe and prolonged course of mental instruction. It is not wise to train the mind at the expense of the body, so keep each working in harmony the one with the other.

The annual games take place on Friday, and it is hoped that the students will turn out to a man and make this event the best in the history of the Association. The Committee have erected a grand stand at considerable expense and should be encouraged in their solicitude for the comfort and convenience of their patrons and spectators. The events are numerous and will be hotly contested. Loyalty to the college and her institutions should be manifested on that day, if ever, in order to enhance the success of the occasion. The Association has tickets of admission to the whole series of matches on sale for \$1, and this ought to increase the attendance largely. Next week's issue will contain the schedules for the year of the Rugby and Association Matches.

## RUGBY.

The winning of the championship last year has had its effect around the University. Never before was there such an intense interest taken in Rugby football. From the time the practice began on September 7th there have been numbers of players out every day. Of the championship team most of the players have returned to battle once more for the cup. Belanger, Macallum, Moss, Hargraft and Norris have left the College, while Bradley has not been well during the long vacation and cannot play. To fill the vacancies there are many candidates, including Boyd, Morriss, Burnside, Dickey, Sellery, Campbell, Dodds, Sanderson and Mullin.

The first test of strength of the new team was in the practice game with Hamilton on October 3rd. Varsity won 8 to 4, but the playing was not of the best. The team work had not enough snap in it, the wings were hardly fast enough, and the half-backs were in need of practice.

On October 7, the T. A. C. aggregation was played, and again Varsity won, 12-2. Roughness was a marked feature of this game and resulted disastrously to both sides. Varsity did not show much improvement in form, and if they are to hold the cup this year the players must get down to business. The playing is not sharp enough and the team work is not of the best. During this game Lockie Burwash, Varsity's famous centre scrumage, had the misfortune to break his leg while dribbling the ball. The loss of Lockie will be sorely felt by the team. No man

was more faithful in practice, no one understood nor could play his position so well, and no one took a keener interest in the welfare of the team. It is likely that Sanderson will play centre scrumage with Dodds on the right.

The second and third teams, under the management of F. Woodworth and Eric Armour, respectively, ought to give a good account of themselves this year.

Every student in the University should make arrangements to go to Kingston with the first team on the 24th. A special train will leave Toronto at 8 a.m. and return from Kingston at 8 p.m. Tickets will be sold for \$2, and can be obtained from the Rugby Committee.

In Saturday's play Varsity won both championship matches. In Varsity III. *vs.* Lornes the score was 11-5 favor of Varsity, and in T. A. C. II. *vs.* Varsity II., score was 15-13, on the side of Varsity. In the exhibition game Varsity I. *vs.* Lornes, the score was 28-6 for Varsity.

\* \*

*Lawn Tennis.*—The annual meeting of the University Tennis Club was held in the ladies' reading room, March 13th, at 4 o'clock. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Sheridan, '97; Vice-President, Miss G. Hunter, '98; Graduates' Councillor, Miss Miller, '96; Fourth Year Councillor, Miss Tennant, '97.

In the Fall Tournament, held by the Men's Club, the championship in the ladies' singles was won by Miss Nan Kerr, '95, the second place by Miss Clute. The mixed doubles was won by Miss J. Johnston and Mr. Sharpe.

Having no courts that we could call our own, it was impossible to hold a tournament. It is hoped, however, that we shall have one next year, as two courts are being prepared for us in the ravine behind the library.

JESSIE M. JOHNSTON, Sec'y.

\* \*

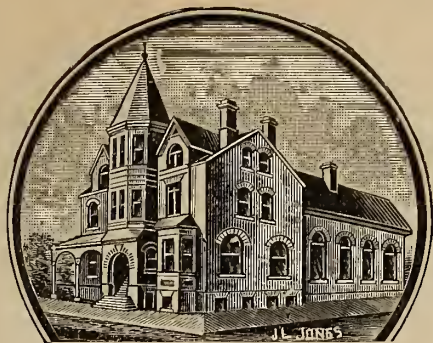
A report of Hon. S. H. Blake's address to the students will appear next issue.

## THE BANJO, GUITAR AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

The first practice of the Banjo, Guitar, and Mandolin Club, was held Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Gymnasium, and it is safe to predict that never before was there a more brilliant outlook. The Club is in good circumstances financially and in point of numbers there is a decided increase. Among the older members are Dobie, Graham, Briggs, Burns, Meredith, Chase, Fletcher, Wilson, D. R. Dobie, Smith, Martin, Montgomery, Stevens, Macbeth, Bowlby and Carter, while in addition to these veterans there are about fifteen new men. This year an opportunity of joining has been given to members of outside Colleges, such as Dentistry, Pharmacy, and consequently several musicians from these schools have applied for membership. As usual, the Banjo Club will accompany the Glee Club on the annual Christmas tour, besides playing at a number of city concerts. Practices will be held in the Gymnasium as follows:—Banjos and guitars, Monday evening, 8 to 10; Thursday afternoon, 4 to 6. Mandolins and guitars, Tuesday afternoon, 4 to 6.

It is the earnest desire of the Young Men's Christian Association that from the outset of their course the new students should be thoroughly at home in the Y. M. C. A. building. The papers, magazines, library, games, piano, organ, parlor—in fact, the entire building exists for the convenience of the students. Make appointments for that place; come there to sing, play, read, rest or chat; drop in for five minutes or for half a day. The building is open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and in the evenings from 8 to 10 o'clock.





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## Y. M. C. A.

There will be two Bible Classes this year. Dr. Sheraton will conduct one for the men of the upper years, and the General Secretary will lead one for first year men.

Regular union prayer-meetings and also the class prayer-meetings will commence Wednesday, next week.

A list of prominent speakers is being secured for the Thursday afternoon meetings.

Students in University College or S. P. S. who have not yet received handbooks can secure them in the secretary's office.

The Annual Reception to new students was held in the Association building on Friday evening last, and was the most successful yet given by the Association. About 300 were present, including a number of the members of the faculty and their wives. The first year men were out almost in full force and nearly all the ladies of the College were present. Refreshments were provided by the Ladies' Auxiliary. The programme consisted of a piano solo by Miss Rosenstadt, vocal solos by Messrs. W. D. Ruthven and R. N. Merritt, and speeches by President Thomas Dodds, Prof. McCurdy, Mr. F. H. Barron, chairman of the Reception Committee, and the General Secretary.



MR. GEO. B. WILLIAMS,

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## S.P.S. NOTES.

The annual sports are close at hand again. The School has always taken a leading part in this as it does in other affairs with which it is concerned. We hope the students this year will not be behind their predecessors in maintaining and increasing the reputation which has made it such an important factor in the line of athletics.

An example of the difficulties encountered in the surveys of the "S.P.S. Railway" might have been observed lately in the determination with which two parties contested for the occupation of a certain "bench mark," while taking its elevation. In the absence of a neutral arbitrator, the position resolved itself into the old time state of affairs, "might is right." Rugby wasn't in it. Several times during the struggle one of the contestants planted his rod on the stump and was about to have it read when he was hurled aside by the timely advent of a member of the opposite party. At length, a hasty arbitration resulted in the two rods being placed back to back, and held by four men (two from each party) at such an angle that readings could be taken by both instruments at once.

Certain classes in the United States are trying to get rich by free silver, and many people in Canada by free gold. The difference in the characters of the two nations may be illustrated by these contemporary booms which are at present going on in both countries. The Americans take wholesale risks which will either make or ruin their country, while the Canadians—well, nature scatters gold over vast areas of their rocks, and they will not without considerable persuasion accept an invitation to "Kindly pick it up!"

Notwithstanding, the effect of the mining boom is manifesting itself at the School of Science. An unusually large per cent. of the freshmen year are taking mining. The School was originally intended by the Government as a Mining School, but Canadians are just now beginning to find out that a mistake had been made by the Americans in the boundary line arbitration, and that gold in immense quantities lies underneath the soil on the Canadian side of the line.

At first nobody thought of going into anything but civil engineering until the boom in electricity commenced. The tide has not yet ceased to flow in the direction of this latter department. But the Department in Mining is now apparently about to have its boom.

Freshman No. 1—Was Miss — at the reception last Friday evening? Freshman No. 2—Yes, indeed, and she took the initiative on leaving. Freshman No. 1—That's just like her. She'll take anything she can get her hands on.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. E. R. R. Hyland, '97, is at present engaged upon the *World* staff.

Mr. R. I. Towers, '96, is resting from University politics by studying law at Sarnia.

Mr. Frank Hutchison, '96, is at present acting as substitute in the Meaford High School.

Mr. Campbell McMurphy has decided to continue his course and graduate with '97.

The Victoria students are looking for the Freshmen who inquired at the Observatory—Is this Victoria University?

Mr. G. S. Henry, '96, left last week for the Guelph Agricultural College. "Pat" is accompanied by the best wishes of the students of Varsity.

A. J. McKenzie, '96, and "Doc." Carder have joined the ranks of the Meds. C. C. Bell, of the same class, has also entered the study of medicine.

Mr. M. G. V. Gould and Mr. A. T. Barr, both of the class of '96, are the holders of the Alexander Mackenzie

Fellowships in Political Science for the current year.

Rumors are afloat concerning a second dance to be given in November under the auspices of the Athletic Association. We hope it will prove no *canard* and be as enjoyable as the last.

Mr. Jas. A. Tucker, '95, a former editor of this paper, is now editor of the *Owen Sound Times*. To him we owe our thanks for the obituary of the late J. H. Brown, which appears in this issue.

Among the numerous graduates of last year, who are attending Osgoode, are: Messrs. A. R. Clute, R. F. McWilliams, J. G. S. Stanbury, F. K. Johnson, J. G. Merrick, J. J. Jennings, A. Spotton, and J. Rowland.

The honor of being the first paid-up subscriber to VARSITY belongs to Mr. Geo. A. Scott, '96, who is at present assistant master in Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q. To his class mates we feel like saying: "Go thou and do likewise."

We lament the accident which befell Mr. Lockie Burwash, last Wednesday. "Lockie" has always proved himself invincible on the field, and his absence will be an irreparable loss to the team. THE VARSITY extends to him our sympathy and hopes for a speedy recovery.

A large number of the class of '96 are registered this year at the School of Pedagogy. Among them are: F.

W. McCutcheon, W. A. Wood, M. W. Wallace, A. McVicar, J. G. Bragg, and A. Meighan. Quite a number of the lady graduates are also in attendance, whose names we have not learned.

Mr. "Dave" Bowman, '95, has completed his first year of post-graduate work in the University of Leipsic. At present he is renewing his acquaintances at Varsity and will leave for Germany this week. "Dave" is enthusiastic over his work, in which the Varsity wishes him every success.

On account of the Y.M.C.A. Reception being held last Friday evening, the Literary Society will hold its first meeting on the evening of Friday next. It will be a good wind-up to the Annual Games, so let every man turn out. An interesting programme is prepared and a pleasant time may be expected.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the program of the fourth annual sports of the Iroquois High School. The President of the Committee was Mr. J. M. Warren, B.A., and Vice-President, Bob Knox, who was once Editor of VARSITY, and throughout his college career an enthusiastic supporter of athletics. The chairman of the prize committee was Mr. J. A. Jackson. With these gentlemen as directors of the sports, we are not surprised that they were such a huge success, as is testified by the long list of events and the good records made.

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## FAKE ADVERTISING.

It is my opinion that it is poor policy to fool the readers of a paper by an ad. with a catchy title and interesting beginning, running off to an ad. for somebody's liver pills. A friend of mine told me the other day that such ads. always hurt his eyes until he took to wearing a pair of specs. He was persuaded by one of those same ads. that perhaps there was something wrong with his eyes as well as with the ad., and dropped down to the office of the advertiser, who fitted him perfectly. He is now a regular advertiser and always writes "fake" ads., and he still wears the same pair of glasses which were fitted by Mr. W. J. P. Curry, 414 Spadina. Now, this ad. is what is called a "fake" ad. and if it hurts your eyes there may be some trouble in them and you had better drop in and see Mr. Curry.

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WE have been using this space in VARSITY for some issues, bringing before the students our newer publications, hoping perchance some of them might, in moments of weakness, drop in and buy an odd book or two. Up to date no one has been injured in the rush to get to our store, and we do not even yet apprehend danger of a jam—indeed we are not sure just what would be the effect upon our clerks were a student—say a freshman—to call in, mention the ad. and buy a book. Perhaps some daring individual might offer a test case. However, we are not in despair. Next week we will tell the boys what certain critics say of Thompson's "Old Man Savarin."

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FEB 24 1937



# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 2.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21ST, 1896.

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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1896.

No. 2

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The coincidence of the annual Varsity games with the opening meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was somewhat unfortunate. The *éclat* attending the former diminishes to a certain extent the unique attraction of the latter. Yet in spite of this drawback it was a goodly concourse of undergrads, in various stages of lassitude and hoarseness, that assembled in the Students' Union last Friday night. The wheels of the Society machine evidently acquire no rust during the summer vacation, for they turn as smoothly as if they had never had a six months' rest. It was largely the old crowd that was present, with here and there a strange face. Several members remarked upon the slim attendance of first year men. Mr. Verdant Green and his tribe were, in fact, quite conspicuous by their absence. Let the freshmen take notice that their privilege of attending and participating in the meetings of such an organization as the Lit. is one of the greatest advantages to be enjoyed in their four years' course at Varsity. Many a hoary-headed senior will tell them of his regret at not having attended these meetings properly in his early years. Next Friday is nomination night, and every freshman with a grain of ambition about him should come out and run for the vacant offices. The members filed into the Society room shortly after eight o'clock, and thereby established a precedent of promptness which we hope will be followed all year. Mr. Love acquitted himself creditably in his maiden effort at reading the minutes. Then followed a short address from Pres. McLennan. This gentleman was the unanimous choice of the Society for president, and there was therefore nothing perfunctory or partisan about the applause that greeted him. He thanked the members for the high honor that they had conferred upon him, and at the same time confessed to having shamefully neglected the Literary Society in his under-graduate days. However, he said, his interest in the Society had always been lively, and he had enjoyed abundant experience in presiding over similar organizations in the past. He closed with a faithful promise to dutifully read, ponder and inwardly digest the constitution, so fearfully and wonderfully made. Mr. J. T. Shotwell gave notice of a motion authorizing the Society to put up a notice board in the reading room for the use of its members, and some other gentleman gave notice of some other motion, but the writer could not hear what he said. The Corresponding Secretary read several communications concerning entertainments, including one especially kind offer of a reduction of 5c. to all students attending the Ramsay-Jarvis entertainment on Oct. 23rd. The Society then settled back into its chairs to enjoy the literary programme. Mr. J. S. Martin, 97's peerless musician, rendered a piano solo in his own inimitable style and received an enthusiastic encore. Mr. W. H. Greenwood recited "Bay Billy" in his well-known manner, and likewise gave an encore, without a gown—a piece of audacity only tolerated in the case of a senior. The president then called for the debate, which was upon the burning question, "Resolved: that the policy of England in regard to Armenia is justifiable," but

it was discovered that Mr. McNiece, the leader of the affirmative, was absent. Pending his arrival the Society resolved itself into a mass meeting, with Mr. Hancock in the chair. Upon motion of Mr. Gibson it was decided that all students be asked to contribute towards defraying the expenses of Mr. Rutherford, of the class of '00, who was rather roughly handled in the late hustle. Mr. A. E. Boyle is Treasurer of the fund. A Committee was also appointed to prepare a programme for Hallowe'en. At this point Mr. McNiece entered and the Lit. resumed its session. In opening the debate Mr. McNiece made a vigorous speech, in which he covered considerable ground. He displayed wonderful erudition in history and geography, and his quotations of standard authorities wrought dismay in the ranks of the opposition. Conciliation was favored and coercion denounced. The Armenians he stigmatized as blatant revolutionists. The danger of further massacres and the still greater danger of a general European war, in case of England's interference, were clearly pointed out. Mr. H. D. Cameron, the Mephistopheles—excuse us, we mean the Demosthenes of Knox College—then took up the cudgels in behalf of the negative. His delineation of the horrors of the Armenian atrocities was so graphic and soul-harrowing as to cause the faces of even the most hardened to blanch. Several members of the Century class in the back of the room swooned and had to be carried out, and have smelling salts administered. Nothing daunted, Mr. Geo. Bray sallied forth to the conflict, and in a clever speech proceeded to perforate the preceding speaker's arguments, deduced from various treaties. Mr. Bray closed with a most eloquent peroration. His modesty and lack of space alone prevent its complete insertion here. Mr. Muldrew, also of Knox, ably backed up his confrère's arguments, in a quiet but effective speech. He denied that interference meant coercion. The Armenians were not rebels, he claimed, nor was Turkey a Sovereign State. Professional diplomacy which represses movements on humanity's behalf received a scathing denunciation. Mr. McNiece, in his five minutes' reply on behalf of the affirmative, made perhaps the best speech of the evening, and undoubtedly did much towards influencing the decision. Pres. McLennan, after some hesitation, gave the debate to the affirmative, and the news was at once cabled to Lord Salisbury. Then we all went out into the cold, cold world.

'RASTUS.

## NOTICES OF MOTION.

The following notices of motion were handed in to the Recording Secretary of the Literary Society, last Friday evening:

1. I give notice of motion that at the next regular meeting of this society, I will move that two auditors be appointed to audit the accounts of the Treasurer, and THE VARSITY journal.  
D. A. ROSS.

2. I give notice that at the next regular meeting of the society, I will move that the House Committee be instructed to cause a notice board, for the use of members of the society, to be placed in the reading-room of the society.  
J. T. SHOTWELL.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE BICYCLE  
UPON POETRY.

This is an exceedingly unpoetical age, as will be cheerfully admitted by most people, poets included. I do not mean that these latter individuals are scarce or much below the average of past ages in quality of output—though there are certainly not enough good ones to go around the ten-cent magazines—but that the great public is hopelessly prosaic, matter-of-fact, and dull, and that poetry has not nearly its share in the great popularization of literature which has been going on for so many years with results, as far as the tastes of the majority are concerned, so hopelessly inappreciable. It is therefore deeply to be regretted that the influence of the bicycle upon poetry (and it is useless to disguise the fact that the bicycle does influence, for good or evil, almost every aspect, every phase of life) is likely to be harmful in the extreme.

The sense of poetry, the love of the beautiful, is implanted, in some degree or other, in the soul of every individual. It is a faculty which pays the most generous return for cultivation, and which may easily be destroyed by neglect. The most important form, or aspect rather, of the love of beauty, a form without which an artistic character, such as Charles Lamb's for example, must necessarily be one-sided, and a poetical character (in the narrower sense of the word) can hardly be said to exist—a necessary element, that is, both for the creator of poetry and the appreciator—is the love of Nature, of all that world of life and growth in which humanity has no part—the tree, the stream, the bird, the "primrose by the river's brim"—of which Wordsworth is the prophet. This love of Nature, absolutely indefinable, yet which everybody, except the Peter Bells of that poet, feels and understands, is among those of our possessions which are most seriously threatened by the invasion of the bicycle.

At first sight this may seem wildly improbable; for is it not the bicycle which enables the poor clerk, immured for the rest of the week behind a big ledger and a brass partition, to spend his Saturday half-holiday far away from the crowded city in the fair green lanes and shaded roads of the surrounding country? Is it not the bicycle which, dividing distance by ten, brings within the reach of the jaded town-dweller immense ranges of fair country, of fields and woods hitherto glimpsed at only from the window of a railroad car; which by encouraging the re-establishment of the country inns and hotels that since the days of coaching have fallen into such lamentable decay, is rendering easy and pleasant once more the great highways of the picturesque old times? All this can be said for the bicycle and much more, but it does not stand for nearly as much as it seems, and behind it there are disadvantages, less obvious, less superficial, and by so much the more deep-rooted, the harder to guard against, which make the bicycle craze the ally of the business fever, the practicalism, the commonplaceness of our enlightened age. For some of these disadvantages the wheel itself is less responsible than our methods of using it, but many of them cannot be dissociated from the instrument, will last as long as it lasts, will help to mould the tenor of that coming era of steel, when art will be a reminiscence and poetry a reproach. Unfortunately, the requirements for the study of nature and for a bicycle tour are entirely dissimilar, and to a great extent incompatible. That argument might as well have been urged for the railroad train as for the bicycle, that it will bring us into touch with nature—nay, rather more, for in a railroad car one has at least absolute liberty of attention to devote oneself to the study of so much of "nature" as is brought within view; one is even forced into it if one have not a newspaper or a pack of cards; while the attention of the average cyclist is claimed ever and anon by three things—the road, the time and the cyclometer, with occasionally the weather prospect as a distraction. It is

clear that, even considering his disadvantages as to route, the railroad traveller has not much the worst of it.

There are so many reasons which prevent the bicyclist from being improved to any extent by his contact with nature that one may even wonder how any such delusion ever arose, except in the active minds of the advertisement designers, whose encomiums are not to be taken as having any unnecessarily large basis in fact. The objections to bicycling from a poetical and naturalistic point of view may be briefly enumerated, and taken up in order, as follows: (1) speed, (2) concentration of the attention upon details, (3) limitation as to roads traversible, (4) attitude. These objections do not appear at first sight very formidable, and the expert bicyclist may be tempted to say "pshaw" to the entire list; nevertheless they are the four elements which do actually render the study of nature from a bicycle almost impossible, and convert into a mere leg exercise what ought to be the most broadening and inspiring form of recreation. In order to sustain the first objection, as to speed, it may certainly be posited that no wheelman considers that he is doing a bicycling tour unless he covers at the very least eighty miles a day, while the yearning to see the hundreds figure of the cyclometer move once in every twenty-four hours is one which few cyclists can resist. Ten miles an hour is the correct pace, twelve preferred if possible. At this rate, the fraction of perception which is left not otherwise engaged records nothing but a vague succession of hedges and fences and up and down grades, the detailed beauties of such landscapes as one finds in countries flat enough for good cycling making no impression on the fleeting eye; not to mention that after a few hours such riding becomes absolutely mechanical, the eye is fixed on the narrow track at the side of the road, and the cyclometer alone possesses any interest. This latter case is merely a morbid and exaggerated form of the normal state described in the second objection, an objection partially due to the state of our roads, in which it is absolutely necessary for the rider to keep within certain narrowly defined limits or be spilled. It is this objection that the devoted cyclist will pass over most easily as the wail of an unsuccessful learner, with the observation that it is the easiest thing on earth to ride without paying any attention to that act whatever. This is perfectly true, provided one be on a good road, which one seldom is; and even then, there is the insistent fear of tacks and sharp stones before one's mind—it does not pay to ride carelessly, and not watch the road. The average cyclist, whatever be his reasons, devotes but the most casual attention to the scenery on either side of him, and as for stopping to admire any peculiarly attractive view, even if he noticed it, he would feel as much disgraced thereby as by falling off his wheel. One cannot make ten miles an hour and stop to contemplate the beauties of Nature.

Another most serious hindrance to the pursuit of poetry on a wheel is the fact that one is limited, not only to the road generally, but to a certain few particular roads. Here the expert will again demur, saying that the bicycle can get over anything. So it can, but not with any pleasure to the rider. For pleasure riding one is forced to seek the flattest country obtainable, thereby cutting oneself off from all the delights of fine scenery, for which mountains are an indispensable element, and confining oneself to landscapes of a milder and more pastoral kind. It is true that there are a few cases, such as the Massachusetts Berkshires, where the most superb natural scenery is penetrated by unexceptionable roads; but such are rare and within reach of comparatively few, while far more men use the Berkshire road as a means to cover a century than as an instrument for the gratification of a high æsthetic taste. To the wheelman the surrounding scene is purely a secondary consideration, if, indeed, it be a consideration at all—he demands only that the road be good for at least a foot of its width, and passably flat, with a good hotel every ninety



or a hundred miles. To him the attraction of cycling consists in the outdoor exercise, the appetite induced, the "poetry of motion" (a rather inferior variety of poetry), and the pleasure of getting somewhere, and reflecting on the fact that he has done 100 miles in 8 hours, 36 minutes; these delights being enhanced in the case of the popular club runs by the joy of an *al fresco* repast at some country inn in the company of some fifty intimate and convivial friends. One has only to consider the commonplaceness of the itineraries of many of the most popular "runs," to see that beauty is the last thing sought therein. As a matter of fact, nearly all main roads are to a certain degree commonplace. It is on the side roads, running over mountains and ravines, of such grade and such quality as to deter the most expert wheelman, that the most glorious exhibits of nature are ever to be found. The more uninteresting a country be, æsthetically, the better adapted is it likely to be for wheeling, and conversely.

The fourth objection applies not to the wheel itself nor to all wheelmen, but alas! to a majority. It needs no demonstration to show that one cannot appreciate nature when in a horizontal position upon one's stomach. Summed up, the other three amount to this, that one cannot appreciate natural beauty at the rate of ten miles an hour, that one cannot appreciate natural beauty and watch closely the road and passing vehicles at the same time, that the better class of view-points whence to appreciate natural beauty are unattainable to the cyclist. Psychologically the exercise of riding certainly does not put one in a receptive frame of mind; it is too exhausting. A hill, which to one walking or driving would be an object of beauty, becomes a grade of so many feet in the mile, which must be climbed on this side, and may possibly be coasted on the other. As for the primrose by the river's brim, the cyclist passes it at about 20 miles an hour, in a vigorous attempt to make the impetus acquired descending one hill carry him up the next. This is "communion with nature."

Turning neither to right nor to left, with eyes fixed on the long dusty white ribbon of the road, blind as bats to the glories that a lavish Creator has scattered on every hand, the tint of the leaves, the curve of the hill, the spray of the waterfall, men rush like shuttles hither and thither, running up a score on the little machine that sits on their front wheel, and imagine that they are enjoying themselves. A sad enjoyment, for nothing can come of it but a deadening of the higher perceptive faculties, a narrowing of the soul, a sinking to the level of a compromise between the brute and the machine.

B. K. SANDWELL.

\* \* \*

#### LACROSSE TOUR, 1896.

There were thirteen of us who boarded the 4:55 train for Hamilton under the care of Manager Mackinnon on a day late last May. Many of that thirteen had just finished their exams. that afternoon and had driven post-haste to the station from the Eastern Hall. Many were the regrets that Hendry and Kirkwood were not with us, but the former joined us later and added his genial presence at Brooklyn. The names of the baker's dozen may be worth recording: A. C. Kingstone, W. A. Mackinnon, C. G. Bryan, A. F. Barr, John Jackson, Sam. Westman, Ed. Peaker, Grant Cooper, Art. Snell, Charlie Flood, Fred. Cleland, A. C. Dobell and C. A. Moss. The big coffin of the Toronto Lacrosse Club was duly checked and got aboard the train, and amidst the adieus and cheers of our friends, with a resounding V-A-R-S-I-T-Y, we were off. At Hamilton the manager had given each man secret instructions how to act. The result of the famous lunch-counter raid that followed was seen in the expansive smiles which rested on our faces as the train pulled out. It mattered not that the Captain had narrowly escaped

arrest, nor that detectives were searching the Toronto bound train, whither the artful "Stoney" Jackson had informed the proprietor we were going. Then the Falls were reached, and after crossing the bridge Captain Kingstone ordered all to bed. Each turned in in his own fashion, the "Bear" ignominiously failing to start a game of draw. It was a bright morning sun and a cool breeze that greeted the boys at South Bethlehem at six the next morning, and it was no bad looking crowd that took the Wyandotte by storm and renewed acquaintance at breakfast with old "Billy," the darkey waiter, with whom Toronto Varsity has been a prime favorite since Lehigh lost the game and her money in '93. We found to our astonishment that we were billed here to play for the Championship of America, and although very nervous at the magnitude of the prize for which we were contending, determined to do our best. Lehigh's team this year was up to little, some good men at each end and a weak field, with a combination that could do nothing against our defence. Varsity's home had the ball nearly all the time, and the brilliant passing of Ed. Peaker and Sam Westman and Arty Snell's pretty stick handling was much admired. Lehigh's goal was, however, remarkably cool and sure, as indeed was every goal keep who played against us on the trip, and shots that looked like certain games were often stopped. The unfortunate, but fortunately not serious, accident to Kingstone at the beginning of the second half materially marred the game, and the team spent some anxious hours while awaiting the doctor's report as to the extent of the injury. The game ended 9-6 in favor of our boys, Cleland, or the "Hog," as he was known after this game and the next, doing the bulk of the scoring. All Varsity played well; in fact during the trip good play was the rule, although at Harvard during the first half we were all away off. At supper the boys enjoyed the strawberry short-cake which a cruel captain had forbade at lunch. The evening was spent more or less quietly, and as they reached the hotel, each man went silently to bed. An early start again next morning, without the captain, who could not be moved for a couple of days, and, sad to say, without another of the team, who neglected the call of duty, and was last seen wandering far from the station in search of wild flowers. At eleven New York was reached, and with instructions from Mac. to meet at the Hoboken ferry at one, we disbanded and wandered through the streets of the metropolis, and lunched. At one we met, and our truants having again been gathered, we reached Stevens Institute just as it started to rain. For two hours it poured while we sat in the museum, under the parental care of a janitor who evidently resented our intrusion, for he ordered Bidly, who was stretched on a table asleep, to arise; and when some of the boys did the regulation grace—"None but the righteous," etc.—he threateningly invited them to do so again as soon as they liked. The game, of course, had to be played, rain or shine, and we started to dress. It was eight blocks to the grounds, and we decided to walk there in our uniforms and let them get wet. But this was not allowed. With tears Captain Jennings, of Stevens, implored us to put our trousers over our bare legs. "The police will arrest you," he said—so on went our nether garments. Such a motley procession was never seen—rubber shoes, long pants, blue jerseys with a white T, and bare arms, and braces up, and no coat or hat, and each man carrying his stick. The rain fortunately was stopping; before the game started it stopped. From then on the weather was perfect throughout the trip, sunshine always, and neither too hot nor too cool. In justice to Stevens it must be said they were unable to get out their full team. It was Bidly who found a marble on the field and put it in his pocket. He nobly forbore to ask questions, but it is presumed Stevens can play something.

C. A. Moss.

(Continued next week.)



## SHELLEY.

I thought of Shelley. Blue day-dawn  
 Wove in the heavens wondrously,  
 Touching the fields, and the woodland, and lawn,  
 With ecstasy! ecstasy! ecstasy!  
 And there rolled wild harmonies over the wold,—  
 A diapason of ocean's sound,  
 Out of a hundred bugles of gold,  
 Till the silence profound  
 Of the mountains around  
 Trembled and spilt o'er the morning below  
 An echo of melody  
 Filled with the flow  
 Of the rivers away to the sea.  
 'Twas the pæan of Life re-awakened, the song  
 Of the world grown strong.

Then evening softly, sadly, came,  
 And dimmed her own dark way;  
 I watched her quench the sunset flame,  
 And pale the ended day.  
 The light of stars upon her shone;  
 Around her floated cooling air;  
 Descending o'er the fallen sun,  
 With midnight in her hair.  
 Caucasian peaks beneath her feet  
 Grew beautiful and blue;  
 Her mantle trailed the city street,  
 And valleys dank with dew.

Man, where is thy home in the world?  
 Watch thou the stars;  
 List to the sea;  
 Turn to the glories of dawn when unfurled  
 Over the cloudy bars,  
 Down to thine eyes, and for thee;  
 Weave these great mysteries into thy soul,  
 Then—not till then—  
 Reading thy life through the whole,  
 Watching the passions of men,  
 Their struggles, the conflicts which roll,—  
 Great waves on the ocean of Time,  
 Drawn sunward forever and out to the deep;  
 Watch these, till sublime  
 Grows the thought, till there sweep  
 A pure wild silence like fire thro' thy mind;  
 And then—not till then—  
 Shalt thou hitherward find  
 His heart, who to men  
 Left the wonderful world of his song:  
 And shalt find it all royal, all grand,  
 Noble and strong,  
 A king on the hills of his own native land!

—James T. Shotwell.

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## THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

Saturday, October 10th, was the occasion of the annual reception given by the Women's Literary Society to the members of the First Year.

The "Ladies' Rooms" in the College, where the reception was held, presented quite a festive appearance, the energetic committee having been busily engaged all morning in the work of decoration.

As the guests arrived they were each presented with different colored ribbons, representing the stage to which they had advanced in their college career, and a dainty little card tied with blue and white; upon these cards were written several quotations, and the freshettes were bidden display their literary knowledge by writing opposite each the name of the author. The President, Miss

McMichael, assisted by the Vice President, Miss Scott, received the guests, and a most efficient committee welcomed them and introduced the freshettes to those who had already passed this first stage.

The seniors and juniors played the part of cavaliers to the members of the first and seconds, and very successfully they did it too. When the rooms became thronged with guests, there was much merry laughter, as they made their way about the room filling in the program of promenades which was on the reverse side of the card above mentioned. This program was carried out, and resulted in entirely banishing that stiff formality which is always a much dreaded foe at such functions.

After a dainty supper had been charmingly served by the same energetic committee, there began to be whispers of an "initiation," and the countenances of some of the "centuries" were observed to grow pale as, after the guests had been seated, the President, surrounded by her committee, took her seat before a large table at one end of the room. The Corresponding Secretary, Miss Patterson, in commanding tones now called upon the freshettes one by one to appear before the tribunal of the Society. When they all stood before her, the President rose and with grave words, befitting the solemn occasion, told them that before they could be admitted into membership with the Society and the undergraduate body in general, there were certain ceremonies which must be performed. She warned them of the many difficulties besetting their path and then called upon the Recording Secretary, Miss Hunter, to admonish them further. She in a very clever and witty speech enumerated the things which, from time immemorial it has been forbidden for a freshette to do, carefully warned them not to transgress any of the rules, and then commanded them to repeat a solemn declaration to the effect that they would not offend against these regulations. This done, the President cordially welcomed them into the Society, and presented Miss Landon Wright with the silver pin of the Society, this being the prize for the quotation competition.

The elections for Treasurer and First Year Councillor now took place, and resulted in the return of Misses Adair and Hall. Miss Robinson of '99 was also elected representative to the W. R. A.

The Society then adjourned, and the Committee are to be congratulated upon having given one of the most successful social functions that the Society has ever had.

Among those present were: Mesdames Alexander, Cameron, Squair, Fraser, Hume, McCurdy, Ramsay, Wright, Chant, Fletcher, Milner, and Misses J. O. White, Robertson, Spence, Balmer and several members from the classes of '95 and '96.

K., '98.

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## Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

## PRINCIPAL GRANT'S LECTURE.

The regular Y.M.C.A. meeting was held last week on Wednesday, rather than on Thursday evening, to give students an opportunity of hearing Principal Grant, of Queen's University. And a rare treat it proved for those who gathered that evening in the Students' Union Hall, for no man in Canada is better fitted to speak to students than the learned Principal of our sister university. Prof. Fletcher, himself an old Professor of Queen's, presided, and after singing and prayer introduced Dr. Grant. The Doctor prefaced his address by a few witty and racy remarks. He considered that to speak to that gathering on the "Importance of Bible Study" as the General Secretary had proposed, would be as unnecessary as to advise the eating of a good dinner. He preferred therefore to speak on the subject he had selected previous to Mr. Murray's suggestion, "The True Ideal of Life."



It is of the greatest importance that we should have as students the highest, truest ideal possible. And this is to be found only in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. His conception of duty is the loftiest ever given to man—the filling of *all* life with God—an ideal which would be the best and noblest even if death ended all, but which gains infinitely in importance in view of an endless hereafter. On what is this ideal based? On the great facts of Christ's teaching. God is our Father. He is the Great Reality in which the whole universe—the living garment of God in which we perceive Him—lives, and moves, and has its being.

Three lessons may be drawn. The individual life should be filled with God. The body itself is divine—the temple of the Holy Ghost—and must be kept clean and pure and developed with greatest care. Then the family life should be filled with God. Especially should students away from home remember this. Filial piety is very prominent in some heathen religions, notably in China, and the days of the Chinese have been long in the land which the Lord gave them. And civic life also should be filled with God. True patriotism should be cultivated—not a sham patriotism such as Dr. Johnson called the “last refuge of a scoundrel.” Canada needs more noble, whole-hearted patriotism in her citizens, and looks to her students to bring in a better order of things.

Dr. Grant closed with words of warm praise for the students of Canada, many of whom remained at home at some sacrifice, when by crossing the line they might receive financial aid in their work, and a much shorter course of study. The hope of the country is in them.

The filling of all life with God could only be effected by making the individual heart right—bringing it into conformity with God's will.

“To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

A cordial vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Grant for his helpful address; and after some minor business, the meeting was dismissed with the benediction by Dr. Milligan.

## NOTES.

Don't forget the Shakespearean Recital on Wednesday evening.

Mr. R. J. M. Perkins, '98, has been elected treasurer, Mr. H. W. Nelson having been unable to return this term.

Dr. Sheraton will speak at the Thursday meeting this week. We hope the hall will be filled as the Principal always has something helpful and profitable to say. Good speakers are being secured for following Thursday meetings.

The Bible Classes began last Sabbath and a very promising start made in the year's work. The class for the upper years meets in Wycliffe Chapel at 3 o'clock studying the “Life of Paul.” The first year class meets in Y.M.C.A. hall at 4.15 p.m. to study the “Life of Christ.”

A large turnout is expected at the Shakespearean Recital to be given by Mr. Geo. B. Williams, on Wednesday evening next. The prices of seats are unusually low for this entertainment, being only 25c and 50c. Students may have reserved seats at 35c. Almost the entire School of Elocution will be in attendance, and it is expected that several of the Ladies' Colleges will take blocks of seats. The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have kindly extended their patronage. The event therefore bids fair to be a social as well as a financial success. Mr. Williams is one of America's greatest artists, and no lover of Shakespeare should miss this opportunity of hearing him at so small a cost. Let there be a great rally of students on this occasion from all the Colleges.

## TORONTO UNIVERSITY RUGBY RECORD.

We publish the following interesting record of the University Rugby Team from the year 1885, at the request of a large number of undergraduates, and of graduates who have watched with interest and enthusiasm the evolution of the team until last year, when it achieved the enviable position of the Champions of Canada:

1885.	
Varsity vs. U. C. C. (drawn).....	0—2
“ O. A. C.....	67—0
“ Trinity.....	21—0
“ U. C. C.....	19—0
“ Ottawa College.....	2—19
“ McGill.....	17—1
“ Toronto.....	33—1

1886.	
Varsity vs. U. C. C.....	52—0
“ O. A. C. (Guelph).....	55—1
“ U. C. C.....	38—0
“ Trinity.....	66—0
“ Ottawa College (drawn).....	3—2
“ Ottawa College.....	1—12
“ McGill (drawn).....	1—4
“ Toronto.....	14—5

1887.	
Varsity vs. U. C. C.....	52—0
“ Queen's.....	10—8
“ U. C. C.....	57—9
“ Ottawa College.....	0—9
“ Trinity.....	28—0
“ McGill.....	27—7
“ Toronto.....	11—5

1888.	
Varsity vs. U. C. C.....	25—0
“ Toronto.....	1—4
“ McGill.....	2—2
“ U. C. C.....	32—0
“ Toronto.....	3—0
“ Trinity.....	10—0

1889.	
Varsity vs. U. C. C.....	57—0
“ R. M. C.....	36—5
“ Hamilton.....	14—4
“ U. C. C.....	26—0
“ McGill.....	13—6
“ Trinity.....	27—5
“ Toronto.....	12—4

1890.	
Varsity vs. Toronto.....	6—16
“ U. C. C.....	32—9
“ Queen's.....	5—29
“ Trinity.....	16—13

1891	
Varsity vs. Trinity.....	18—1
“ Trinity.....	20—9
“ Queen's.....	25—17
“ Osgoode.....	10—10
“ Osgoode.....	4—18
“ McGill.....	7—13

1892.	
Varsity vs. Toronto.....	5—15
“ Toronto.....	5—12
“ McGill.....	9—9
“ Trinity.....	13—6

1893.	
Varsity vs. Queen's.....	7—27
“ Queen's.....	16—6
“ Trinity.....	22—5

1894	
Varsity vs. Osgoode.....	8—29
“ Osgoode.....	19—4
“ Trinity.....	48—9
“ Toronto.....	34—10
“ McGill.....	24—6

1895.	
Varsity vs. Hamilton.....	16—12
“ Hamilton.....	13—12
“ Queen's.....	19—2
“ Queen's.....	7—12
“ Montreal.....	20—5

Champions of Ontario and Canada.



# The Varsity

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

F the various organizations around the University, with, perhaps, one exception, the Athletic Association seems to have with the students the most influence, and with the authorities the strongest "pull." That this should be otherwise is no part of our intention to discuss; we merely state the fact as an instance of what, in organizations as well as in individuals, perseverance and hard work will accomplish. The most of us can easily remember when the Association was gasping for breath and when there were but small hopes that it would escape strangling. We can remember a time when its most zealous promoters fancied that all their efforts had been misspent and all their work undone. We can remember a time when it seemed as if the last spark of their remaining hope had been smothered, when everybody was all but agreed that the students would not be allowed to reap the rewards which they had won by the toil of their own hands. At least, so it was said. Yet, those here to day see this Association with but a single rival, and growing in favor daily with both gods and men. Such a satisfactory condition, we say, bears eloquent testimony to the energy, perseverance and hard work of those who have engaged themselves, one way or another, in the commendable undertaking of furnishing the students of this University with every means necessary for full and complete physical development.

It must have been with considerable pleasure and pardonable pride that the few of those among the early promoters of the Association, who were fortunate enough in being present, witnessed the fine exhibition of manhood and physique which was afforded them last Friday on the occasion of the annual sports. Apart from a few details in the management, the games this year were a pronounced success. We are sure that another year will see the events called off more promptly, and the seating accommodation

increased. But these slight annoyances will be forgotten in the consideration of the fact that for the first time upon University property, surrounded by a college atmosphere (chilling, we admit), the events of the day were spiritedly contested before a thronged and admiring grand stand, and with all the equipments and conveniences hitherto only obtainable in a public pleasure ground.

This, of itself, is something for which the present management, especially, who made the suggestion, and the Council who made the suggestion practicable, deserve great praise. We have always favored the holding of University functions upon the University grounds. It always increases the attendance of students and we are certain it does not lessen the attendance of citizens and friends of the University. Besides this, it tends to foster, in a way which nothing else can do, the growth of a true University spirit. Moreover, we do not like to see our *Alma Mater*, by hiring public grounds or public halls, indulge in the mistaken idea of hospitality often manifested in certain circles of high social life when the hostess resorts to hired halls for the better entertainment of her guests!

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While on the subject of sports, it may not be aside from the question to say that one thing was fully demonstrated on Friday—the advantage which, in the field of sport, a trained man always has over one untrained. It is the same advantage which the skilled laborer has over the unskilled in the arena of labor. If a man wants to have a chance of success at anything nowadays, he must be trained. He must specialize upon one certain line. This is an age of specialization. The successful man must make a study of himself and of his subject. He must work hard and continuously before his day of trial. He must forego many passing pleasures in order to give his work his undivided attention. Success otherwise is impossible. This is true of the winner of the championship. It is true of the winners of scholarships. It is true of the successful man in every sphere of public and private life.

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It may not be too late to extend a welcome to the Dental Students, on taking up their abode in their new home on College St. Heretofore, it was a hard matter for a stranger coming to the city to find the Ontario Dental College, but we are sure no one can pass this magnificent building now without stopping to admire its ample proportions and handsome appearance and to enquire to whom it belongs. Further admiration would be excited by an inspection of the interior of the building, which is fully in keeping with the exterior. The class rooms and laboratories are laid out and finished after the most approved style and equipped with the most modern appliances. Even a wheel-room is provided on the ground floor for the use and convenience of the students. Everything considered the "Dents." of Toronto, have one of the finest colleges in America, a college of which they may well feel proud, and of which visitors can no longer remain in ignorance. It is to be hoped that their closer relationship in point of situation with the other colleges, will contribute much towards a closer union with them also, in



University affairs and matters of general importance to students. That this is very desirable no one will deny. We would like to see this spirit cultivated. We would like to see the union strengthened in every possible way. We would like to see a closer bond of union than that which now exists among all the Federated Colleges, and we are sure a step is made in this direction when, instead of being scattered throughout the city, they are within easy distance of each other and, as it were, situated around a central point.

\* \* \*

THE VARSITY has at last arrived at the dignity of a permanent *sanctum sanctorum* exclusively her own. Since she vacated the offices on College street some years ago, she has had numerous "movings." We are glad to announce that we have been assigned the room in the Students' Union building, formerly occupied by the Instructor, where we hope to find an agreeable resting place. This room will be open every Wednesday afternoon—the day of publication—at 3 o'clock and the Editor, or Business Manager, or their representative will be found there every afternoon during the remaining part of the week.

#### S. P. S. NOTES.

The first meeting of the Engineering Society for the year was held on Wednesday last. The new President, Mr. C. Frank King, discharged his duties in a most able and graceful manner, and we expect that under his direction the Society will continue to make that substantial progress, which has already, as Mr. King stated in his inaugural address, placed the Society in a high position in the engineering world. After disposing of business, the members prepared to enjoy the recital of vacation experiences, as this has become a regular feature of the first meeting of every year. One of our members described his thrilling vacation experiences collecting for a loan and savings society.

At first glance this may seem a little out of the engineering line, but it should not be forgotten that an engineer is a many-sided man. Besides his engineering education it is necessary that a great engineer should possess financial skill, a ready tongue, and considerable self-confidence. The vacation work alluded to seems to have been admirably adapted to develop these qualities, particularly the latter.

Another of our members was more fortunate in securing work in the engineering line. During the early part of the summer he was superintending some masonry construction down near Ottawa. Later in the season he had charge of a surveying party in one of the wildest parts of Renfrew County.

The President had been so fortunate as to spend part of his vacation in England, and he gave the Society a short but very interesting account of some things he had seen at the British Mint and the Bank of England.

Members of the fourth year rejoice that Mr. Mac—has been able to return for his post-graduate course. Mr. Mac—'s energy and never-failing wit make him invaluable in the experimental work of the year. He will continue to supply the students of his year with pencils, draughting ink and instruments, as of yore.

Those who represented the School at the annual games have every reason to be proud of their efforts.

Although we did not win the championship this year, yet we came out on top in a number of the events. As usual, we won the team race. What a cinch that team race is for the School! This makes the fourth consecutive time we have won it.

As a long-distance runner, McIntosh stands an easy first. He keeps up a killing pace from start to finish and finishes apparently fresh. Kormann and Troupe both ran well, though the latter was handicapped by a cramped leg.

Harris has the making of a good jumper, and for a freshman made a remarkable showing.

Burnside and Morrisson were unable to be present on account of the Rugby team's trip to Ottawa, or we might have done even better.

We congratulate our old time rivals, the "Dents," on winning the championship. Caldwell was by long odds the best man on the field, and will wear his honors well.

#### ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE.

The Ontario Normal College! What is that? This no doubt will be the question asked by many who glance at the above title, and in order to enlighten those persons we shall attempt to make clear to them what is meant by it. In his opening address to the students in attendance at what was formerly known as the Ontario School of Pedagogy, the Honorable the Minister of Education informed that august body that some trustees in a few of the rural districts had experienced considerable difficulty in comprehending the full significance of that name, and in order to do away with that difficulty it was thought wise to change the name. Whether the name chosen is likely to serve the purpose intended or no, we are not prepared to say; but this much we would have people understand, that henceforth the students of the Ontario Normal College are not to be called Peds.

Considering the fact that the students, coming as they did from various schools and colleges throughout the Province, were to a great extent complete strangers to one another, considerable progress has been made in the matter of organizing societies. The first organization formed was the Athletic Association, in which the following graduates of Varsity hold offices: R. W. Allin, President; J. S. McLean, Secretary-Treasurer; J. E. Hodgson and A. W. McPherson, members of the Committee, and among the officers of the Literary Society which was formed about a week later the following persons are well-known at 'Varsity: M. W. Wallace, President; Miss Ryckman, 1st Vice-President; J. S. McLean, Secretary, and W. J. Wright, Councillor. An Association football team has been organized with A. W. McPherson as captain, which is to take part in the inter-collegiate matches, and which it is hoped by all may succeed in carrying off the cup.

#### VARSIITY GLEE CLUB.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Walter Robinson, the Glee Club have again settled down to their regular fall work, in preparation for their annual city concert and provincial tour. About sixty men turned up at practice last Wednesday, including many old members as well as some very promising new blood. Mr. Robinson expressed himself highly pleased with the results of the first practice, and confident that the Club this year will continue to maintain that high standard of efficiency which has deservedly gained it so much praise from the musical public in the past. The city concert will probably be held on the evening of December 11th, in the Massey Music Hall, and will be made especially attractive for students and their friends by a revival of College songs.

Freshman Med—You say that that lunatic is a married man; how do you know? Doctor—He was found roaming about in Eaton's, mumbling, "Yard of crepon, spool of silk, bathing suit."



## THE CENTURIES.

Ye spirits proud, that fain would rule the earth,  
 And deem Minerva's throne your place of mirth  
 Since learnèd Sophomore has curbed desires,  
 That, ruling here, would light Stygian fires,  
 Presumptuous mortals, keep thy presence mute,  
 Till future seasons turn one mighty round.  
 Till then, plead thy sad case with tender lute,  
 That sues propitious Fate with mournful sound;  
 Then bound, like frenzied charger close restrained,  
 That champed the foaming bit, and vainly yearned  
 For wider pastures green, erstwhile unearned,  
 And chafed 'neath nobler hand that firmly trained;  
 Then up, like meteor flash, aside your pennons green,  
 Retrieve the honors lost in yonder vile ravine.

SILAS WARNER.

## ANNUAL GAMES.

Was the games' procession a success? Why, certainly it was, so is everything Varsity does. From the gaily decorated carriages of the School of Science at the head, to the enthusiastic "Century Club" at the rear, there was plenty of shouting and blowing of horns. The "school" went in for decoration on a grand scale, both their drags, and Marshal Roy Stovel was covered with "yellow, blue and white." The Dental College followed in a well decked drag; the years of '97 and '98 in drags, with Varsity "blue and white," and '99 attended in carriages, one of which, well covered with the "yellow and black" of Residence, boasted the possession of the largest horn. Victoria was represented by a van full of enthusiastic shouters. Pharmacy was also there and surprised the citizens with a most formidable war cry, which sounded very like a list of drugs. The Century men, as became the Freshies, brought up the rear in an extremely quiet and orderly manner (?)

The games themselves were a great success and the time in all the events good considering the weather and the condition of the track.

100 yards run—first heat—V. G. Mollins, A., 1; W. F. Hubbard, T., 2. Second heat—J. Troupe, S.P.S., 1; A. C. Caldwell, D., 2. Final—A. C. Caldwell, 1; W. F. Hubbard, 2; V. G. Mollins, 3; time,  $10\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

Broad jump—V. G. Mollins, 1, 19 ft.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in., equalling the record; S. P. McMordie, A., 2, 18 ft. 11 in.; B. Harris, S.P.S., 3, 18 ft.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in.

Hop, step and jump—S. P. McMordie, A., 1, 42 ft. 8 in.; — Harris, S.P.S., 2, 42 ft.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in.; V. G. Mollins, A., 3, 40 ft.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in.

220 yards run—A. C. Caldwell, D., 1; J. S. Kormann, S.P.S., 2; R. C. Bain, D., 3. Time,  $25\frac{2}{5}$  secs.

Putting 16 lb. shot—R. R. Bradley, A., 1, 37 ft. 1 in.; A. C. Caldwell, D., 2, 36 ft. 3 in.; S. P. McMordie, A., 3, 35 ft. 1 in.

Half-mile run—D. M. McIntosh, S.P.S., 1; S. McKinnon, Pedagogy, 2; R. C. Bain, D., 3. Time, 2.10. The time no doubt would have been faster if McIntosh had been more closely pressed.

High jump—S. P. McMordie, A., 1, 5 ft.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; J. C. Devett, D., 2, 4 ft.  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in.; T. E. Reid, graduate, 3, 4 ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in.

Graduates' race, 220 yards—R. Hooper started alone and ran the distance in  $25\frac{2}{5}$  secs.

Throwing 12 lb. Hammer—A. C. Caldwell, D., 96 ft. 5 in., 1; A. Sanderson, S.P.S., 87 ft. 11 in., 2; S. P. McMordie, A., 81 ft. 7 in., 3.

Preparatory School Championship 440 yds.—J. C. Johnston, Harbord, 1; J. C. McCollum, Parkdale, 2; R. Biggs, Parkdale, 3. Time,  $55\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

120 yards hurdle—A. C. Caldwell, D., 1; E. H. Watson, A., 2; S. P. McMordie, 3. Time, 20 secs. The time in this race would have been beyond a doubt two or three seconds faster if the men had not been afraid of injuring themselves on the very crude hurdles over which they had to run.

One mile run—D. McIntosh, S.P.S., 1; R. Laker, D., 2; Reed, McMaster, 3. Time,  $4.51\frac{1}{5}$ . McIntosh's performance both in this and in the half-mile stamp him as a very fast man.

Pole vault—S. P. McMordie, A., 1, 8 ft. 5 in.; A. C. Caldwell, D., 2, 8 ft. 3 in.; C. McLaughlin, D., 3, 8 ft. 3 in.

Quarter-mile run—W. F. Hubbard, T., 1; C. E. Blackley, D., 2; A. M. Mitchell, A., 3. Time, 56 secs. This was a very pretty race and Hubbard deserves a great deal of praise for his hard won victory.

Fatigue race, 50 yards and return—Curry and Jackson, 1; Munroe and Hinch, 2.

Team race, three-quarter mile—School of Science, 1; Dental, 2; '97, 3. McMaster also sent in a team.

A. C. Caldwell may now claim the title of Varsity's best athlete, as he easily won four first prizes and two seconds and the championship. His style in all the events was remarkably easy and graceful. S. P. McMordie, of '99 Arts, deserves great praise for the successful manner in which he acquitted himself. He stood second for the championship.

The officials of the meet, to whom so much of its success was due, were: Starter, James Pearson; time-keepers, G. M. Higginbotham, George Lyon and J. H. Doane; judges, Dr. Needler, Dr. Fick, Edward Gillis, B.A.; clerk of the course, J. C. Breckenridge, B.A.; announcers, B. A. C. Craig, B.A., C. Frank King; measurers, C. H. C. Wright, B.Sc., D. B. Macdonald, B.A., J. G. Merrick, B.A.; referee, J. D. Webster. Committee—A. F. Barr, B.A., F. H. Scott, J. L. O'Flynn, P. H. Thom, G. Hume, J. Jennings, T. M. Leask, H. W. Gundy, C. McMichael, A. C. Kingstone, B.A., C. C. Bell, B.A., J. W. Hobbs, C. McBeth, W. Scott, F. H. Barron, W. M. Martin, A. H. Robinson, F. McNulty, A. C. Caldwell, J. L. R. Parsons, B. French and R. Bilton.

Senior (at the Y.M.C.A. reception the other night)—Professor — has acquired some reputation as an independent thinker, hasn't he? Freshette—Yes; he thinks independently of logic.



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# THE VARSITY.

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

### RUGBY.

The championship tendencies of Varsity Rugby football were again quite clearly demonstrated. All three teams met strong clubs in their respective series, yet, as on the previous Saturday, all emerged with substantial victories. This cannot but fill us all with good hope that the end of the season will show a record unparalleled by that of any previous year in University football annals. In a practice match against Ottawa City the senior team piled up a score of 32-14, and this against a team which two weeks ago was only beaten by six points by Ottawa College, according to all appearances, champions of the Quebec league. The teams in Saturday's match were:

Varsity—Back, Morrison; half-backs, Boyd, Counsell, Kingston; quarter, Hobbs; scrimmage, Malloch, Perry, Dodds; wings, Burnside, Barr, Elliot, Mackenzie, McDougall, Caldwell, Campbell.

Ottawa—Back, Chittick; half-backs, Lay, McGiverin, Murphy, Martin; quarter, Smellie; scrimmage, Buckham, Quinn Scarth; wings, White, Cameron, Pulford, McMillan, Lawless, Simpson, McDougall.



MR. GEO. B. WILLIAMS,

Impersonating all the characters in King Henry IV. Association Hall, Oct. 21st, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and under the auspices of the Varsity Y. M. C. A. Students rally!

It is to be noted that Smellie, Varsity's old-time opponent, occupied his place behind the scrimmage on Ottawa's team, and that Bert. McMillan, Varsity's old full-back, played upon the wing.

In the rain upon the campus the Seconds gave the T. A. C. a drubbing, completing the first round in the intermediate series, by 33-9. The teams were:

Varsity II.—Back, Sanderson; half-backs, Norris, Barron, Jackson; quarter, White; scrimmage, Douglas, Hinck, Smith; wings, Ansley, Bradley, Scott, Tanner (captain), Sellers, Montizambert, Spence.

T. A. C. II.—Back, Stevenson; half-backs, Francis, Cosby, Montgomery; scrimmage, Tucker, Loosemore, King; wings, Boyd, Craig, Carpenter, Pemberton, McClean, McKay, Cartwright.

On the Lornes grounds Varsity III. won the first game in their round in the Junior series, the teams being:

Varsity III.—Back, McMordie; half-backs, McWilliams, Benson, Stratton; quarter, Beatty; scrimmage, Henry, Armour (captain), Smith; wings, Ross, Greer, Harris, Gillespie, Mullin, McDougall, Henderson.

Lornes II.—Back, Anderson; half-backs, Wylie, Jackes, Jones; quarter, Palmer; scrimmage, Kent, Spragge, Heliwell; wings, Home, Lash, Leach, McGregor, Labatt, Hill, Wright, Harris.

### ASSOCIATION.

The Association games, like the Rugby, were all in favor of Varsity, which proved too strong for their opponents at the beginning of each game. In Varsity vs. McMaster the score was 5-0, and Varsity vs. Victoria the score was 2-0. The teams were as follows:

Varsity I.—Goal, S. H. Armstrong; backs, McKinley, Munro; half-backs, Gibson, French, Jackson; left wing, Cooper, Dickson; centre, Norman; right wing, Sinclair, Laidlaw.

Scored by: Norman 2, Dickson 1, Cooper 2.

Second Team—Goal, Dymont; backs, Ballah, Telford; half-backs, Martin, Graham, McMordie; left wing, Mackinnon, Mollins; centre, Perkins; right wing, Whitely, Patterson.

Scored by: Mackinnon 1, Mollins 1.

### HALLOWE'EN CELEBRATION.

This year Hallowe'en falls on Saturday. On that day Varsity plays Queen's, the return match at home. The first match will have been played on the 24th. No night in the year would be better for a celebration, and it is expected that a Committee to make all arrangements for that event will be appointed at the Lit. on Friday next.



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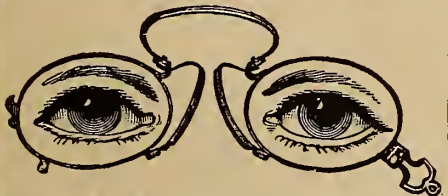
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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Every Arts man says McMordie is all right.

Miss A. B. Tucker, '96, is teaching in a High School in Michigan.

D. G. McRobbie, '96, is grinding on bones at Trinity Medical College.

Mr. R. R. Bradley, '97, is back again, and looks very much recuperated since spring.

Mr. J. M. Ross, '99, is recuperating for a year, and will not be back for this term at least.

Mr. B. K. Sandwell, who has been indisposed during the past week, is able to be about again.

Mr. Lambert Norman, formerly of '93, has returned to complete his course in moderns with '97.

Mr. Lyman Brown, '96, is teaching in Gananoque High School; and wants THE VARSITY for Sunday reading.

Mr. W. Moore, late Fellow in Political Science, has been appointed Lecturer in Constitutional History.

H. H. Narroway, '97, is attending the School of Pedagogy. Messrs Allin,

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## FAKE ADVERTISING.

It is my opinion that it is poor policy to fool the readers of a paper by an ad. with a catchy title and interesting beginning, running off to an ad. for somebody's liver pills. A friend of mine told me the other day that such ads. always hurt his eyes until he took to wearing a pair of specs. He was persuaded by one of those same ads. that perhaps there was something wrong with his eyes as well as with the ad., and dropped down to the office of the advertiser, who fitted him perfectly. He is now a regular advertiser and always writes "fake" ads., and he still wears the same pair of glasses which were fitted by Mr. W. J. P. Curry, 414 Spadina. Now, this ad. is what is called a "fake" ad. and if it hurts your eyes there may be some trouble in them and you had better drop in and see Mr. Curry.

Van Every and McLean are also in attendance.

Don't borrow a mortar board. Buy one of your own. See what Dineen offers on the first page of ads., inside cover.

Chappie—Can you tell me what animal comes down from the clouds? Ninette—Give it up. Chappie—Why, the *rain dear*, of course!

In the recent games Varsity scored the highest number of points—37; with the Dentals second, having 35, and School of Science third, with 26.

The new Lecturer in Latin is Mr. S. Wesley Johnson, B.A., Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins). Previous to his appointment here Mr. Johnson held the position of Acting Professor of Latin in Cornell University.

The President of our University left Saturday to attend the 150th anniversary of the College of New Jersey. For some time it has been called Princeton and will be officially christened such on this occasion.

"No, sir, you *can't* play football without milk" So said the placid Rugby giant, K. D. MacMillan, as he drained his glass. Those who believe with "Curly" should look up this week's "ad." of the Kensington Dairy.

Frohman's Specialty Co. will be the show at the Grand on Hallow E'en, and everybody will be expected to come out. The committee appointed

to make the necessary arrangements are Messrs. Hancock, Wallbridge, Inkster and Bone.



The janitor has something quite new in a Varsity button that is worthy of inspection. The rims are of 10 kt. rolled gold. The price is but 25 cents. The accompanying cut shows the style.

The "Lit" meets on Friday next, when Councillors will be nominated from the first year, and nominations made also for Public Debaters, Essayists, Readers, etc., for the present year. This practice was established last year and is well worth continuing. Election will be held on following Friday.

The Sophomores met last Thursday in West Hall and elected their officers for the coming academic year. The attendance was good, and in most cases the contests were very close. Mr. J. K. Bone was elected President, practically by acclamation, the other offices being filled as follows:—1st Vice, Miss Wright; 2nd Vice, Mr. E. G. Powell; Secretary, Mr. J. B. Hunter; Treasurer, Mr. W. F. MacKay; Musical Director, Mr. W. A. Stratten; Orator, Mr. J. Little; Prophet, Mr. Blumenberger; Judge, Mr. A. McDougall; Critic, Mr. E. Carter; Athletic Director, Mr. S. P. McMordie; Historians, Miss Pater-son, Mr. W. J. Dromgole; Poet, Miss McBean; Committee, Miss Cleary, Miss Wooster, Mr. R. G. Hunter, Mr. E. G. Robb.

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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 3.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28TH, 1896.

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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1896.

No. 3.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

At eight o'clock precisely the Society collected itself from various corners and wandered into the assembly room of the Students' Union, wearing its usual smile and carrying its usual club. Soon afterwards the President and Recording Secretary took their places on the platform; and after their arrival had been duly recognized by a united war whoop, the proceedings began.

Mr. Ross wanted auditors to be appointed to examine the accounts of the Treasurer of the Society and of the Business Board of VARSITY, and made a motion to that effect. Mr. Shotwell thought that a notice board should be placed in the reading room of the Society for the use of members. He thought that it was undoubtedly a grievance that members of the Society should be forced to rummage through the voluminous tome in the janitor's room whenever they wished to find out what books were for sale. The Society evidently thought these gentlemen's ideas were sound, as their motions were carried *nem. con.* Mr. Inkster then rose, and in resonant Doric tones advocated the holding of a University College dinner instead of the present class dinners. He thought that by this means a class spirit would be subordinated to a College spirit, and that thereby those brotherly ties, which should unite all the members of a great University, would be more closely drawn. The President, however, ruled that the Society had no jurisdiction in the matter, and suggested that a mass meeting be held after the regular meeting of the Society in order to discuss the idea. Mr. Casey Watt wanted to read the Treasurer's report for last year, but a fourth year man rose up with a constitution book in his hand and sternly pointed out that the report must be audited first. Nominations were then received for first-year Councillors on the Executive; but for fear that these youthful aspirants to fame should suffer from enlarged cranium at seeing themselves so soon in print, we forbear to mention their names. Nominations were also received for the office of second-year Councillor. Mr. A. A. Hunter was elected by acclamation as third-year Councillor, and Mr. R. M. Millman was unanimously selected as first year representative on the Editorial Board of VARSITY. Mr. Hunter responded to the calls of his friends for a speech in a few well-chosen words. The Society then settled itself comfortably down to listen to the programme, which was served up for its delectation. Under the deft fingers of Mr. Sadler, harmonious strains flowed from the piano with such good effect that the Society was firmly convinced that he stopped too soon and vociferously applauded. Mr. Sadler modestly pretended to be unaware of what it all meant till the President informed him that the Society wanted some more. Mr. Sadler accordingly generously consented to fill the void in their musical souls. Mr. Wagar delivered a highly amusing recitation, in which the right method of courtship was clearly set forth. Several freshmen blushed a rosy red as if it all referred to them, while susceptible members of the senior year took copious notes, which leads us to suppose that there will be several additional devotees of Hymen after next commencement. The next item on the programme was the open debate, the

subject of which was, "Resolved: That the 'free and unlimited coinage' of silver in the United States would be detrimental to the best interests of that country." Mr. Clegg, the leader of the affirmative, advocated the cause of sound money in a clever and forcible speech. Mr. Hancock, assuming a William Jennings Bryan cast of countenance, boldly advanced, and, in a vigorous address, demanded the suppression of gold-bugs and a cheaper currency. Mr. Edgar wanted to know what was the matter with iron, if a cheaper currency was necessary; while Mr. Dingman quoted largely from the lectures of an eminent professor in the University in support of his contention that free silver was the one thing that would save the United States from ruin. Short speeches were also made by Messrs. Sellery, McNeece, Bale and Greenwood. The President, before giving his decision, referred to an anecdote of Ian Maclaren's. Mr. Maclaren was indulging in a shave while in New York, and the barber, holding the razor close to his throat, asked him "where he was at" on the money question. Mr. Maclaren decided immediately that he favored sound money. The President said that he felt that he was between two razors, but he finally concluded that that of the affirmative was the sharper, and accordingly gave them the decision. The result was immediately telegraphed to Major McKinley, and reached him just before he retired. It is said that rosy smiles hovered around his face all night, and that he slept as peacefully as a child, under the firm conviction that his election was now assured.

"C."

## FALLING LEAVES.

Do we, as Canadians, appreciate as we should the beauties of a Canadian autumn, especially in these later weeks when the bright tints of October are making way for the gray and leaden blue of November, and nature is settling down for the rigors of a Canadian winter? It seems to me that there is no other season of the year so well calculated to make the blood tingle in the cheeks of every Canadian man and woman, and to send it along with quicker, stronger heart-beats in a richer and healthier patriotic heat. Such days as these tell us the fallacy of the cry that a young country is without a history. It is full of history: a history written in characters which time has not yet had an opportunity to erase; in letters of blood, which speaks better things than that shed on the battle fields of older lands—lives devoted for the sake of the great world of men, or the struggle everywhere waging against the blind forces of nature—heroes who have fallen in picket-duty—brave, lone men, fighting in the wilderness, while others have shared the companionship and enthusiasm of the camp. Every niche carved out of the waste is sacred, and every footstep is on hallowed ground—all this comes to us with those first sharp blasts which whistle their snow-flurries through the falling leaves and naked branches of our own Canadian forests, puffs of breath of the dragon-giant, Winter—the monster of these north lands whom our fathers tamed. And yet there is no poetry here? All is commonplace and unhistoric—no mouldering abbeys



nor ruined castles; no literature is even possible in Canada! Well, perhaps not; men do not write in books in times like these, but they have cut their thoughts into the very substance of the soil—not words but deeds; and he who has not learned this language must miss the thrilling note of our Canadian muse. But do not let him say on that account these winter-lands are silent. Let him read into these snow-clad hills—or out of them rather—the romance which a Canadian novelist, Gilbert Parker, has taught, and which all students of Canadian history should feel; and as the fallen leaves are drifted under the first wreaths of snow, let no sense of regret for “old forgotten far-off things” dim the brightness of a past that still lives and throbs with life—a present that is a part of the pattern of that past and a future, the sunset halo of promise over these “brown Canadian hills,” and he will, perhaps, see our autumn woods take on new tint, and on heavy skies a deeper meaning—

But thou, my country, dream not thou,  
Wake and behold how Night is done,  
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow  
Bursts the uprising sun!

Q.

### LACROSSE TOUR, 1896.

(Concluded from last issue.)

After six games our defence played home. Some time before this our little goal-keeper had gone to centre field to get a chance to keep warm. The official score of the game is nine to nothing. It was here that Mackinnon regained his old-time form as a player, and his work on the defence field, where he was placed, was brilliant. Cleland again came into disfavor here, through doing all the scoring. From Stevens to New York and to South Ferry, stopping on the way to telegraph the news of triumph to our captain.

At the Ferry the manager telephoned the Crescent Club at Brooklyn, and in a lordly manner ordered dinner for thirteen at 9.15. It was just that hour when we arrived, and were greeted warmly by Jimmy Garvin and other members of the Crescent team, last year's friends of some of us. Then at 9.30 we sat down to the best dinner that Fritz, the Crescent's genial steward, ever put up for hungry visitors, and having done full justice to it, we turned to quarters in the boat-house. The twelve of us were quartered most comfortably in a large room about the size of the east hall, with the beds ranged round the walls like a hospital ward. Needless to say, it was with jollity and laughter that we bunked, and it was here that Coney seriously announced “I am not going to be jollied, especially by fellows like you, Snell, who have never been in New York before.” The Bear was the last to bed, after he had searched every corner and crauny for his pillow. Bright and early we arose in the morning, and sallied forth in twos and threes and sevens to see the metropolis. It was late when we returned by ones and twos, and as each had had the most experience and seen the best to be seen, it is useless to describe the sights here. “You don't have to marry the girl,” was the watchword of one section; “We are from Philadelphia,” of another. The Saturday was a peculiar day, at times fine, at times cloudy, warm and then chilly. Kingstone joined us again, with his eye much better, but in no shape to play. The verandahs, grand stand and grounds were filled with an appreciative audience—and a very impartial one—the fair sex predominating. The game was played eleven men a side, the Crescents throwing off a man to even up. Although against the best team in the States, Varsity had the match much her own way from the start; and although at the end the Crescents were playing well, and the final score was 8-5, the boys from Canada always had a secure lead. The game was a very pretty one, Varsity's combination both on home and defence being admirable, and the spectators

were many times roused to enthusiasm by the display. That such an exhibition helped the game with the Crescents there is no doubt, and the spectators, many of whom saw lacrosse for the first time, were most appreciative, and after the game all expressed themselves as well pleased and anxious to see more of the game.

We were pleased to meet here many old Canadian friends, among them Alf Taylor, Jack Rose, Newton Brown, '95, and Harry Sullivan. It is needless to state that every one of these gentlemen insisted on seeing that we had a good time. The two teams dined together at the conclusion of the match, and captains Kingstone and Post made most felicitous speeches, expressive of the kindly feelings of the teams to each other. After dinner the boys enjoyed themselves at the dance which was held at the club house as a fitting end to the day. On Sunday, of course, the captain led the team to morning service, and then dismissed them for the day. By the Brooklyn papers it appeared that “Student” Jackson had done the bulk of the work for Varsity. The Student, on the strength of this, or on the strength of something else, triumphantly led a party to Coney Island that evening, and at the table next morning a red doll was blushingly displayed, and “You don't have to go to Spain” said Stoney. This mystery is yet unravelled.

Until Monday afternoon we remained the guests of the Crescents, having meantime been quartered in the club house, now nearly ready for summer house. We saw New York and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Then at 5 p.m. we all gathered on board the *Priscilla*, the Fall Line River boat, to start for Boston and Harvard. We tenderly bade adieu to all the girls on the wharves, and swung down the river. That was a glorious trip, and our vocal quartette endeavored to make it more so by College Songs sung on the after deck, interspersed by T-O-R-O-N-T-O howled out.

Having been forced out of bed by an energetic manager at an unearthly hour, after an hour's run on the train we struck Boston, hungry for breakfast. And here we met Captain Scott and Manager Outerbridge and Leighton and others of the Harvard Club, and while we remained we were constantly under their care, and none of us will ever forget their courtesy and hospitality while with them. They could not do enough for us. We shall always remember our treatment there, and fortunate is any visiting team that falls into the hands of hosts such as these. The team lunched at Harvard in the famous Memorial Hall, and then stripped and put in some half-hour's practice before the game. For the first half the play was ragged. Harvard's defence however showed up surprisingly strong, having been well coached in covering their men and in refusing to be drawn out. In the second half Varsity played up, and some very pretty play resulted. The game ended 9-5 in our favor. That evening the boys spent in Boston under the care of members of the team, and good care was taken of them. Between the two halves the Harvard captain had issued to Varsity a cordial invitation to stay over a day as the guests of the team, and the invitation had been gladly accepted. The boys bunked in the Harvard dormitories. Next day was the 50th anniversary of Cambridge's incorporation as a city. The town was en fête, and the thousands of Boston and of Cambridge turned out to see the procession. The volunteers in the parade did not impress the Canadians favorably, and, in fact, they compare most unfavorably with our men, especially in physique and chest expansion. The afternoon saw us started for home, and the rousing cheers we gave Captain Scott, who saw us off, may perhaps have shown him, in some small measure, our appreciation of all he had done for us. Our way home led through the Hoosac tunnel, and we viewed beautiful scenery as we rolled along and puffed at Crescent Club cigarettes, with which, in some mysterious way, some of our party were well supplied. Then for bed, and next morning at 5.30 the obdurate porter roused us to change at Buffalo. It was a hungry crowd that three hours later stormed



the Western Hotel, after having dickered with every hotel pusher in sight, and having negotiated a meal for 35 cents a head, and no one to pay unless he were satisfied. And how the obliging girls did produce for us the best that the house could afford, especially the one who waited so well on the little goal-keeper. It was with difficulty, too, that the twelfth and thirteenth members of our party, who had neglected to pay for their breakfasts, were found; but finally that matter was adjusted, and the house generously stood the drinks. Some of us, lured by the persuasive eloquence of hackmen, engaged to go for an hour-and-a-half's ride at 25 cents a head. The engagement was to show us the Falls and river. After rushing a rash trio down the inclined railway to the Rapids, and thus costing them half a dollar apiece—which went, we were informed, for the benefit of Captain Webb's widow—the cabbies took us away from the river, and after giving us a brief glimpse of the Falls, drove us inland, and caused a mild protest from our mascot, "For Heaven's sake, take care not to go near the river." And then to Lewiston, and aboard the *Chicora* and home.

The sail across was pleasant and uneventful; prospects for next year were discussed, and a trip to England projected. Toronto we greeted with two rousing "Varsities"—and so we landed. In the afternoon we met again to be photographed; and so ended the Lacrosse Club's tour for 1896.

C. A. Moss.

---

S. P. S.

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The S. P. S. made quite a good showing, as usual, among the crowd that went to Kingston on Saturday morning. Taken altogether we seem to be a pretty sporty lot. On the way down some of the boys whiled away the time playing cards. The one in which our worthy president was engaged seemed to require a lot of matches for counters. Perhaps it was whist. At Kingston Junction one of our boys seemed very successful in pitching quoits with silver pieces. It was noticed that when they pitched five cent pieces, he lost, but when they pitched dimes he won. About the first person we saw at the British American (the only good hotel) was "Reddy" Lamonte, the Varsity mascot, who had gone down with the team the night before. His chest (or abdomen) projected more than ever, with the sense of his responsibility. All Kingston turned out to see the game, though the weather was very chilly. The even playing and closeness of the score made the game very exciting throughout. The way the Varsity men got up and played after they had been killed was quite astonishing. There were quite a number of R. M. C. cadets among the spectators, and their remarks to one another seemed to indicate that they were more in sympathy with Varsity than with their old rival Queen's. There was great surprise and rejoicing when they heard the result of the match between their team and the T. A. C.

In one of the R. M. C. class rooms we saw a tee square, on which had been marked the results of all the matches the cadets had played this year, with remarks thereon, such as "The referee is a D. F." (what can that be?). One entry ran, "R. M. C. *vs* Kingston; score, 16 to 10. Had to play referee as well as Kingston; score should have been 150 to 0."

Kingston is a picturesque old place. The streets are of that curved, crooked, hilly and variegated sort, so pleasing to æsthetic tastes. The interior arrangements of the B. A. Hotel seem to be much the same style. We nearly got lost in it. As we followed the waiter to our room we went through halls, passages and doors, up a few steps and then down a few, turning to the right and turning to the left, till we lost all idea of direction. In the morning we went down the first stairs in sight, determined to get out, any-

way. We found ourselves in the office of another hotel. Going out into the street, taking bearings and walking around two sides of the block brought us back to the entrance of the British American.

Association football will be at a discount for the remainder of the season. Unfortunately, we are out of it. We were not beaten very badly, but still we were beaten.

The team this year consists largely of new players, most of the old fellows having left. Individually the men are all right, and with a little practice will form a strong combination which on future occasions will well retrieve what has been lost to them this year.

But the Rugby team has yet to speak. This is where our main strength lies. We have four men on Varsity I, not considering the number we have on Varsity II. and Varsity III. Although we cannot compensate for the loss of Mr. Burwash, we still expect our team to give a good account of themselves in the intercollegiate matches.

There is a deplorable tendency among certain individuals to absent themselves from these football matches, as if it were not their first duty to be on the field on every occasion and encourage those who are straining so hard to maintain the school in its present high status in the realm of sport. To those who are playing it is manifestly unfair for others of their classes to be in working, necessitating as it does that the former work all the harder in order to keep up.

Of course we are pleased to say that most of the boys do turn out. But this article refers more particularly to those "stiffs" who have *such a lot* of drawing to do, or who *must* attend a certain lecture.

Mr. Robert Angus, of the Variety Iron Company, Cleveland, has returned to take his post-graduate year.

Mr. Elliot claims to have managed an "X" ray exhibition at New York during the past summer.

A three-days' engine test will be run at the end of this week. The fourth year men who are in charge of the run will thankfully receive all donations of refreshments, because they will not be able to stop for meals.

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#### NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY SINCE JULY 1, 1896.

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Tasso, *La Gerusalemme, liberata*, ed. Solerti, 3 vols.; Cappuccini, *Grammatica Italiana*; Petrarca, *Le Rime*, ed. Mestica; Fogazzaro, *Piccolo Mondo Antico*; Guarnerio, *Manuale di Versificazione Italiana*; Solerti, *Le Poesie Volgari E Latine*; Carroll, *Symbolic Logic*, part 1, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Cowper, *Shorter Poems*, ed. Webb, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book 3, ed. Macmillan, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Macaulay, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ed. Winch, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; George & Sidge-wick, *Poems of England*, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book 4, ed. Macmillan, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Galdos, *Nazarin*; Massee, *British Fungus-Flora*, vols 2, 3 and 4; Palacio Valdes, *La Fe*; Palacio Valdes, *El Maestrante*; Palacio Valdes, *La Espuma*, 2 vols.; Pascal, *Œuvres*, Tome 2; Sievers, *Phonetik*; Heinemann, *Goethe*, 2 vols.; Meyer, *Goethe*; Laboulaye, *Essai sur les lois criminelles des Romains*; Lessing, *Samtliche Schriften*, Bd. 1; Pennington, *Railways and Other Ways*; Maclean, *The Tariff Hand-Book*; Baker, *Long-Span Railway Bridges*; Jarvis, *Railway Property*; Robertson & Henderson, *High School History of Greece and Home*, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Pope, *Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald*, presented by the President; McCurdy, *History, Prophecy and the Monuments*, vol. 2, presented by the Author; Curtis, *Constitutional History of the United States*, vol. 2.

---

First Pig—What have they named you? They've called me Milton; I suppose you're Shakespeare. Second Pig—No; I'm *Bacon*!"



## ON THE NILE.

Upon the shores of Egypt's Nile,  
Not far from Ghizeh's granite pile,  
There dwells an aged crocodile.

Like other creatures of his kind,  
He eats whatever he can find,  
And loves life better when he's dined.

His family consists of two  
Amphibians of verdant hue,  
Whose appetites are healthy too.

And in their veins, so it is said,  
Runs noble blood, for they have fed  
On many sons of Mohammed.

It happened so, one summer day,  
A youth came walking out that way—  
(He is the subject of my lay).

A young man of great learning, he,  
"Ein frisches Kind" of high degree—  
In fact, he was a "wee freshee."

The crocodile espied his cheek,  
And said: "Although it makes me weak,  
To let him go, I'd be a freak."

And thereupon, without delay,  
He set about to find a way,  
To seize this educated prey.

Alas! that night, beside the Nile,  
The offspring of the crocodile  
Devoured that "fresh" in royal style!

And when the pale moon up rose late,  
The only comment on his fate:  
"Did you like that Undergrad, you ate?"

CÆCILIOUS, '98.

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THE MELANCHOLY TRUE ACCOUNT OF HER EXCEEDING  
GREAT CRUELTY.

Albeit writing be but a base occupation followed in the main by such poor wights as can make nought in the noble professions, I have resolved within myself that nothing but writing down my tale can relieve my pain and anguish. For, indeed, I have made essay of all beside and nought has it availed me.

My trouble came to me one summer eve, in the month of October, in this, our present year of grace. And little did I reckon that it was my woe and misfortune when it came. I had betaken myself to walk along the pavement in the high street, in that one y-cleped *Queen*, when my foot was arrested before a shop where a considerable wealth of fruits, vegetables, and herbs was spread out in the window, or in sundry bales and boxes about the door. A gathering of little urchins was loudly and violently conversing, and I made out that two of them had laid claim to the same basket of peaches. I was no little astonished, for I had thought they had not the substance among them all to purchase a dozen of that pleasant fruit. Nor did the keeper of the shop pay heed to them. Yet they disputed with fierceness and vehemence, and said many things which it would ill beseem me to put upon paper. I had stood there wondering for a brief space, when my attention was drawn to a maid, a very little maid, who had come

from the shop with a broomstick in her hand and was making her approach to the urchins with great stealth and quietness. What was my amazement when I beheld the handle of the broom flash like Jupiter his thunderbolt and smite one of the lads upon his occiput. The knock was a right sharp one, such as ye may see in the foolish play of *Punch and Judy*, when the little puppets do violently slay one another. (Albeit such childish whimsies befit not my age and reverence, I allow them entrance to my rhetoric that my tale may be the clearer.)

The little lad was like to have been tumbled headlong into a barrel of potatoes, and I could not but compassionate him, when I heard his sad outcry. Yet I paid more heed to the maid. She had fled into the shop, pushing through beside a stout wight who leaned against the jamb of the door. I felt drawn by a strange desire to know further of her. Thereto, did I accost the wight. Ah, thus did I yield to the lure of my unhappy fancy; or mayhap it had been fore-ordained by the *Parcæ*. I know not. But this I know, it was my great bale and misfortune. I say again, fond fool that I was, I accosted the wight, and making a pretence of desiring to purchase that quick and effervescent liquor known vulgarly as *Champagne Cider*, I entered the shop.

He was of Italy, a stout dark-featured man, whom albeit he held but a humble station, I cannot doubt to have been some duke or prince concealing his rank and state, for some high and politic reason; and I, being skilled in the tongues, was enabled to gain entrance into his acquaintance. When I addressed him in his own speech he rejoiced greatly, making a sudden gleaming on me with his teeth. Now, it happened that even as I craftily turned our converse to the maid, whom I had rightly guessed to be his daughter, I took a too great draught of the liquor, which, mounting into the region of my nose, my eyes did fill with rheum and my nostrils did burn so hotly that I had thought to see steam issuing therefrom, as from the nostrils of the foul dragon, slain by the ancient valorous knight, St. George. I doubt not that this was an omen and warning of the woes which should follow, but then in my blindness I heeded it not. Little doth a son of Adam, when taken in the mesh, care for the warnings of sprites of the air.

In the beginning I was right timid and afraid to make enquiry, but gathering my courage, I learned that her sweet name was Lucia, that the place so honored by her birth was Venice, a great town of Italy. Making bold to enquire of him why she had so treated the lad, who now stood roaring loudly at the door, and scandalously reviling her in the base dialect of the street, he brought me from the hinder and concealed portion of the shop a piece of pasteboard. On one side of it was a chapman's legend: *Pears, 10 ds. doz.*, on the other, rudely inscribed with the quill: *Lusha Botly luvs Tommy Jones*, and her parent did assever that the most preposterous and presumptuous knave who had written it was the said Tommy Jones himself, being the same imp who now stood bellowing forth his passion in the street. And further I learned that he had thrown it into the shop while they sat that eve at meat. I might well see from this billet that the scurvy rascal did aspire to her hand. And indeed, did he not obtain the guerdon, it having then a broomstick therein. (Now, how greatly do I marvel that I can jape and jest thus wittily when my heart is rent asunder! Yet, be my witnesses, O Muses and Graces, I set down the gibe but as an ornament and embellishment of my feeble and limping prose.)

All this while mistress Lucia had stood in the doorway, saying never a word, but regarding the urchin with a high scorn and defiance. But when she heard her parent narrating to me a tale which she had fain kept hidden in her own most worshipful heart, she fastened her gaze upon me, and sooth to say I had no more cheer of her than had



the foolish lad. Indeed, I could not but see she regarded me with no favor. So I took my departure without further ado.

Now ye may well wonder why I was so suddenly stricken by the little winged boy, and indeed I wondered greatly at it myself. For I had thought my nature to have been too philosophical to be affected by a malady I had even held as incident but to weak and foolish minds. Ye who scoff at me may well learn of my sufferings that though a man know the arts and the sciences he may never esteem himself a whit the safer.

I shall indite no lengthy chronicle of the days which followed. For him who hath been so overtaken belike I have nothing new, and he who is still unvexed would not comprehend the mortal nature of my woe. For the maid cared not for me. Even upon the thought of her my heart did so beat and throb that it was as if I had been brayed in a pestle, yet she made mouths at me when we chanced to meet. I writ her divers odes and sonnets, and entering the shop one cruel eve, I found the best of them covering a pound of butter. I daily practised a pleasant manner of smiling and bowing, but little did it avail me. And how can I forget that day of cursed memory, when she did answer my tender greeting by thrusting forth her tongue at me! Ah, Lucia, couldst thou have seen the bitter tears I poured forth upon the elegy I writ that night, thou hadst been less hard. O Lucia! Lucia! But I must not pause in the telling of this melancholy tale.

Now come I to the day when the kindly candle of hope was quite extinguished, and the Stygian darkness of despair altogether encompassed me. The event had not been so cruel had it not seemed in the beginning that the fickle jade Fortune were at last mollified into kindness to me. As in the first occasion I had betaken myself to walking, and as was even the case, my perambulation was but a peregrination to the shrine of Lucia. Though it was nigh to the hour of eleven, there were still sundry little lads and maidens sporting in the road. Amongst them did I spy her. She kept on at her merry-making, taking no note of me. I stood surveying her with many loving regards, sadly meditating within me how blessed was the lot of the urchins who could disport about her, yet not draw to themselves her scorn and derision. Thus was I thinking, when with horrid suddenness my blood was made to clot and curdle in its course, and my hair to rise on my crown. For one of those vile new-invented chariots of the evil one, y-cleped *trolley-car*, being unseen by her in her jollity, was but a few rods from her, she marking it never a whit. I thought not of my own safety, but did fling myself into the road and snatch her from the fates. There was a great outcry from divers persons in the car; and albeit, I say it to my own despite, I did greatly rejoice that it had been well noted, as well as that I had been enabled to do her service. For now I did not doubt that I could stand within her grace. In faith, when I set her down upon the pavement, so puffed up and exalted was I in my heart's core at saving of her life, that I did shake the hands of every wight who had one, and verily I believe, some thrice or four times with no few of them. And to the great increase of my joy, her parent had marked the whole happening, and now drew me within his shop. He was like to have embraced and kissed me, but I would not suffer him thus to abase himself. (Sooth to say, his exhalation was even scented with garlick and beer, the which meat and drink were ever distasteful to me.) But I signified to him that his *Champagne Cider* was not displeasing to me, and as he hastened to fetch the beaker, I turned about to regard Lucia. Alas, how did my glad spirits fall when I saw her not. Thereto, I questioned her parent, and he did inform me that she kept herself in the inner room; but he doubted not that she would come forth, and give me my due need of thanks when she had recovered her calm and composure. And he put thereto,

albeit I feared it not, that I must not take it sorely to heart if she should even show herself disaffected towards me for having laid hands upon her; for thus had she expressed herself to him. At this I did greatly mock within myself, for from the time when I did first pay heed to the humors and whimsies of her sex, it hath ever been most patent to me that they do thus delight to dissemble their affection, and make a great pretence at hatred where they do most love.

Accordingly, I took up the beaker with great solace and satisfaction of mind, the more so that I marked her parent afilling up a bag with divers goodly fruits, but—O, woe to me that I must tell the sorry tale! Alas, that this world is so vilely crammed with so great cruelty, and that my virtue should go so scorned and misprized! I had no more than brought the vessel to my lips, when I did receive an almost mortal blow upon the posterior of my cranium. The liquor was flung into my face, and no little of it coursed down my neck, but indeed by no inward way. So astonished was I, that I felt no pain till I had turned me round to see who had so sorely smitten me. I beheld but the end of a broomstick and the hem of a kirtle fleeing through the door into the inner room!

I can write no more, for did I still persevere to indite, it would be as if I dipped my quill into my own blood. This chronicle ye may well hold to be my final testament, and my last farewell to the miseries of this world. For nought can end my moaning and groaning save death alone. Therefore will I lay down my quill and parchment, and hastening without the town, become the moral fruit of a melancholy dolorous willow. FESTE, '98.

## STUDENT SOCIETIES.

### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society for the term '96-'97 was held Friday in Room 16. There was a large attendance, especially of freshmen, who turned out to hear what a freshman had to say. Mr. Chant having resigned, Mr. W. J. Rush was elected president in his place. Messrs. Auld and Balls were nominated for secretary-treasurer, Miss Harvey and Mr. Wagar for third-year councillor, and Messrs. Campbell and Good for first-year councillor. Mr. Good then read an interesting paper on "The Influence of Mathematics on the Mind."

### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Friday afternoon, when the president-elect, Mr. R. J. Richardson, '97, delivered his inaugural address. Mr. A. H. Abbot, B.A., read a careful and thoughtful paper on "Descartes' Natural Light." The indications for the success of this organization are very good, and a prosperous year may be expected.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Modern Language Club held its first meeting for the term on Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in Room 4. The proceedings took the form of a discussion of a few of the modern novelists—English. S. R. Crockett was discussed by Miss White in a clever and original paper. Mr. A. E. McFarlane, '98, was very successful in his portraiture of the life and style of Wm. D. Howells, and Miss Margaret M. Stovel, '98, presented a faithful and interesting sketch of Manella—a typical work of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The success of the first meeting under the régime of President Stewart augurs well for the prosperity of a society which has been for years the most flourishing of departmental organizations.

### CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club was called to organize on Friday last in the Students' Union. Owing to other attractions, there was a small attendance, and no business was done, save the election of a secretary, in the person of G. W. Keith, '97. The club expects to get rooms in the main building.



# The Varsity

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*Business Board.*—Miss M. Harvey, '97; H. M. Little, '97; Miss F. E. Kirkwood, '98; E. N. Armour, '99; L. J. Burwash and E. Richards, S. P. S.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

FOR a good many years past there has always been more or less discussion upon the feasibility of holding a University dinner, similar to those which are held in various other Universities, both in Canada and across the line. The objections to such a proposal in connection with Toronto University are obvious and insurmountable. But we believe that the idea has something in it, out of which some advance upon the custom of former years can be made. The question, as recently resolved in a mass meeting of students, is now one of a University College dinner. Of such we heartily approve. We know of no better way to secure, in the minds of students, the dethronement of the *class* spirit and produce the ascendancy of the *College* spirit. We know of few better occasions on which, by way of a change, the freshman might be given the opportunity of forgetting the inferiority, and in which the senior might give others the opportunity of forgetting the superiority, of his academic *status*.

We believe, moreover, that a well-conducted College dinner, at which the Faculty should attend, would be of immense satisfaction to the students, and would not be altogether lost upon the Faculty. There are few such unions at present, and an annual dinner would be something to which all would look forward with pleasant anticipations.

The abolition of class dinners, such as have been held in the past, will not be much regretted. They were seldom successful, from a financial standpoint, and the attendant circumstances were not always of the kind which one would look back upon with much pride or great satisfaction. They were seldom patronized to the extent that it is believed a College dinner would be. Frequently men number their friends among the years above or below them, and they are unwilling to participate in an event from which their best friends are excluded. Consequently we

believe that a dinner, which every undergraduate in arts can attend with perfect freedom and reasonable expense, will have the unqualified approval and the hearty support of the great body of students. But—*proh pudor!*—we have been guilty of the reprehensible neglect of the women undergraduates in our considerations. What will be done with the ladies?

\* \*

It is a strange thing that the Residence in connection with University College has come to be such an anomaly. Residence is supposed, we believe, to be able to accommodate some fifty students. But there are not half that number of occupants this year. When the attendance at the College was much smaller the Residence was better filled. Of late years the number in Residence has diminished rapidly. The students of Toronto do not seem to realize the benefits of what, in English and most American Universities, is thought to be the best part of a University training; or else they are compelled, from economical or some other considerations, to seek accommodation elsewhere than in Residence.

From whichever cause, the fact is patent that Residence, with all its associations and enchantments, is being deserted. At the present rate of decrease, a few more years will see every house vacated. It looks as if it was the intention of the authorities to facilitate this condition of affairs as much as possible, for no effort seems to be made, from year to year, to induce new men to enter. That they need some inducement is evident, unless the Dean wants to have always on hand a number of apartments "to let."

It may be that the abandonment of the Residence by the men students is sought in order that the solution of the question of a Woman's Residence may be arrived at. We do not wish to raise the hopes of some too high by stating this as a fact. We merely make this suggestion in an effort to explain the silent process of "eviction" which is in force in Residence, and which, in a few more years, will leave it without a tenant.

\* \*

The most hopeful enthusiast of Varsity's football teams must be satisfied with their record so far this year, and with their chances of winning the championship honors. For the first time in history Varsity defeated Queen's upon the Queen's grounds last Saturday. Next Saturday the match will be played upon the Varsity grounds; and, if the presence of the undergraduates helps the home team any, they can rely upon unbounded assistance, for we are assured that the turnout will be tremendous.

## Y.W.C.A. NOTES.

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. for the fall term was held in the Y.M.C.A. building on Wednesday, Oct. 14th, with the president, Miss Bapty, in the chair. Several new members were proposed and accepted, and Mrs. Fraser, the honorary president, gave a very helpful and interesting address.

The second meeting was held on Oct. 21st, and was more largely attended than the first one. The election of members for different committees took place, also the



election of first year councillor, and corresponding secretary, the former of which offices will be filled by Miss Jean Adair, the latter by Miss E. M. Sealey, for the coming year.

The attention of the women students is directed to Dr. Tracy's Bible Class, which meets every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the Y.M.C.A. building.

E. M. SEALEY,  
Cor. Sec.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The class prayer-meetings have been resumed this week. These meetings are held in the parlor from 8.30 to 8.55 a.m. as follows:

- 1st year—Tuesday morning.
- 2nd year—Thursday morning.
- 3rd year—Wednesday morning.
- 4th year—Monday morning.
- S. P. S.—Friday morning.

Programmes may be had at the office.

The attendance at both Bible Classes is increasing. The hour of the first year class has been changed from 3 to 4-5 o'clock.

Dr. Erdman, of Philadelphia, will address next Thursday's meeting.

An important change is being made in the missionary work of the Association. Formerly the missionary volunteers of the College met in one class weekly for the study of missions. This year three or four classes will be organized for this purpose, and will consist not merely of volunteers, but of all students who would like to take an hour a week studying the Church's progress in carrying out her Master's last commission. The work for the year promises to be intensely interesting and consists of three parts—Missionary Biography, Missionary History, and Missionary Methods. The meetings of these classes will be held in the Y.M.C.A. Building on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock. The study in Missionary Biography begins next Saturday.

The entertainment held on Wednesday evening under the auspices of this Y.M.C.A. was of a high-class order, and all present appreciated it thoroughly. That the attendance was small, was due partly to the fact that there were so many other strong attractions during the week, and partly to the fact that Mr. Williams' name was comparatively new to Toronto people, as this visit to Canada is his first one and very short, as well. The decided success that he scored, however, will ensure him a much better house when he visits Toronto again.

Last Thursday afternoon Dr. Sheraton delivered one of the most earnest and inspiring addresses that have been given in Y.M.C.A. Hall. After paying a high tribute to the memory of the late J. H. Brown, who took such a deep interest in the Bible Study work of the Association and who left behind him one of the noblest and sincerest examples of which our University is proud, he spoke very convincingly on the claims of Bible study on the individual student. The Bible, Dr. Sheraton said, is from the standpoint, both of its friends and its foes, pre-ëminent. A Christian life depends on the Bible. No library is complete without it. Both for its poetry and its history it has strong claims on every student; but for more profound and imperious reasons than these every student should thoughtfully study the Bible. It is the revelation of God and the record of redemption. If the Book is what it professes to be it deserves our study, and if not, it still deserves our study, for we are as students searching for truth and light. It is cowardice and unreason to condemn before investigating. If we believe there is a Supreme Being and that men—His children—are deeply longing for a revelation of Him, we must believe that that Being would give men some revelation of Himself. This God, the

Father of men, does in the Bible. There are difficulties—a Bible without difficulties is not worth having—because it is a living book; it deals with living issues, and is a revelation of a living God. But there is not one irreconcilable difficulty from cover to cover, nor one thing that contradicts science. The challenge to produce one has never been successfully taken up. In conclusion, Dr. Sheraton said that Bible study should be prayerful, systematic and deep, and briefly outlined the Bible study work for the year.

#### THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday evening, October 24th, in the Students' Union, at which there was a large attendance.

The lengthy minutes were disposed of by a motion of Miss Rosenstadt, seconded by Miss Nichols, that they be taken as read. This was unanimously carried by the Society.

It was then moved by Miss Scott, seconded by Miss Stovel, that the Society have pins struck off after the model of the staff, which was presented to Miss Wright, '00, for the quotation contest. It was felt by members that something more tangible than memories of the Women's Literary Society was wanted. This motion, after some little discussion, was carried. Miss Langrill and Miss Lamont were appointed to look after this matter.

The programme followed, the first number being a violin solo by Miss Evans, '00, who arose without a gown, but the cries of "gown" soon led her to seek one. The appreciation of Miss Evans' playing was shown by the enthusiastic encore. We are glad to have such valuable assistants in our Society from the class of the "naughty nothings."

Miss Eastwood, '97, brought a report on "Sesame," all of which we could not hear.

The President gave an interesting address on "The Benefits of College Training." Miss MacMichael touched upon the physical and social training as well as the mental, and also of the benefits derived from attending the Women's Literary Society.

Miss Lick, '98, in her usual excellent manner, rendered a vocal solo, which was encored.

Jerome K. Jerome's drama, "Sunset," was given by members of the class of '99. The characters of *Joan* and *Lois*, half-sisters, were taken by Miss Andison and Miss N. Miller respectively; *Aunt Drusilla* was well acted by Miss Manson, while Miss Burgess as *Mr. Azariah Stodd*, and Miss Wright as *Mr. Rivers* furnished the comedy. Miss Williams was the handsome young *Lawrence* about whom the plot circled.

The costumes were especially good. Apologies were made at the beginning about the short time given the young ladies for the preparation of the play, but at the end it was the opinion of all that these had been unnecessary.

The conclusion of the programme was a piano solo by Miss Rosenstadt, '98, who gave as an encore Mendelssohn's Consolation.

ANNIE W. PATTERSON, '99,  
Corresponding Secretary.

#### FENCING CLUB.

The Fencing Club has prospects of a decided increase of membership this year. The Club will have the committee-room in the Gymnasium fitted up as a fencing room; and rubber strips will be laid on the floor to prevent slipping. Mr. Williams will begin the classes in fencing, single-stick and bayonet immediately. Intending members should give their names to members of the Committee or to the instructor at once.



## RUGBY.

—  
VARSITY—QUEEN'S.

For well-nigh two months, under Capt. Barr's careful and energetic supervision, Toronto University's fifteen has been undergoing its steady course of training from day to day, and for so long a time the general public and college men in particular have not ceased to speculate upon the chances of retaining in our midst, the much coveted honors, brought to these halls, a year ago. As a consequence, seldom has a match excited so much interest or had a result so satisfactory to the winning side, as that in which on Saturday, the valiant defenders of our supremacy, overwhelmed in their own stronghold the representatives of our sister university at Kingston. From start to finish it was a match to the death, the struggle being rendered most intense by past rivalries and the important interests at stake. In the crowd of 3,000, which witnessed this combat of the Greeks, of course the supporters of Queen's naturally preponderated, but yet there were quite a number of enthusiastic Varsity men on the grounds, whose praiseworthy spirit had led them to accompany the team down to witness their triumph. Of those, unfortunate enough to remain in Toronto, a great many spent most of the afternoon in scanning the bulletin boards. Yet, wherever we were, we were all alike jubilant over the final result.

The narrow margin of the victory tells quite plainly how evenly matched the teams were; and what satisfaction as a consequence the contest must have given to the spectator. Further, rough play, becoming generally indulged in, their feelings were excited the more. Caldwell, Barr and Norris were forced to retire on Varsity's side, while the distinguished guardian of the peace, who figures in Queen's scrimmage, will be prevented from attending his divinity lectures for some weeks.

Varsity won the toss, but it was of little advantage as the heavy wind blew straight across the field, favoring neither side. However, by the end of the first half, after close playing, the score was 2-2. Still, it was to Varsity's advantage, due mostly to the work of Counsell and Hobbs. But the lack of scoring in the first half was fully made up for in the second. Queen's began the scoring by gaining a tackle in goal, which was followed soon after by a try for Varsity, Campbell falling upon the ball, this try was not converted. After a period of very open play Queen's first scored a rouge and then on a fumble by Norris, a try. This brought the score to 7-6, in favor of Queen's, on the word of which reaching Toronto, it was given out as the final score. But the end was not yet to be. Within a short time Elliot went over for a try, but a few minutes later the ball came down into Varsity territory, and Boyd was compelled to rouge, 10-8. Campbell and Hobbs now made perhaps the two most brilliant runs of the day, bringing in two tries, neither of which Elliot converted. Varsity was now in the lead by ten points, and darkness was setting in. Most watches on the ground seemed to indicate that the game was practically over, but not so the time-keeper's; for on in the dark the play proceeded, bringing in Queen's two tries, and leaving the final score at 18-16.

The general opinion seems to be that behind the line Varsity far outshone their opponents, but that the work of the Queen's wings saved their team from a bad defeat. It is needless to note the playing of any member of the team in particular beyond reporting as we have very briefly the progress of the play. Sufficient it is to say that each and all deserve all the praise that can be accorded them for bringing back with them the honor of the first victory achieved in recent years by the senior Varsity football fifteen over Queen's upon their own ground. Surely this fact is enough to warrant us in expressing the confident trust that when upon our own campus the two teams line

up again a still more notable win may be made, and that ultimately the Canadian Championship may again rest in our midst. The teams were:

*Varsity*—Back, Morrison; halves, Boyd, Counsell, Norris; quarter, Hobbs; scrimmage, Malloch, Perry, Dodds; wing, Bradley, Caldwell, McDougall, Mackenzie, Elliot, Barr, Burnside.

*Queen's*—Back, Wilson; halves, Letellier, McConville, Nack; quarter, Hiscock; scrimmage, McManus, Kennedy, Baker; wings, Brock, Rayside, McLennan, Metcalf, Moffatt, Cross, and Johnson.

Referee, A. W. Ballantyne, Toronto.

## NOTES.

Was "Queen's!! Queen's! nanny-goat broth!" the same kind of soup that they were in at the end of the game?

Next Saturday we may prepare for a record-breaking crowd to see the return match. In such a case as this it is needless to tell the undergraduates to turn out to a man.

\* \*

## A SECOND GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Varsity II. defeated the Lornes in what was probably the hardest fought match Varsity ever played. The Varsity men went on the field determined to make the Lornes work hard for a victory. Varsity won the toss and decided to play with the wind. For some minutes the play was very even; the Lornes' scrimmage doing the best work, while the Varsity wings outplayed their opponents. About to 40 yard line Varsity got a free kick, which Sanderson dropped for a goal. Score 2-0. Then from a scrimmage Smith broke through for a try, 6-0. The kick-off was quickly returned for safety touch-in-goal, 8-0. Then another touch-in-goal made the score 9-0. Soon after the kick-off Scott got the ball and made a brilliant run for a try, which Sanderson converted, 15-0. The Lornes, by a series of good runs and hard play, forced Varsity to rouge, 15-1.

Second half. Varsity's kick-off was well returned and the Lornes soon kicked into touch-in-goal, 15-2. Then scored a goal from a penalty kick, 15-4. Then the quarter and half-backs of the Lornes made a fine combination run and secured a try, 15-8. Sanderson rouged 15-9. Another piece of combination added another try, 15-13. For the next ten minutes the fighting was desperate, but Varsity managed to keep the Lornes from scoring.

Varsity's team lined up as follows: Back, Sanderson; half-backs, McWilliams, Waldie, Barron; forwards, Sanderson, Armour, Smith; wings, Ausley, Spence, Tanner (Capt.), Sellery, Scott, Harris, White. Benson replaced Waldie when hurt and Montizambert White.

Harcourt, who played quarter, deserves a great deal of praise for the plucky good game he played.

## EBONY GOODS



Sign of the Big Clock

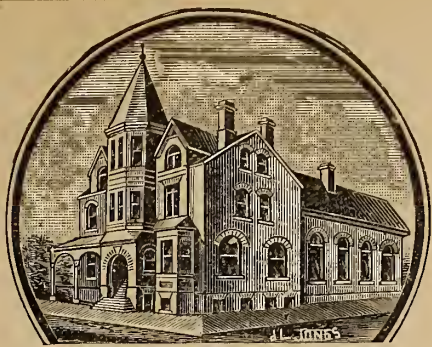
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## KEEP A-GOIN'!

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                                     Keep a-goin'!  
 If it hails or if it snows,  
                                     Keep a-goin'!  
 'Taint no use to sit and whine  
 When the fish ain't on your line;  
 Bait your hook and keep on tryin',  
                                     Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,  
                                     Keep a-goin'!  
 When you tumble from the top,  
                                     Keep a-goin'!  
 S'pose you're out o' every dime,  
 Gettin' broke aint any crime;  
 Tell the world you're feelin' prime,  
                                     Keep a goin'!

When it looks like all is up,  
                                     Keep a-goin'!  
 Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
                                     Keep a-goin'!  
 See the wild birds on the wing,  
 Hear the bells that sweetly ring,  
 When you feel like sighin'—sing,  
                                     Keep a-goin'!

ANONYMOUS.

## WHY HE SAW DICKENS.

The first appearance of Charles Dickens on his reading tour through America was in Boston, on Monday, December 2, 1867. The demand for tickets was enormous. A crowd assembled in Tremont street on the night preceding the sale, such as had never been seen before on an occasion of the kind. By eight o'clock in the morning the throng was nearly half a mile long. When the crowd was densest and humor at its height, a calm stranger, evidently from parts unknown, appeared, and animated by a sentiment of curiosity, he queried:

"'Taint election times down here, is it?"

"Oh, no! We're buying tickets, sir."

"Buying tickets? for what?"

"For Dickens' readings."

"Dickens! Who the devil is Dickens?"

"Why, don't you know? the great novelist."

"Never heard of him in all me born days; but if there is any critter on airth that can keep such a crowd together with the mercury away down out of sight, I must see him."

Whereupon he took his place in the line and enthusiastically proposed three cheers for Dickens.—*From "Select Stories" by W. C. S., '97.*

## HERE AND THERE.

G. W. K. Noble, '97, is going to work this year.

J. M. Nicol, '97, paid a flying visit to London last week.

Miss B. H. Mills, '97, is teaching in the junior department of the Normal School.

W. H. Wood, '96, ex-curator of the Literary Society, is ill of typhoid in the General Hospital.

An echo has reached us from southern Pennsylvania proclaiming the whereabouts of the lady-graduates of '96. Miss M. L. Graham is at Bryn Mahr College; Misses J. A. White and Laird are teaching in Aurora and Whitby, respectively, and Miss Tucker is doing likewise at Menominee, Michigan. At Pedagogy are Misses Ackerman, Bonis, Combe, Cowan, Duncan, Fortune, Lafferty, Millar, McNeely, Neelands, Perrin and Watt. Misses Edgar, Riddell and Rutherford are luxuriating at home.

## ANOTHER ONE OF THEM.

One day a tailor called on an author with his little bill. The man of letters was in bed, as men of letters sometimes are, even a long time after daybreak. "You've brought your account, have you?" asked the author.

"Yes, sir; I sadly want some money."

"Open my secretaire," said the recumbent one. "You see that drawer."

The tailor opened one, expecting to find it full of cash.

"No, not that one, the other."

The tailor opened the second, which, like the first, was full of emptiness. The tailor opened another one.

"What do you see there?" asked the debtor.

"Papers—lots of them," rejoined Snip.

"Ah, yes. That's right. They're little bills. Put yours in with them. Goodbye." Then he turned round again and slept.—*Tit Bits.*

"Really, Mr. Graduate," said the broker to his new clerk, a this-year graduate of Yale. "I am very sorry, but after Saturday I shall have to dispense with your services. I of course admire your enthusiasm, but I really can't stand having you giving your college yell every time the market rises a few points."—*Harper's Bazar.*



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

The *University Quarterly* will appear this week.

The *Grand Rally* last Wednesday was a failure.

Remember Varsity I. vs. Queen's I. next Saturday at 2.30.

Mr. A. M. Dewar, '96, is in the employ of the MacClean Publishing Co., Montreal.

The late J. H. Brown left property valued at \$3,100 to his stepmother and sister.

T. Walter Wells, '98, Natural Science, is taking an M. E. course in the Kingston School of Mines.

The prizes for the annual games are still on exhibition. The Directorate approve of this, for "when shall their glory fade?"

Miss Florence L. Sheridan held a delightful "At-Home" for the officers and members of the Tennis Club on Saturday last.

Mr. T. H. Greenwood, '95, we understand, is lecturing on Canada in England. "Tom" shows good judgment in his choice of subjects.

## A DIAMOND IS LIKE A PICTURE

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## FAKE ADVERTISING.

It is my opinion that it is poor policy to fool the readers of a paper by an ad. with a catchy title and interesting beginning, running off to an ad. for somebody's liver pills. A friend of mine told me the other day that such ads. always hurt his eyes until he took to wearing a pair of specs. He was persuaded by one of those same ads. that perhaps there was something wrong with his eyes as well as with the ad., and dropped down to the office of the advertiser, who fitted him perfectly. He is now a regular advertiser and always writes "fake" ads., and he still wears the same pair of glasses which were fitted by Mr. W. J. P. Curry, 414 Spadina. Now, this ad. is what is called a "fake" ad. and if it hurts your eyes there may be some trouble in them, and you had better drop in and see Mr. Curry.

Princeton, on her recent anniversary, conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Principal of McGill, and upon the President of Toronto University and the Degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Principal Caven.

The janitor has something quite new in a Varsity button that is worthy of inspection. The rims are of 10 kt. rolled gold. The price is but 25 cents. The accompanying cut shows the style.

Tidy, the florist, ought to be remembered when Hallowe'en decorations are procured for the Grand. He always stands by the boys, and THE VARSITY.

It has been suggested that the men who play football ought to try to provide themselves with the regulation sweaters and jerseys. The Association has a pattern of their own, and there is nothing like having uniformity in the matter of dress. It looks better and stands for something.

The Seniors held their first meeting for reorganization on Monday, 19th, and their second meeting on Thursday, 23rd. They have elected the following officers for the year: President, W. Shotwell; 1st Vice-President, Miss Harvey; 2nd Vice-President, G. W. K. Noble; Secretary, George Bray; Treasurer, G. Buchanan; Musical Director, Fred Young; Poet, B. K. Sandwell; Critic, M. N. Clark; Judge, C. E. Race; Historians, Miss McMichael and Ingram McNiece; Councillors, Misses

Eastwood, Glashan and Tennant and Messrs Cooper and McIntyre.

The class of '98 held its annual meeting for the election of officers in West Hall on Tuesday of last week. The following is the result of the elections: President, C. M. Carson; 1st Vice-President, Miss Helen Johnston; 2nd Vice-President, H. P. Hill; Secretary, F. C. Harper; Treasurer, R. J. Perkins; Musical Director, R. N. Merritt; Poet, Miss H. B. MacDougall; Orator, J. G. Inkster; Judge, A. J. Mather; Prophet, A. E. McFarlane; Historians, Miss H. Rumball and F. A. Cleland; Critic, G. M. Clark; Athletic Director, E. W. Beatty; Councillors, Misses A. K. Healy and M. J. Pearce, Messrs. J. R. Howitt and G. M. Murray.

The class of 1900 met Wednesday, and amidst much noise, disorder and general high spirits, elected their class officers for the year, as follows: President, J. B. Coyne; 1st Vice-President, Miss Thornton; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Gibson; Secretary, E. H. Cooper; Treasurer, A. N. Mitchell; Musical Director, V. R. Bilton; Orator, G. F. Kay; Prophet, W. O. Watson; Judge, W. W. Todd; Critic, W. C. Tennant; Athletic Director, R. Telford; Historians, A. C. Campbell and Miss Thompson; Poet, Miss Williams; Councillors, R. Hume, W. C. Good, Miss Lang, Miss Wigg; Com. on Colors, Greig, E. P. Flintoft, Miss Hughes, Miss Hall.

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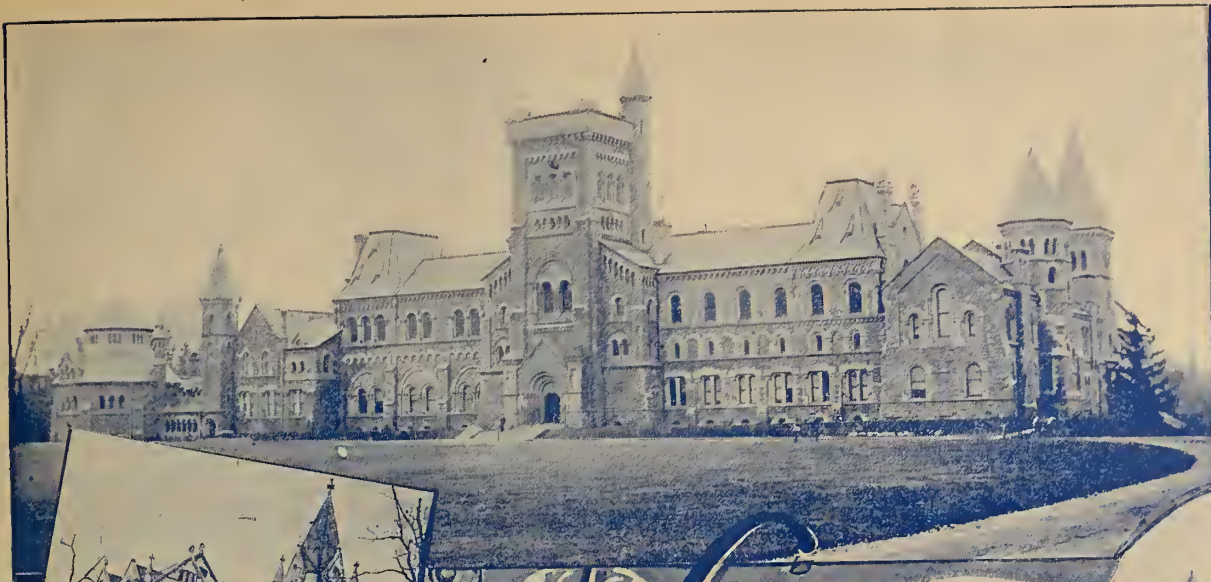
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# THE VARSITY



VOL XVI. No. 4.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1896.

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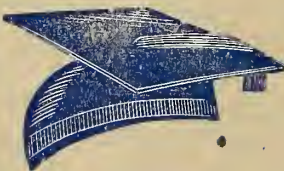
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1896.

No. 4.

## VICE-CHANCELLOR MULOCK.

The University of Toronto, as is well known, though ostensibly supported by the state, derives much of her support and owes more of her prosperity to the munificence and generosity of public men. Foremost amongst these is her esteemed Chancellor, the Hon. Edward Blake, and her equally esteemed Vice-Chancellor, the Hon. William Mulock. Were it in our power to add further honors to those already won by Mr. Mulock, we could accomplish our purpose in no better way than by ranking him side by side with the venerable and distinguished Chancellor, as one of the best friends of our University. With the combined influence of these magnanimous and public-spirited patrons at the head of her affairs and in the control of her destiny, the University of Toronto, despite the inexcusable neglect from other quarters, may always feel confident of having accorded to her the kindly offices and liberal support of two perfect gentlemen and eminent statesmen.

Mr. Mulock, as will be seen from the accompanying cut, is a man just past middle age, of fine appearance and commanding presence. He is the second son of the late Thomas H. Mulock, M. D. (T.C.D.), a native of Dublin, Ireland. Mr. Mulock is a Canadian, however, and was born at Bond Head, in the county of Simcoe, in 1843. Highly favored in respect of both ancestry and birthplace, Fortune seemed to smile upon this gentleman from the outset of his career. His early education was received in the Grammar School, of Newmarket, from which he entered the University\* of Toronto in 1859. Throughout his course here William Mulock was a prime favorite in every circle, and was an exceedingly brilliant and promising student. In 1863 he graduated as the gold medallist in Modern Languages, and entered immediately upon the study of Law. At the age of twenty-five he was called to the Bar of Ontario. For some years afterwards he practised law in partnership with the late Mr. Archibald F. Campbell, who was one of

the most eminent graduates of Toronto, and a clever and successful professional man. Mr. Mulock for four years was also an Examiner in and Lecturer on Equity for the Law Society of Upper Canada. In 1871 he secured the Degree of M.A. from Toronto and afterwards was conferred the Degree of LL.D. Ever since 1873 he has been a prominent member of the University Senate, and in 1882 he was elected Vice-Chancellor of this august body—a position for which he has since been chosen periodically at intervals of four years. Notwithstanding the exacting demands of his legal profession, and the duties imposed upon him by his educational tendencies, Mr.

Mulock found time to follow his inclination to enter the arena of politics, and was returned with a handsome majority, for the constituency of North York, to a seat in the Dominion Parliament in 1882. At every general election since Mr. Mulock has been accorded the generous support of his constituents, a fact, which, together with his statesmanlike abilities, has secured for him a powerful influence in the Dominion Legislature. Upon the formation of the Laurier Administration in July last, Mr. Mulock was assigned the portfolio of Postmaster-General of Canada.

The versatility of the honorable gentleman, who is the subject of this imperfect sketch, is best testified by the diversity of interests in which he is engaged. He has always manifested a disinterested love for agriculture and has endeared himself to

the farmers of Canada by his commendable consideration for their interests in the House of Commons. He is also president of the Farmers' Loan and Savings Company of Toronto. He is a shrewd and keen business man, and is connected with many of the leading business enterprises of the city. In the Toronto General Trusts Company he is a director. He stands at the head of one of the largest and most successful legal firms of this city—Mulock, Miller, Crowther & Montgomery. Yet, neither his Parliamentary duties nor his numerous business engagements have prevented him from identifying himself with the great



HON. WILLIAM MULOCK, VICE-CHANCELLOR TORONTO UNIVERSITY.



educational centre of Ontario; and it is on this phase of his distinguished career that we would particularly love to dwell. At all times he has displayed a wonderful zeal for the welfare of the University. Following the example of his revered mother, who founded the Mary Mulock Scholarship in Classics, her worthy son has founded the William Mulock Scholarship in Mathematics, and more than one of the students who have been fortunate enough to share the benefits of either, will ever remember the founders of both with gratitude and esteem. During his tenure of office as Vice-Chancellor he has exerted a potent influence in the Senate, and has shown the utmost solicitude for the students. Each year his name is at the head of the Guarantee List for the annual *Conversazione*; of Varsity athletics he is also an enthusiastic supporter. He offers each year the Mulock Championship Cup for competition among the Inter-Year Association Football teams. He extends his patronage and spends his wealth lavishly upon the Rugby team, and has merited the appellation of its "Patron Saint." Three weeks ago he was an admiring spectator of the exhibition game played at Ottawa, and on Saturday last he witnessed the Queen's-Varsity match. In every conceivable manner the esteemed Vice-Chancellor gives his encouragement and lends his assistance to the undertakings and the institutions, in which are concerned the interests and welfare of the graduates and undergraduates of Toronto University. The students of this institution are not seldom regarded, and regarded wrongly, let it be said, as a thankless and unappreciative body. But there is nothing so deep-rooted and so universal as their appreciation of, and gratitude for, the great benefits conferred upon them from time to time by great men. Nor are they slow to estimate the value of little benefits even when bestowed by little men. There is no body which realizes the needs of the University more fully than the students themselves. There is no body which evinces a keener interest in her welfare than they do. Of course, in the nature of things, the mass of students is modified yearly. But the same spirit of love for the University and of solicitude for her welfare and prosperity pervades each successive group in an untrammelled, unchanging, and unending flow. Such a spirit now seeks expression to pay its tribute to a distinguished graduate who has won for himself such high political preferment. It wishes to convey its appreciation of his talents and ability. It desires to acknowledge its pride in his noble and generous impulses, and to recognize, however humbly, himself the manifold kindnesses, the great benefits, the innumerable services, which the revered Vice-Chancellor has conferred, unostentatiously, upon the University of Toronto.

CECIL H. CLEGG.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

And behold, the Editor of THE VARSITY said unto me, Write, write straightway, even the deeds and the words of the assemblage of the Lit, which shall be assembled at even of this day. And I obeyed.

And I was in that room, which is beneath the place of the assemblage, being that room wherein are the rolls of the law and the prophets, the major prophets and the minor prophets, and the weather prophets, the which they call newspapers. And there were there many men like wise, which bore great staves, and conversed among themselves, and the burden of their speech was ever, Vote for this one, or vote for that one, for he is a good man and loveth our people.

And the roof, which is the floor of the place of assembly, was smitten with a passing great noise, and all the people rose up and cried aloud, and rushed with a great rush up into the place of assembly. And when they were sat down there entered in one of majestic presence, which is the President; and after him a young man and his face

was exceeding fair to look upon, that all the maidens of the people desired him, and his name is ever upon their lips, and he bore a great book, wherein is written all the deeds of the Lit, from the beginning even unto this day.

And the President said unto the assembly, Come up higher; and they came up. And the young man read a chapter out of the book of the deeds of the Society, which is the Lit; and the people smote the floor and cried aloud, Amen.

And the President read out of the Order of Business, and there was a great silence; until there arose one and asked, saying, What on earth has become of that proposed new edition of the Constitution? And one Hancock, the same being Vice-President, answered him, saying, that he would in seven days move to appoint a committee for the revision of the Constitution; and hearing an outcry among the people, he continued, saying, that revision, being interpreted, was editing. And they were silent.

And they chose first your Councillors, two, writing upon small pieces of paper; and the names of one Hill, being brother to Hammy, and of one Good were written more often than the other names. And in like manner chose they N. T. Johnston to be Councillor from the second year.

And the President demanded nominations for auditors of the Society's accounts. And there rose a man having the book of the law, which is the Constitution, in his hand, and claimed that one of these be a chartered accountant; and another declared that this law was amended. But the President spoke, saying that he reckoned nought of the Constitution, for that there were too many of it. And two undergraduates were appointed, which had neither accounts nor charter.

Then said the President, Behold, the next item is the Literary Programme. And one Sandwell played upon an instrument of strings, making much noise; and when he had ended, the people lifted up their voice and their staff, and commanded him to play again, which in their tongue is called encore. And after him came G. S. Bale, and spake a piece concerning bloomers, the which are the trousers of the daughters of Eve. And they that heard were shaken with much laughter, and held their sides, and once more smote hard upon the floor.

And now came forth Birmingham unto them, of the elders of the tribe of Sophomores, to address the assembly concerning that wherefor they were come together. And he strove to persuade the assembly that Protection as a principle is superior to Free Trade. The voice of him is as the bulls of Bashan, and his manner is the manner of one who speaketh to many farmers, and to say that his delivery is fluent were in sooth to draw it mild.

After whom came Watt, the Senior, Lord of the Residers, and as the gentle plash of ripples upon the sunlit strand, after the storm hath cleared, while yet the groundswell heaveth and the northern sky is dark, such was the voice of Watt after the voice of Birmingham. And he called upon the fathers, which spoke concerning political economy, and they heard and shed wisdom upon him. And in due time the President checked him, and he ceased, albeit unwilling.

Then spake one Munns, for the Sophomores, whose words I heard not, for he looked not towards me. And the hair of him upon the front was as a billow that is about to break.

Lastly, there rose up Tasker, of the Seniors, and spake a good speech, having it stored up in his memory; the voice of him is clear and soundeth afar off. And Birmingham replied briefly, and the burden of his remarks was that faith without works is dead.

And the President judged the debate, and his judgment was in favor of the Seniors, who spake denying the glories of Protection. And the people arose and returned each to his own place.

Behold, O! Editor of THE VARSITY, I have written.



## A REMINISCENCE.

Upon a chill October day,  
In spite of rain or sun,  
A crowd of thoughtless sophomores  
Came out to have some fun.  
They lined up in a ghostly row  
And sought for passing caps,  
Like those which just one year ago  
They lost in various "scraps."  
We Freshmen whom they wished to maul  
Gave proof of being "game,"  
We tucked our coat-tails out of sight,  
And made a dash for fame.

The progress of that glorious fight,  
Let some historian tell,  
He cannot but in truth admit  
We ran the gauntlet well,  
And if some in their swift career  
Took passage through the air,  
They merely proved what scientists  
For science do and dare.  
The problem of aerial flight  
Has now been solved at last,  
The Freshmen have that honor won  
And triumphed o'er the past.  
The secret centuries withheld  
We "Centuries" made plain,  
And what for us was novel joy  
The world counts boundless gain.

Oh now, ye Sophs, whose foot-ball suits  
We spoiled with rent and stain,  
Go sell them to the ragman, quick!  
And thus some pennies gain,  
With which go buy at Eaton's store  
A fertilizer rare,  
To grow upon your slippery cheeks  
At least one straggling hair,  
So that when next ye stand abashed  
Before young Century;  
Ye need not stroke the aching voids  
Where whiskers ought to be.

L. M. M., '00.

## MEANDERINGS.

After a long holiday of some seven months, Brian Boru has returned to his old post as public pilot, and respectfully asks that a small party of excursionists take seats in his scow and drift with him a mile or two down the Mæander. The first week in November does indeed seem a strange time for the opening of navigation, but then this roving old River God is erratic in more ways than one, and always has some peculiar way of his own. Any way travelling in the far east is next to impossible in the summer months. Indeed, it may prove impossible now for other reasons than extreme heat. For during the long period of idleness, the pilot has got woefully out of practice and his hand has forgotten all its cunning at the tiller, so that it is not altogether improbable that the scow will run aground before half the journey is over and the passengers compelled to wade ashore as best they may.

\* \*

Yet, in spite of this grave outlook, I fancy I see some half dozen stepping aboard. When they have recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by my awkwardness in pushing off, they may be struck by the very absurd incongruity of having such an out and-out Celt as Brian Boru engaged as pilot on this classic stream. But the editors of VARSITY will explain that I was chosen simply

because no willing native could be found, and any kind of a pilot, be he never so poor, was thought better than no pilot at all.

For a long time the job stood open. The undergraduates of Toronto University have a characteristic dread of anything long—a lecture over fifty minutes, a sermon over half an hour, a poem over twenty lines, or an article over a column, meets with their decided disapproval. And so last Christmas the editor asked me to conduct an occasional column of nonsense which should have, at least, the recommendation of brevity. It might be only twaddle, I gave you, he assured me, if only it were administered in small doses it wouldn't be necessary to hold your little nose to make you swallow it. Such was my task—to talk about everything or anything as pleaseth my own sweet wayward fancy. And indeed my wandering lackadaisical propensities so attracted me to the subject that I contributed to five of the ten numbers published in the Easter term:

"Five miles meandering with a mazy motion."

Starting now, just at the close of the first month of another college year, perhaps we shall be able to paddle another five miles before Christmas.

\* \*

The first month of another college year! October, the best part of all that year is gone! The other months might have passed as quickly as they chose if only October would linger. It is the month of trunk packing and fond good-byes at home—the month of hearty handshakings and renewals of pleasant associations at Varsity. It is a glorious transition period—a time for working off the exuberant spirit of the summer holidays in the cheerings of the college campus. Truly if the college year were one vast October, college life, even if it were not altogether profitable, would at least be altogether pleasant. But now October is gone, and some of us are tempted to follow the example of the old washerwoman who cried, "Here it is ten o'clock Monday morning, to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone and the washing not done yet!" But there is lots of time for us before next spring, and let us hold at least one month sacred to some one else besides the plug. It is now the only time when one can roam about in the academic shades without seeing that dread demon, Examination, dart across one's path at every turn. Let us keep it the month of good resolutions, of much planning and little work, a month of hunting boarding houses and arranging time tables, a month of great buyings of books and a mighty cutting of leaves.

A writer in an English magazine a few months ago complained loudly against the practice of sending out books with their leaves uncut. "What are publishers for?" he cried indignantly. "They don't print the books; they don't even write the books. The least they might do is to cut the leaves!" But the writer of that was certainly not a University student. For myself I take a peculiar pleasure in cutting the leaves of a new Greek text, for example, and thinking of how blissfully ignorant I am of all its wisdom. If the publishers want something for their idle hands to do let them engage in price-pruning, for instance—anything, in fact, but cutting the leaves!

\* \*

And Saturday last was certainly a glorious wind-up of a glorious month. The football match and the Hallowe'en demonstration put the undergraduate lungs to a severe test, and when the little groups of marauders separated at the street corners in the early hours of Sunday morning the hoarse "good night" showed clearly that there was more than one dyspeptic note in the student vocal organism. It was a grand night in the gods, reminding one of Horace's line,

"Dulce est dissipere in loco."



Every college was represented—the Amorites and the Hittites and the Perizzites and the Jehusites—all were there—a husky aggregation it certainly was in more senses than one! It is not unusual to hear the question asked, “Why do students make such fools of themselves?” Of course every student with the true college spirit at once repudiates the charge that they do make fools of themselves. But the cool-headed unbiased observer must admit that the charge is not without good foundation. “It is just the reaction from close study,” someone will explain. But however well that might explain or excuse the March election fracas, it can hardly apply to Hallowe’en. Many philosophic explanations have indeed been made, but it seems best to acknowledge the corn, and plead the universal weakness of mankind in the words of Horace, that

“’Tis sweet to play the fool at times.”

BRIAN BORU.

### HALLOWE’EN.

We turned away from the football match amid a shout of “13 to 1,” which was like unto the kindred roar of the Silverites; and then we remembered that the evening was still to come. It came—tumult and bunting, and the *dei immortales* in demoniacal uproar.

At first we made an artful attempt to go in with the Glee Club, but the minion of Orpheus, who stood guard at the door, thought not. Burning with indignation that Literature should be so slighted by the common art of Music, we turned away, resolving to spit him on our pen, and roast him before a scorching flame of satire. But when we had jammed ourselves into the crowd we soon forgot all that; for those who stand in the portal of the gods think not of trifles. Then did Arts and Meds., Dentals and S. P. S. men jam and crush, surge forward and sway back, yell and send up songs into the upper air, which was now nothing but dust and tobacco smoke. At last there was a final rib-crushing scrimmage, and we were shot through the little door. Flying up the stairs, we found the Arts’ seats overflowing. But there were some vacant places to the right, and we plunged down thither over the benches. Yet it was not to be; an alien, arriving just before us, had settled himself in one of those places, and the Dents knew him not. They clutched him, and with ferocious execrations and gnashing of teeth, he was bowled out and up the aisle. We hastened away, and at last found a vacancy among brother Artsmen on the extreme left.

The scene was one to warm the blood of the most ossified of plugs. In the balcony the Pharmacy men, with streamer-decked bludgeons, held the centre. On the right were the Trinity Meds., brass-throated and untamable. On the left sat the Q. C.’s from Osgoode, whose ingrained law kept them from indecorous disorder. In the gallery Arts held the centre and left, being divided by the Toronto Meds. The Dentals—*afore-mentioned*—were on the right, and beside them the S. P. S. kept up a cheerful row.

It was a long half-hour before the Italian landscape was removed from before our sight; and the poor English company will not soon forget it. We could see them peering anxiously from the wings. The stage manager seemed especially fearful of new and uncouth forms of violence. He would crane his neck to see the worst, then retreat chafing his hands together. And the spectacle was not encouraging.

Framed in many-colored bunting were brigades from half a dozen different colleges, and the nervous strangers could not know that each phalanx howled and shook its clubs for pure enjoyment, and not as a dreadful warning to trembling professional ladies and gentlemen. In the gods they could see a blur of black and white—for shirt-leaves were almost universal—and this black and white,

many-headed monster surged and heaved and raised unceasing bedlam, never desisting from pawing the floor and hammering with bludgeons. A hundred horns brayed and led the Pandemonium, and the horrid screech of a “locust” uprose above the din. One who had dared to desert Pandemos for Venus appeared in the pit, and it was made a very pit for him. A stout gentleman walked to his seat, impudently refusing to take off his hat, and a thousand voices sang of the absence of hair on the top of his head. Trinity Meds. had a new yell, and they did not spare themselves. Torontos replied with bellowing emulation, and were cuttingly told to elevate their Freshmen. Pharmacy swung its skull and cross-bones—a *memento mori* to the police in the rear—and let loose its interminable war-cry—“linked sweetness long drawn out”; and Varsity uprising, the pillars swayed visibly.

At last the bell was rung, and the tasty programme opened at “Old Grimes.” The leader swung his club heroically, but the crowd took its own time. Dundreary was right to doubt that the tail can wag the dog. Yet it was a tuneful chorus—harmonious, voluminous and rolling mightily. “Litoria” and “The Maple Leaf” followed, and then the stage manager appeared to hint that his company were now ready to take part in the performance. They were given permission to go ahead; then, as was befitting, the whole succession of yells began again.

However, the curtain went up, and pretty Miss Nora Girton was soon singing seraphically. She went off kissing her fingers through a tremendous cluster of chrysanthemums. Then came a vocal comedian, who hilariously announced himself as a “bounder,” and a pianist who played music of his own contrivance. The audience kept its temper admirably well, and was rewarded by Chevalier. Being refused an encore, the gods, and those not so exalted, again took charge of the ceremonies, and when they sang of the “voice” way up on the mountain-top, the vigor of the rendering made it quite evident that they were singing of their own Olympus. Just here it might be well to say that the jeers and chants taunting defeated Queen’s, were not from true sports, but from such as love victory and not battle. The cad shows his nature in triumph as well as in defeat.

The second part of the performance was better than the first. Indeed the latter half of it was “mahvellous,” “simply wondrous.” The magical entertainer handled his cards like the “Heathen Chinee.” Chevalier was here presented with a football of white chrysanthemums. Then there were more College songs, and Trinity and Pharmacy tried to out-yell one another. Mr. Cyrus Dare, opening the third part, made the hit of the evening in his songs of the dear little Sunday School girl, and when the dollie broke its head our tears poured forth in floods. Two captivating fairies then warbled at the impressionable waistcoats of the University, and bore away their sheaves of flowers. It is our duty to chronicle that an unfeeling youth blew a blast from a peculiarly bucolic horn in the midst of the warbling. “Dehorn that calf!” demanded some one, not a member of the Humane Society. Chevalier now proceeded to take off the church, but Varsity men show a painful lack of humorous appreciation in some directions. Mr. Harry Atkinson was an Orpheus with various substitutes for a lute, and was cheered mightily; and another coster song brought the proceedings in the theatre to a close.

Outside, the line formed up, and the array marched up Yonge Street without any frightful demonstration of lawlessness. The Bishop Strachan school was visited first, but the machinery of the law in the shape of “bobbies” held the gate.

“That two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more.”

The ardour of the multitudinous Romeo was dampened. We sang “Good Night, Ladies,” prematurely, and



proceeded to go to Moulton College. Nor did anything happen there. The Meds then went east, and Arts and Dentals marched west along Bloor. There was a brief moment of delicious disruption on the way back to Varsity, and one or two heads were broken, as rumor hath it. The night was practically over, however. The Hallows'ens of old, when the trumpets blew, and the walls of various Jerichos fell with a crash, are passing away. We are fast becoming respectable. "Eyah, those days, those days!"

FESTE '98.

## STUDENT SOCIETIES.

## THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

There was a goodly number of classical students present at the opening meeting of their Association last Tuesday afternoon, October 27th.

Mr. R. O. Jolliffe, '97, the new president, made a few introductory remarks on the character of the Association's work, after which Mr. W. H. Alexander, '99, the essayist for the meeting, read a very successful paper on "The Olympic Games and Their Revival," his appreciative treatment of this old Pan-Hellenic festival, the revival of which was so enthusiastically attempted last spring, affording no little pleasure and instruction to those who were present at the meeting.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on November 10th, when a first vice-president will be elected, and a good attendance is therefore requested. Miss Creighton, '00, was unanimously chosen first year councillor at the present meeting:

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

A German meeting of the Modern Language Club was held last Monday afternoon in Room 4. The subject of the meeting was "The Age of Frederick the Great." C. H. Clegg read an historical paper on "Frederick"; and Mr. Bale read an essay on Lessing's "Nathan de Wëise," which represents the freethought of that age. The meeting closed with a German reading by Miss Rosenstadt.

## VARSITY GLEE CLUB.

The members of the Glee Club continue to manifest great enthusiasm for their work and are attending practices faithfully. Every man is working hard to master his part, and Mr. Robinson is so well satisfied with the progress so far that he predicts another great musical success for the club on December 11th. The members of the committee are working energetically to ensure every facility for the comfort and enjoyment of their patrons at the city concert on the above-mentioned date, and expect that the club will sing to a "bumper house" on the occasion of this annual event.

## S.P.S. ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The Engineering Society held its regular meeting on the 28th. The President was in the chair, and attendance very good. Mr. E. G. Yeates was elected first year representative, and Mr. A. N. McMillan, representative on business board of Varsity. The programme consisted of a revision of the Constitution. A few important and many minor changes were adopted. Instead of dividing the Constitution into articles and clauses, it was decided to number all the clauses or articles consecutively, making thereby thirty-nine articles. Life membership fee will henceforth be five dollars, instead of four as formerly. The consideration of the Constitution was adjourned at a critical point, in connection with the librarianship.

As it was getting late the papers were postponed until the next meeting.

## NOTICE OF MOTION.

## LITERARY SOCIETY.

The following notice of motion was handed in to the Recording Secretary of the Literary Society last Friday evening. I give notice of motion that I will move at the next meeting of the Society that a committee be appointed to make a revision of the Constitution.

(Sgd.) T. H. HANCOCK.

## ATHLETIC.

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

As the clouds are said to hang heaviest in the east just before sunrise, so before the glorious victory of Saturday afternoon, there came disasters which put a quietus upon the Varsity Football Club's chances of bringing more than one championship out of the season's play. On Wednesday night the Executive of the O.R.F.A. allowed the protest entered by the Lornes against the match of the Saturday before against Varsity II., and ordered it to be played off again on Friday afternoon. In the first half the Lornes were forced to play almost altogether upon the defensive, but in the second the tables were completely turned, the match ending in favor of the Lornes by 24—10. It is to the magnificent work of McMurrich at quarter that their victory is mostly to be assigned, Wilson, Jellet and Eby also giving very pretty exhibitions. On Varsity's side Sanderson, Scott and Annesley are particularly worthy of mention, the latter having the misfortune to meet with an accident, however. Though beaten, it has been by the team which are about to be again, judging from present appearances, the intermediate champions. The teams were:

*Varsity II.*—Sanderson, back; Cameron, Norris and Barron, halves; Mullin, quarter; Sanderson, Hinch and Smith, scrimmage; Dickey, Scott, Annesley, Tanner, Sellery, Andrus, White, wings.

*Lornes*—Spragge, back; Eby, Cosby, Wiley, halves; McMurrich, quarter; Linton, Wilson and Duggan, scrimmage; Winans, Labatt, Kent, Brown, Argles, Jellet, Mills, wings.

On Saturday morning it was that the end came to the Junior series as far as Varsity is concerned. To make a long story short, Varsity started off with a rush, which augured well for the final result, Harris by a brilliant run securing a try, but after that they failed to score a single point, while the Granites rolled up the enormous score of 39, winning by 35 points. In almost every particular the visitors clearly outshone the home players, who seemed as well to lose all heart as soon as it was seen that the struggle was hopeless. For the Granites Dalton, Hazlett, Chown and Hamilton played what was for Junior players a truly wonderful game, while on Varsity's side Armour, Harris and McWilliams were the bright particular stars. As in the case of the intermediates, defeat was no disgrace at the hands of a team of such football ability as the winners displayed. The teams were:

*Granites*—Reynar, back; Walkham, Hamilton, Waddell, halves; Dalton, quarter; Hazlett, C. Clarke, Chown, scrimmage; J. Clarke, Palmer, Straubenzie, McDowall, Gates, Seale, wings.

*Varsity*—Davidson, back; Benson, Waldie, Cameron, halves; Harcourt, quarter; Smith, Sanderson, Armour, scrimmage; Gillespie, Grier, Ross, Mullin, Harris, McDougall, McWilliams, wings.

The Normals defeated Pharmacy by 2—1 on Saturday in the Intercollegiate series.



# The Varsity

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## EDITORIAL.

IN our last issue we made a few remarks concerning Residence, which may have been capable of misconstruction. It was not our intention to attempt to show that the number of occupants of Residence was very small, but rather to deplore the fact that it was not very much greater. We attributed the small number to two causes—first, a seeming lack of appreciation on the part of the students for a life in Residence; and, secondly, its expense. It was hinted that it would be a good thing if some means could be devised to remove the latter, which, to our minds, is the greater of these two causes. It was not implied that the students in Residence wanted to get out; but that a large number of students who are not in Residence, and who believed it to be such a respectable and properly managed establishment as made it a desirable and ideal home, could not get in.

The expense of a life in Residence is often very much exaggerated beyond what it really is. We are assured that it is by no means unreasonable and that Residence is scarcely self-supporting. Yet, in the popular mind, the expense is still too high. It may not be much higher than is absolutely necessary. It may not be much higher than that in private boarding-houses. But it is just high enough to debar students who are compelled to live carefully from entering. Were this not the case, Residence would be filled to overflowing from year to year. The students are by no means slow to recognize a "good thing," and as such they esteem Residence. A great many regret, however, that they cannot avail themselves of its advantages, except at a cost incommensurate with their resources.

\* \* \*

Our correspondent from the Ontario Normal College is about the first one of its students to say a good word for that much-maligned Institution. Perhaps the change in

its name may have changed its character somewhat, and may go to show that there is something in a name after all. For, in past years, its students always seemed to imply by their conversation that they dreaded a term in the School of Pedagogy with much the same feelings as they would a term in Kingston or a year across the Don. We are glad to notice a change of opinion, as we have never been able to see or understand very clearly why it should be regarded with so much horror.

It is almost natural that the graduates of a university should imagine themselves competent to teach, with perfect satisfaction, subjects in which they have successfully passed advanced examinations from time to time. But this is seldom the case. We have seen too many cases of men who can imbibe knowledge and cannot impart instruction. They themselves may be able to learn well enough, but they cannot teach others. There are some, of course, who can do both. To those a course of special training in teaching may be unnecessary, but, in no sense, superfluous, and for the first class it is highly essential in order to maintain the high standard of perfection and efficiency in teaching aimed at, though but seldom attained, in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of the Province.

\* \* \*

Saturday's game was the finest exhibiton of Rugby ever witnessed on the Varsity grounds. Its result could scarcely have been more favorable for Varsity. Notwithstanding the vituperations of the Kingston press, the Varsity team demonstrated to a certainty how a good, clean game of Rugby could be played, and played to win. There was no interference on the part of the spectators, as the Kingston men and the Union feared. From start to finish there was not a man crossed the line on either side. The arrangements for playing the game were therefore perfect, but the arrangements for seeing it were not the best. The campus was not large enough to accommodate such a tremendous crowd as the prospect of a game between such evenly matched teams and such avowed rivals drew together. The committees in charge left no stone unturned to utilize every means at their disposal, and must be congratulated on succeeding to satisfy the importunities of the Ontario Rugby Union. It is to be hoped that the Kingston press will call off their dogs after this from the heels of the Varsity team, for such shameful conduct as was indulged in during the past week indicates too well the soreness of their heads and their intense jealousy of a better team than their own.

## ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE.

"Extremes are dangerous, the truth generally lies between," is an old saying and one well worthy of weighty consideration. Accustomed as we have been in the past to hearing people in general, and students in particular, criticize such an institution as the above, has it never occurred to us that it is possible to go to an extreme here as well as elsewhere? Not only has the staff been severely criticized, but the institution as a whole has been scoffed at. Yet, so far as we know, no attempt has been made by those who criticize, to look at the facts of the case fairly and squarely, and to see wherein the trouble lies. We have heard of excellent students being plucked, and we do not hesitate to affirm that such is the case. But whose



was the fault? If one whose connection with the above College dates only from the beginning of the present term, may be allowed to express an opinion, one which no doubt will be laughed at by some, and yet one which we believe to be perfectly sound, the fault, in nine cases out of every ten, cannot be brought home to the staff, but lies either with the students themselves who enter the school with a determination, previously formed, that they are not going to derive any benefit from the studies to be taken up, or, with the outside examiners, chosen from among the High School teachers of the Province, those very persons who are so ready to criticize, and who find it to their advantage to pluck as many as possible, especially any in whom they may at some future time find dangerous competitors. With regard to the need of such an institution, no one who realizes, even in the smallest degree, the importance of the teacher's work, will say that even the most brilliant students should be allowed to experiment upon the children in our schools. In every other profession men profit by the experience of those who have gone before, and why should the teacher not go and do likewise?

In spite of the unsatisfactory state of the building, the first regular meeting of the Literary Society, which took place on Friday evening, the 23rd, was in every particular a success. The programme consisted of promenades interspersed with vocal solos by two of the students, and recitations by Miss Berriman, of the Conservatory. Dr. McLellan, the honorary president of the Society, occupied the chair, and added much to the enjoyment of the meeting by his humorous and fitting remarks.

Visitors are not dismayed by the reports regarding the terrible nature of the institution, and the honor of being favored with addresses from such well-known writers as the Rev. John Watson and Mrs. Cora Stewart Wheeler is fully appreciated by the students. Mr. Watson emphasized the importance of the teacher as a member of society, while Mrs. Wheeler reminded us of our share in the work of keeping our land, the clean sheet that was given to our ancestors two centuries ago, free from the superstitions and vices that have marred the older hemisphere. She also recited one of her own poems which, though humorous in its general characteristics, had for its underlying idea the danger there is of a good person sinking to the level of his evil companion.

Under the able management of Mr. W. MacPherson, our football team is improving rapidly. In the first match, in which they played against Osgoode, they were forced to content themselves with second place, but their opponents did not gain an easy victory. In the second match, that with the S. P. S., the fates were more propitious, the score being 2-0 in their favor. They meet the Dentals this afternoon on University lawn, and have been practising as much as possible by way of preparation.

#### Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Every man who desires to study missionary biography should be present at the meeting in the Parlor next Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, when the classes will be divided and the work for the term begun.

At a recent meeting of the Executive, Mr. W. Abbott was made chairman of the Missionary Committee and Mr. J. S. Muldrew was put in charge of the membership work in place of Mr. R. B. Blythe, who is not attending this year.

There is a greatly felt want of accommodation in the Y.M.C.A. Building, and an effort is being made to secure a sufficient fund to build an extension to it. The Executive Committee have secured Agnes Knox Black to give a Recital in Association Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 16th. The Recital will probably be under the patronage of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Association, and promises to be successful in every respect.

Messrs. A. Jolley and W. Simpson have been appointed First Year Councillors.

The membership roll of the Association is rapidly filling up. There are more new members this year already than there were during the whole of last year. It is hoped that this growing interest and sympathy will be a continuous feature of the year's work.

#### PROF. ROBINSON'S ADDRESS.

To say that a better address was never given at the Y. M. C. A. is very high praise for the words of any speaker. But every man who attended last Thursday's meeting and heard Dr. Robinson will agree with us in the statement. As the newly-appointed Professor of Old Testament Literature at Knox College, Dr. Robinson is one of our youngest professors, both in years and in length of service; and he was welcomed, as he will always be in the future, by a large, attentive gathering.

Prof. Robinson's subject was "Old Testament Quotations in the New Testament," which he illustrated by many apt examples. We find, said the Professor, that Old Testament writers frequently quote each other, as when Jonah in his prayer makes use of the Psalms. But quotations are most frequently found from the Old Testament in the New. These are the strands or cables bridging over the long years of silence, and binding the two Testaments together in one completed Revelation. The Old Testament is not a dead book: the New Testament writers prove in this way that they at least did not think so.

We can learn from New Testament writers the proper method in quotation. While Matthew, Mark, and Luke are very accurate in their quotations, John shows greater freedom, Paul uses often the Septuagint in preference to the Hebrew Scriptures, and Christ Himself regards always the spirit rather than the letter of the ancient text.

Christ's use of the Old Testament is seen in the wilderness temptation. It is seen in the Sermon on the Mount, where He explains that He is not come to destroy the law and the prophets but to fulfil. Where the Old Testament command is negative—a prohibition—Christ rises to the higher plane of the positive. The Law said: "Thou shalt not kill." Christ goes farther: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer," etc.

Again, Old Testament passages are often interpreted in the New, as when Jesus (Matt. xi: 10) explains that Mal. iii: 1 refers to John the Baptist—"I will send my messenger before thy face." So also Hos. vi: 6 "I desired mercy and not sacrifice" is twice interpreted by Jesus. The use of Old Testament quotation in argument is illustrated in Matt. xxii, where the Sadducees questioned Jesus on the Resurrection which they denied, and were answered by direct quotations which silenced them. Later the Pharisees—through a lawyer who spoke for them—asked Jesus further questions, "tempting Him," and they were likewise silenced in the same way, and "neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions."

Some Old Testament passages are quoted by different New Testament writers, or by the same writer in different connections. Thus the great keynote of the Reformation, "the just shall live by faith," is three times quoted. So also Gen. xv: 6, "Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness," is quoted twice by Paul, the "Apostle of preached faith," and once by James, the "Apostle of preached works." Deut. xxv: 4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox," etc., is twice quoted by Paul. All this shows a progressive development in Revelation. The Bible is a unit, and all its parts must contribute to permit of a proper understanding of its message.

The meeting was dismissed with prayer by Prof. McCurdy.



## A MILTONIC EXHORTATION.

Powers and Dominations! Freshman class—  
 Ye whom the happy upshot of exams  
 Hath so exalted from a seat unknown  
 To this new pinnacle and perch of power—  
 Beware lest haughty thoughts and pride of place  
 Betray ye. Strength, of temperance untaught,  
 Is deadly to possess! Let your deserts,  
 Your plenitude of knowledge, skill, and scope  
 Of ripe experience garnered elsewhere,  
 Be meekly veiled beneath an humble part  
 Befittingly—nor clothe your subtle thoughts  
 In language too profound, lest Sophomores  
 Fail to connect—nor boast your greater parts;  
 But rather let your genius shine to all  
 Apparent in your stately smile, and frown  
 Of massive brow, reflection-wreath, for such  
 Are proper to your place; but never so  
 Meeting Professor A. or Doctor B.  
 Familiarly to clap him on the back  
 With jovial greeting. See ye do it not!  
 But act to these as who in former years  
 Held your positions, by the flight of time,  
 Not fault of theirs, unseated. And, at last,  
 If you would grow in knowledge, grace, and power  
 Read with a careful eye from week to week  
 The many counsels and the sage advice  
 Prepared for you and others (there *are* such)  
 And duly on these pages brought to light.

Hujus.

Y.W.C.A.

The regular weekly meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held last Wednesday in the Y.M.C.A. building. After the usual opening ceremony, the question of sending a delegate to the C.I.M.A. Convention, which will be held next week in Montreal, was brought up and discussed. Owing to the lack of funds it was decided that it was impossible to send a delegate from our Association.

The president, Miss Bapty, then introduced to the Society Dr. Hardie, who is at present home from Corea on furlough. The unusually large attendance bore witness to the interest which the prospect of an address by Dr. Hardie called forth. The lecturer dwelt for the most part on the mode of life in Corea, and the very great need of increased missionary labor. A clearer understanding of the dress and general appearance of the Coreans was obtained from pictures drawn by a native artist, and with which Dr. Hardie illustrated his lecture. The attention given throughout the lecture testified with what appreciation the lecturer was heard.

After a closing prayer by Dr. Hardie, the meeting adjourned for another week.

ETHEL M. SEALY, *Cor. Sec.*

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

## THE VARSITY-QUEEN'S FINAL.

It was a record-breaking crowd of some 4,000 persons that assembled on Varsity campus on Saturday afternoon, to witness the final struggle between the representatives of the rival universities; and it was a crowd not composed of the people of Toronto alone. Many were to be seen who had come from a long distance, including some four or five hundred from Kingston. Yet all must have felt more than repaid by the splendid exhibition of the game that was presented. The crisis in this year's history of university football has now undoubtedly been passed, and our confident hopes of obtaining the Senior championship are now in a fair way to be realized.

Both teams appeared to be playing under the most favorable conditions. Neither had lost any irreplaceable men in the beginning of the season, with the possible exception of Lockie Burwash. All played with a vim and a dogged determination, which made the game to nearly every spectator as attractive an one as he had ever witnessed. Varsity kicked against the wind in the first half, but it was a disadvantage not noticed to any great extent, as the direction was mainly across the field. The play began by the ball travelling into Varsity's territory, but soon after a long rush, in which Campbell brilliantly figured, Varsity scored the first point. The play continued to be very even after this, until on another rush Counsell forced a rouge. The last scoring in this half was when the ball was sent past Queen's head-ball line, bringing the score 3—0. Up to this time the play had been mostly at the Varsity end of the field, and two or three times dangerous rushes were only stopped by excellent defence work.

The second half opened by Queen's obtaining their first and only point, a rouge. A series of attacks was now made upon the Queen's goal, which were warded off by the fine playing of their fall-back. However, Hobbs finally made a pretty run and secured a maul in goal, bringing the score to 7—1. The play remained quite even, both sides playing almost perfect football, till within a ten minutes of time, when Kingstone went over for the only try of the day, which Elliot converted on a splendid kick. This ended the scoring, the game finishing at 13—1. It was then that the crowd rushed upon the field. The heroes of the hour were escorted to the gymnasium upon willing shoulders. The extremest joy beamed from the eyes of every Varsity man, and all went even merrier than the proverbial marriage bell. The teams were:

*Queen's*.—Wilson, back; Elliot, Letellier, Scott, half-backs; McConville, quarter; Baker, Kennedy McManus, scrimmage; Rayside, Ross, Johnson, Metcalf, Hunter, Brock, McLennan, wings; Gordon, Mahr, substitutes.

*Varsity*.—Morrison, back; Kingstone, Counsell, Boyd, halves; Hobbs, quarter; Malloch, Perry, Dodds, scrimmage; Burnside, Elliot, Mackenzie, Bradley, Campbell, McDougall, Barr, wings; White, Cameron, substitutes. Referee—D'Arcy Martin. Umpire—H. Southam.

When mine eyes for the last time turn to behold the sun in the heavens, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, upon states discordant, dissevered and belligerent—upon a land rent with civil feud and drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.—*Daniel Webster*.

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## QUESTION DRAWER.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the urgent request of a number of the subscribers, among them the S.P.S., to Varsity, we have decided to institute this department. In it we will endeavor to answer any questions on important subjects which are of general interest to the students of the University. Correspondents should be careful to comply with the following rules: (1) All questions must be printed in Roman capitals of 333 of an inch high, 67° 30' slant, on the rough side of first quality (twelve cent) egg-shell paper. (2) All communications must be accompanied by the full name, age, year, and city address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, initials or non-de-plume representing the writer. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received, unless they should require extended research.

SOPHOMORE.—No; the President of the First Year is not the author of "Coin's Financial School." His name is spelled Coyne.

HONESTUS.—Send your subscription to the Business Manager or any member of the Business Board. Literary matter for publication, to the Editor.

"SID," '97.—You should never consent to such a proposal without enquiry. In any case you would like a change. Change—yes change! It means a lot nowadays.

S. P. S.—You are entirely mistaken in your opinion. I am informed that THE VARSITY has, already, more subscribers from your School this year than in any other on record.

CHARLIE.—You have not given us sufficient data to enable us to calculate the time of growth. You should give (1) Last time of shaving, (2) color, (3) rate of growth  $\frac{dh}{dt}$ , (4) distance in centimetres at which you wish it visible.

FUSCHIA.—Chrysanthemums will be as much in vogue this winter as ever. But it would be ridiculous, not to say expensive, to wear one on each side. Let your friend wear the yellow and you the white, and the purpose will be served.

FRESHMAN.—We believe that quite a number of Varsity students patronize the Gymnasium, but on account of their modesty they practise when the S.P.S. students are not around, which is probably the reason you saw so few of them.

"IKE," '98, Res.—1. Fully forty, I understand. 2. It will be held before the middle of the month. 3. An invitation is generally necessary. If you go one at a time you may escape notice and you will have no difficulty. The western stairway would be your easiest route.

GAY RECIPIENT.—No, the gas used to drive the gas engine is not manufactured at the school. The home manufactured article is too dense for power purposes, and is used chiefly in relating vacation experiences, in blowing up footballs, and in illuminating the dull conversation of the draughting rooms.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Go up to the storey above the draughting rooms, walk (quietly) north along the hall, through the passage, past the new bath-room, turn to the left, go about thirty feet, turn to the left again, go up the stairs and through the door at the top (if it isn't locked), go up the ladder and push. Yes, you can get a good view of a match from there. Examine the time-tables first.

VERDANT, '00.—1. Are you not too ambitious? Darwin's "Descent of Man," and Drummond's "Ascent of Man" might help you. 2. Address A. F. Barr, Captain Senior Rugby Team, University College. 3. Try Score's, 77 King west. 4. Monday morning would not be suitable. Lady students are generally at home Friday evenings, 7-9. If not, call Sunday afternoon. If you are a stranger you will not likely be asked to stay. If you are asked and accept, leave your napkin unfolded.

## CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

An ideal route has been laid out for this year's run. To-morrow afternoon is the date fixed, the hour being 4.30 sharp. The men will run to Bloor street from the lawn, and out Bloor to a road running south to the lake shore, following the course of the Humber river. One or two hills will test the endurance of the long-distance men, but the course is not so long as usual. The finish will be at Nurse's Hotel, where one of the famous fish dinners await the runners and the crowd of Varsity wheelmen, who will take the well-known High Park and cinder-path run to see the finish. Dinner will be served promptly at 6 o'clock, and all intending guests must notify Secretary Jackson in order that the board be not found wanting.



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Varsity once more triumphant!

Saturday last was a gala day for Varsity.

Mr. J. S. Will, '97, has returned to continue his work.

Mr. K. MacKinnon, formerly of '98 Arts, is now in Medicine.

James J. Corbett visited the Gymnasium on Thursday morning last.

Mr. A. W. Hendrick, '97, is attending the Normal School this term.

The class of '97 will hold a social evening on Saturday, the 21st inst.

Messrs. A. A. Grant and P. T. Jermy, '99, are back a month late.

The students of Strathroy, whose name is legion, intend holding a dinner soon.

There is no time like the present for paying up your subscription to Varsity.

Mrs. (Prof.) Squair will be "at-home" to a number of students on Saturday afternoon next.

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## FAKE ADVERTISING.

It is my opinion that it is poor policy to fool the readers of a paper by an ad. with a catchy title and interesting beginning, running off to an ad. for somebody's liver pills. A friend of mine told me the other day that such ads. always hurt his eyes until he took to wearing a pair of specs. He was persuaded by one of those same ads that perhaps there was something wrong with his eyes as well as with the ad., and dropped down to the office of the advertiser, who fitted him perfectly. He is now a regular advertiser and always writes "fake" ads., and he still wears the same pair of glasses which were fitted by Mr. W. J. P. Curry, 414 Spadina. Now, this ad. is what is called a "fake" ad. and if it hurts your eyes there may be some trouble in them, and you had better drop in and see Mr. Curry.

Mr. W. L. Forbes, formerly of '99, is Assistant Master in the Toronto Junction Model School.

MacKenzie's experience as leader of Brute Force Committee availed much in Saturday's game.

Arrangements are in progress for the University College Dinner, of which John Inkster is the father.

The Public Debate will be held in the Gymnasium, if possible, this year, and is billed for the 20th of November.

Mr. C. G. Paterson, '96, has recovered sufficiently from his recent severe illness to be able to make a visit home.

Plans have been submitted for the erection on the Campus of a swell grand stand to cost in the neighborhood of \$3,000.

We are all glad to see Mr. F. D. McEntee with us again. Mac put in his holidays at the summer resorts in Maine.

The election of Public Representatives and Debaters from the Literary Society will take place at the regular meeting on Friday evening.

The two matches between Varsity and T. A. C. will be played on the two 1st Saturdays coming. First match at Rosedale and the second on the Varsity Lawn.

Mr. C. P. Meegan, '95, took advantage of the excursion from Kingston on Saturday to visit his numerous acquaintances at Varsity. He is now

teaching in what was formerly the Regiopolis College, Kingston.

Barr's and Counsell's play was much admired on Saturday. Some fastidious-looking gentleman on the grand stand, with a stage accent and mystic manner, kept remarking "Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it marvellous!!"

A daring burglary was committed on Saturday night by professional safe-crackers in the Bursar's office. The vault was blown open and the money contents extracted, amounting to \$3,000. No clue has so far been discovered which may lead to the discovery of the culprits.

The class of '99 has decided to hold its first Reception on Friday next from 4 to 7 in the East Hall. Glionna's orchestra has been engaged for the evening, and all other arrangements have been made to make the reception a success. As it is the first of the season, every member of the class should make it a point to be present.

Officers of Political Science Association: Hon. President, Prof. James Mavor; President, Mr. W. H. Greenwood; 1st Vice-President, Miss M. Lynde; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. J. T. Richardson; Secretary, Mr. R. C. Wilson; Treasurer, Mr. J. R. Howit; Librarian, F. R. Smith; 4th year councillor, Mr. C. Brown; 3rd year Councillor, Mr. R. H. Greer; 2nd year Councillor, Mr. G. C. King; 1st year Councillor, Mr. W. Smythe.

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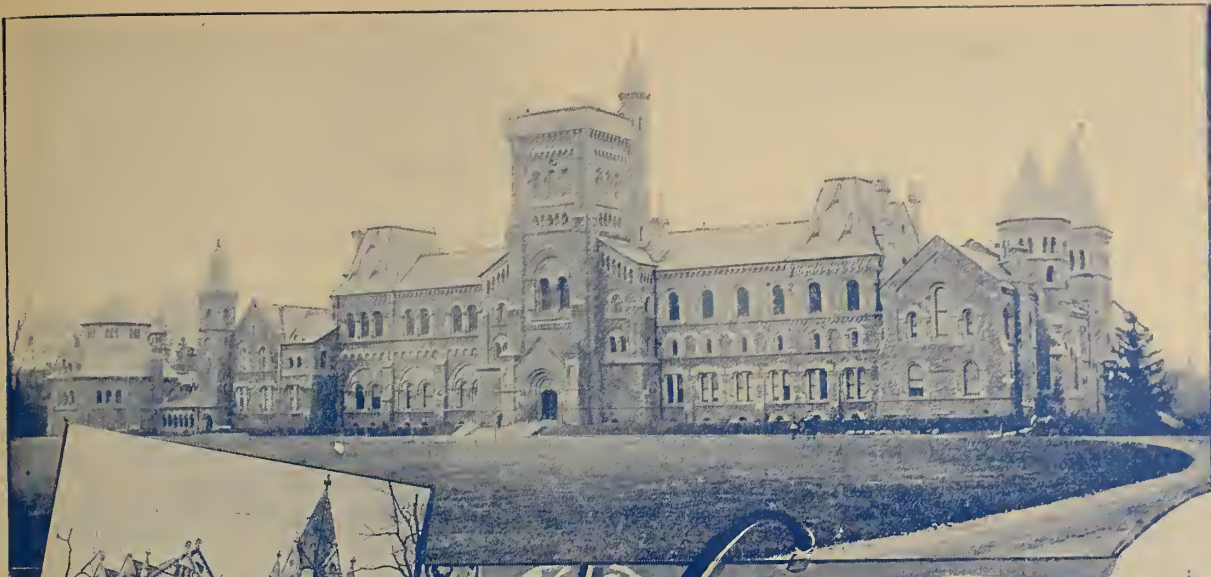
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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 5.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1896.

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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1896.

No. 5

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Years ago, when I was in my first year—how *very* long ago it seems—I went to the meeting of the Lit for the first time. Last Friday night I went to the Lit again. It is the last time I have been there. Time changes all things and even the Lit. It seems to me no longer that august body which was wont to fill a corner of the Y.M.C.A. hall in days of old, when R. L. upheld the constitution and J. A. T. and others of classic fame appalled us with an eloquence never to be forgotten. It is larger than in former times, perhaps; yet, alas, its dignity has ichaboded! But I must proceed with my tale, for it is a long one.

The president and acting-secretary Scarfe, accompanied by their gowns and a vigorous applause, appeared on the platform at the appointed time. The minutes of last meeting were read, and, at the president's suggestion, the society audibly strained its ears to listen. Mr. Keith then presented the auditor's report as to the expenditure for last year. An item of a few dollars for refreshments for as many men in the polling booth last March bothered Mr. Sellery, but it was explained that the policeman got what was left and shared it with the caretaker. So the society generously forgave him. Mr. Hancock then proposed that Messrs. Bray, Bale and Stewart be a committee to revise the constitution. Mr. W. Shotwell moved in amendment that the same committee be appointed to collect the scattered fragments and report to the Lit before Christmas. The president explained that he had made investigation and found he had no documentary authority for any ruling whatever. After discussion the amendment carried.

Mr. Gibson then proposed installing the fencing class in the reading room, and "under the circumstances" thought it would be safer for others to leave. He proposed putting the papers, tables, readers, and other occupants into a side room. The motion was considered out of order. It will be brought up at next meeting.

Preliminaries having been disposed of, the elections were next in order. At Mr. McKinnon's suggestion R. Telford, '00, was elected to represent the first year on *Varsity's* business board. Then nominations were received for the McGill debaters. Some half-dozen orators were nominated, and, while the balloting was in progress, the literary programme was announced to start. But the president discovered to his amazement that this was all impromptu, and left it to the society to amuse itself. Mr. Sadler, '99, came to the rescue with a piano solo, which was encored. Then a long discussion arose as to the method of balloting. Mr. Clegg "made a move" to drop off two names from each ballot. Mr. McRae proposed something else. The amendment was lost. Then the motion was put, and, strange to say, it was defeated too. Someone thought it couldn't possibly be lost, but it was evidently at least a case of mysterious disappearance, and nothing could be done. At last a well-known form "rose to his feet" and proposed to "mak' ta president decide ta thing,—because for why mak' ta fuss until so long." So the president decided to do as he saw fit—and the Society agreed.

Mr. Ruthven then sang a pathetic child-song, "Only

Me"; and on being encored sang of forsaken love. It was also pathetic. Mr. Black then read a tale of the seaside. Although read in a most realistic manner, we may say that to our knowledge he has never experienced such fate. The returns were now coming in, and Messrs. Greenwood and Sellery were declared elected as McGill debaters. Then nominations for a representative to McGill dinner were called for, and at last Mr. Wallbridge was elected. In the meantime Mr. Greenwood recited in dramatic style "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse"; Mr. Sellery, assisted by the Society, sang of Tommy Atkins; Martin, '97, and W. B. Scott gave piano solos, and Mr. Race led us in college songs, and so the time passed by.

Then came the election of public debaters, which honor was given to Messrs. Tasker, McNeece, Muldrew and Watt. The "literary" programme proceeded with piano solos and classic songs, until Armour, '99, led the Irish race in "Tim Toolin." The president at this point discovered a couple affectionately embracing each other at the back of the hall, and (being unaccustomed to such things), was so overcome that he called Mr. Hancock to the chair and left us to elect the leaders of the Mock Parliament. Messrs. Boulton and Munroe are the august statesmen. Mr. Sandwell was then elected the essayist for the public debate, and Mr. John Inkster the reader. Meanwhile the clubs kept pounding, the piano kept going, and so did time.

Midnight was upon us, and as the hours passed by let it not be written what things occurred. Let the curtain of charity be drawn over the scene; let the shadows lie upon it dark and deep; let us forget.

The remaining elections resulted as follows: Representative to Queen's Conversat. (if there is one!), John Counsell; to Trinity Conversat, W. B. Scott; to Osgoode Ball, W. D. Love; to the S. P. S. Dinner, J. A. Jackson; to the Dental College Dinner, W. Shotwell.

At length all was over. The city bells tolled the hour of one as I felt in my pocket for the latch-key to the doors of Morpheus.

## ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE.

It is with considerable interest that we, as graduates, follow the course of events at our beloved Alma Mater; and, while not wishing to occupy space in dwelling at length upon what is taking place, we hope that it may not be thought out of the way if we refer briefly to what promises to be an event of unusual interest. We refer to the proposed University College dinner. In past years it has been a matter for regret that there has not been more of a centralization of the interests and energies of the students, and the much-lamented lack of true college spirit can be accounted for, it seems to us, by the above fact. We do not wish to be misunderstood as condemning the various class societies, as these are necessary, to a certain extent, in the junior years; but what we mean is, that there have not been functions enough of a college character to keep prominently before the minds of the students the fact that they are all members of one body, the maintenance and promotion of



whose honor and welfare should be regarded by them as a sacred trust. The manifest desire, not only on the part of the students, but also on the part of the staff, to make this event a success, by means of a combination of forces, is commendable, and cannot fail to have a beneficial influence. Let those who have the matter in hand put forth every effort to make the dinner a success, and we feel sure that their efforts will be seconded by every friend of the College.

Our esteemed Vice-Principal, Mr. Levan, has been confined to his house during the past week by an attack of laryngitis. Mr. Levan is a person of sterling qualities, who appreciates not only the difficulties of the teacher, but also those of the student, and by his efforts to ensure the success of the different organizations, has shown himself worthy of the support and confidence of every student. For the benefit of those who are anxious to find out something regarding the workings of this mysterious institution, we might say, in passing, that we are not treated like public school children, as is thought by some, nor are we asked to take everything for granted that is told us. We are treated very much as all reasonable beings expect to be treated, and in the discussions that take place ample opportunity is afforded to all to state their views on the various topics that are taken up.

The regular officers of the Literary Society for the present term were elected at the meeting held on Friday afternoon, Oct. 30th. Mr. Lavell, a graduate of Queen's, was chosen as President, and Miss Ryckman, of Varsity, as Vice-President. The other graduates from Varsity holding office are: Messrs. Carr, Bragg and Hodgson. On Tuesday, the 3rd inst., a Glee Club was organized, and it has been arranged to have regular practice during the present term at 2 p.m. every Friday. Mr. Preston, of the Conservatory, has been secured as instructor; and, judging from the interest taken in the subject of music, the practices promise to be a pleasing part of our programme. The third regular meeting of the Literary Society was held Friday afternoon of last week, when a programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, and a debate upon the value of a University education in non-professional work, was contributed by a few of the lady students

### MARCELLA.

READ BEFORE THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is an author whose books have attracted much attention from the reading public. In them she deals with some of the most vexed social problems in such an earnest serious manner as to hold the interest of the reader, and, at times, rouse even strenuous opposition, particularly is this so in the case of "Robert Elsmere." Perhaps the best work Mrs. Ward has yet done is to be found in "Marcella," in which the problem of Labor versus Capital is dealt with; it is that book with which this paper proposes to deal.

In case there may be some who have not read "Marcella," let me outline the story briefly.

Marcella Boyce is the daughter of Richard Boyce, of Mellor Park in Midland, England. This Richard Boyce has just come into the property, and, on account of his past misdeeds, he and his family have not been taken up by their social equals in the county. Marcella has just returned from London, where she had been studying in some art classes, filled with a queer contradiction of ideas about Socialistic reform, imbibed from her Venturist friends the Cravens, and also about playing the lady Bountiful to the poor on her father's estate.

In due course of time Marcella becomes engaged to Aldous Raeburn, the grandson and heir of Lord Maxwell, whose property lies next Mellor Park. Then the villain of the story, if one may so call him, comes on the scene in

the person of Harry Wharton, who, as Radical candidate, is to contest the coming election with Aldous Raeburn. Richard Boyce in his antagonism to his Conservative neighbors, invites Wharton to stay with him. Wharton accepts, and by means of his fascinating personality, and his sympathy, somewhat feigned, with her views, succeeds in making Marcella think she is more than half in love with him.

Such is the state of affairs when a tragedy occurs. One of the villagers while poaching on Lord Maxwell's property had killed one of the keepers. The man was arrested and was to be tried. Marcella, who had taken this man's family under her protection, admitted his actual guilt, thought that the game laws were all wrong, and the man ought not to suffer under them; so she beseeches Lord Maxwell and Aldous Raeburn to procure his release. They, thinking differently, refuse, and just at this point Harry Wharton comes forward, and offers to defend him. The final breach is made and the engagement between Marcella and Aldous broken off.

The prisoner, Jim Hurd, is condemned and executed. Marcella goes to London and takes up nursing. Soon she sends for the Hurd family to come and live with her, and there throws herself into the work among the poor with all the power of an ardent nature.

Edward Hallin, Aldous Raeburn's oldest friend, becomes her friend too, and perhaps does much to preserve the natural sweet tone of her disposition. After awhile Wharton runs across her path again; so do Raeburn and his friends.

Wharton is rising in the political world, but becoming always more unscrupulous, he makes tools of Marcella's friends, the Cravens, and finally deserts the Labor Party to which he had devoted himself. Just now he asks Marcella to marry him, and being refused shortly consoles himself by marrying the Lady Selina Farrell, who is superior to him in the number of her years and the amount of her gold.

The death of Richard Boyce recalls Marcella from London. She is now lady of Mellor Park, and has at last found out that Aldous Raeburn is the man of all men to her. But Lord Maxwell is dead, Aldous reigns in his stead, and her pride will not allow her to make any advances. Soon, however, they are brought together, and our story closes at the point where the fairy tales of our childhood did, where every one bids fair to live happy ever after.

Such are the outlines of this story, which, on account of the strong personality of the characters, more than any intrinsic value in the plot, has an intense interest for most of its readers.

The character of Marcella is certainly a strange one; full of high possibilities and queer contradictions, and yet it is largely the outcome of circumstances. Her nature was extremely passionate and intense. She had always to have some object upon which she could lavish the treasures of her affections. This, you may say, is more or less a common characteristic of all young girls. So perhaps it is, but generally only of their extreme youth, while in Marcella it was an inherent part of her nature, one which would go with her to the grave.

Marcella's mother has never paid much attention to her daughter. Her intense pride, wounded by her husband's disgraceful conduct, had caused her to shut herself in entirely from all mankind; and so Marcella had been from childhood deprived of all the softening moulding influences of the mother-love, and had not even been able to expend her affections upon their natural objects, her mother and father.

Her childhood and early youth had been spent in boarding schools, where the self-willed untrained child had not always met with the most judicious treatment. At first, at Miss Frederick's school, she had developed an



"over-mastering absorbing passion" for the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Elleston and his wife; moreover, she formed a great friendship for a school companion, whose early death caused her much grief; then later on at another school she had devoted herself to her school-mistress, Miss Pemberton. Her school days being over she had gone to London to study art, and there she had formed a friendship with the Cravens; they were Venturists, and had often taken her to the meetings of their society, and had managed to implant in her mind some of their ideas, many of which were very irrational. Now, all these friendships had had their humanizing effect on her, but their influence had been greatly nullified by the fact that she had sought so much in vain, for any love from the source where she ought to have found it, from her parents, and her nature, though somewhat subdued, was still wild and undisciplined.

And now Marcella has come home to endeavor to fill her place as the young lady of Mellor Park. She was, as I have said before, a strange contradiction—very womanly—yet in a sense lacking the well-bred delicacy of feeling we expect in a true woman; very emotional and impulsive, and yet cool, and very seldom allowing her emotion to escape the control of her mind. As Mrs. Ward puts it, "One half of her was impulsive and passionate, the other half looked on and put in the finishing touches." Filled with a deep engrossing desire to benefit the poor and laboring classes on her father's estate, and yet, strangely enough, anxious to stir them up to discontent with their present position. Let me read you her own thoughts as she returns from one of her first visits to the village.

"Amazing! Starvation wages; hardships of sickness and pain; horrors of birth and horrors of death; wholesale losses of kindred and friends; the meanest surroundings; the most sordid cares—of this mingled cup of village fate every person in the room had drunk, and drunk deep. Yet here in this autumn twilight, they laughed and chattered, and joked—weird, wrinkled children, enjoying an hour's rough play in a clearing of the storm. Dependent from birth to death on squire, parson, parish, crushed often, and ill-treated, according to their own ideas, but bearing so little ill-will: amusing themselves with their own tragedies even, if they could but sit by a fire and drink a neighbor's cup of tea."

"Her heart swelled and burned within her. Yes, the old people were past hoping for; mere wreck and drift-wood on the shore; the springtide of death would soon have swept them all into unremembered graves. But the young men and women, the children, were they too to grow up, and grow old like these—the same smiling, stunted, ignobly submissive creatures? One woman, at least, would do her best with her one poor life to rouse some of them to discontent and revolt!"

Above all, Marcella is so filled with the notion of her own power to effect all these revolutions, so certain that she knows just what ought to be done, so sure that she can bend all things to her will, that she comes near to marring the sweetness and gentleness of her nature.

That such a nature should suffer is inevitable, indeed, only through suffering can it be brought to know its own weakness, and still more its own true strength. And Marcella does suffer, not physically, but mentally; and as her trials were to her great, so is their effect great, and she comes out of it a different woman capable now of fulfilling all her highest possibilities.

I have told you how the crisis came with Wharton's action, and the execution of Jim Hurd. From then it seemed there was a new Marcella—the eager, energetic, rather pedantic, girl has gone, and in her place is a woman of even stronger feelings—a woman who goes even more to extremes. But let her describe the change for herself. The following is an extract from the interview between Marcella and Raeburn, in which she declares their engagement must be broken off. Aldous has protested that he,

because of his money and social station, is the only one who cannot get justice at her hands.

"It is of no use! It may be all true. I was vain, I dare say, and unjust and hard. But don't you see—don't you understand—if we *could* take such different views of such a case—if it could divide us so deeply—what chance would there be if we were married? I ought never—never—to have said 'yes' to you—even as I was then. But now,' she turned to him slowly, 'can't you see it for yourself? I am a changed creature. Certain things in me are gone—gone—and instead there is a fire—something driving, tormenting—which must burn its way out. When I think of what I liked so much when you asked me to marry you—being rich, and having beautiful things, and dresses, and jewels, and servants, and power—social power—above all *that*—I feel sick and choked. I couldn't breathe now in a house like Maxwell Court. The poor have come to mean to me the only people who really *live*, and really *suffer*. I must live with them, work for them, find out what I can do for them. You must give me up, you must indeed."

This was the first crucial point, and now in London, engaged in her work among the poor, Marcella begins to find out what life really is. Moreover, she soon discovers that having lost the right to the love of Aldous Raeburn, she would now prize that above all things, consequently she suffers great remorse for her conduct. A year in London greatly softened and developed her character, and modified many of her views. We even hear her saying, "If you only knew how much more possible it is to think well of the rich while you are living amongst the poor."

So time goes on, and again, it would seem, a new Marcella emerges; still proud and passionate, but her whole nature softened, deepened and broadened. Her father's last illness calls her home. After his death she and her mother go abroad, and it is while here that she learns that Lord Maxwell is executor of her father's will, and that this will necessarily bring them together at times. Suspecting that her father had acted so for this very purpose, Marcella feels deep annoyance. But after a letter comes from Lord Maxwell asking to be permitted to do this much for herself and her mother, she becomes reconciled to the idea. She returns home, schooling herself to live her life alone—quite alone, for even her mother, who longs for the society of her own world again, and to whom Mellor Park has become hateful will not stay with her. Marcella will devote herself entirely to her people, not now by striving to excite in them feelings of discontent, but by aiding them to live a worthier life, by making them contented. But, of course, she must have the reward for all her suffering, and perhaps the highest point in the development of her character comes when she and Aldous are reconciled.

This Marcella is of course *the* character in the book, and, to me, she has always been an intensely interesting creation; but it must not be thought she is the only one worthy of notice. The minor characters are all interesting and natural, perhaps even more so than the principal ones. Of the other leading personages it will suffice to speak briefly.

Aldous Raeburn may be dismissed very shortly—he is the ideal English gentleman, and one can say no more for him.

His friend Edward Hallin is most interesting for the moral sweetness of his nature, for the part he plays in the development of Marcella, and especially for his own noble life and the work he tried to accomplish.

The personality of Harry Wharton is full of charm; he sympathizes with himself so deeply that we are almost drawn to sympathy too, though in the end, when we see his actions towards the Lady Selina, his fraudulent behavior to the Labor Party, and hear of his probable desertion to the ranks of the Conservatives, I think any liking we may have had changes to disgust.



Mrs. Boyce is, after Marcella, the strangest character in the book—we cannot understand her—we cannot see into her nature, she is always, as it were, on dress parade—an intense overwhelming pride is the dominant note of her nature. Shut off from all her family and her old world by Mr. Boyce's behavior, she has, it would seem, determined to do her duty to her husband, but apart from that, she will live exclusively unto herself.

In spite of Mr. Boyce's dishonorable conduct and unamiable traits of character, I cannot but think we all feel sorrow and sympathy for the man "who, just as death was in sight, felt that he, that squalid failure, Dick Boyce, was making a success of something."

On the whole, "Marcella" is a book which will well repay a careful reading, and so long as these same social problems continue to interest us, so long, I think, will the book continue to be read. But when once these have passed to another stage, and the world has made another step forward, "Marcella" will not be one of the books that will continue to be read. Marcella herself is not a character of any time. She is in a special sense a product of her own time, and of the circumstances and peculiar conditions under which she lived; and as such, if the story of her life is read, it will be merely from a curiosity to see back to that time, and not because it will strike any sympathetic chord in the hearts of another age.

In conclusion, there is one trait of Mrs. Ward's which I have noticed in her work, more, perhaps, in this book than in any other. She does not seem to feel *with* her characters—her thoughts and ideas are something entirely different from those of these men and women whom she sets up and makes play out of the tragedy of life. Look, for example, at George Eliot—perhaps the very greatest English novelist—and I think you will see what I mean. While it would never do to attribute to her all the ideas of her characters, and to say that she believed all they believed, yet we feel that she is in deepest sympathy with them—she feels all that they do, and it seems to me that this is, in a great measure, what gives George Eliot her wonderful power. Now, Mrs. Ward seems lacking in this sympathy. Of course we could not expect her to believe all Marcella's rather fanatical opinions, but to my mind it jars upon one to hear her almost making fun of this creation of hers—nearly despising her at first, though towards the close of the book Marcella seems more to her liking.

Not only is this so with Marcella, but with most of her other characters. And just because Mrs. Ward lacks this sympathy, and cannot lose for the time being her own beliefs in those of her own creations, herself passing judgment on them as they go along; because she establishes no bond of sympathy with her readers through her characters, thus making her personality dear to them, as for this reason, for example, the personality of George Eliot will always be dear to her readers, so, while Mrs. Ward's books are good, I do not think they will ever merit the title great.

MARGARET M. STOVEL, '98.

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DINNER.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Students' Union Hall on Monday afternoon for the purpose of choosing the committee for this important event. With the following list of officers from the students the affair bids fair to be a success:

First vice-president, J. L. Counsell, '97, (accl.); second vice-president, H. Boulton, '97; third vice-president, J. G. Inkster, '98, (accl.); secretary, W. H. Greenwood, '97; treasurer, F. H. Barron, '97; third year councillors, F. A. Cleland, '98, W. G. Fitzgerald, '98; second year councillors, W. A. Sadler, '99, — Smith, '98; first year councillor, — Kay, '00.

#### DIE WASSENYMGHE.

Auf des Stromes muntre Fülle  
Gleitet lautlos hin die Nacht,  
Und in wehmutsvoller Stille  
Hält der Mõnd da droben Wacht.  
Die Lüfte schweigen, nur leise,  
In seiner heimlichen Weise  
Fliegt schnell ein Sauseln durch das Land.

Da, mit unbeson'nen Rennen  
Eilt der Knabe her zum Strand.  
Möcht' der Mann ein Unglück kennen?  
Seht, er fast ihn an die Hand!  
"Komm, Knabe, laß uns fliehen,  
Denn furchtbar, Kind, gediehen  
In kurzer Zeit der Friede Kräft'."

Fast den Knaben mit den Händen,  
Zieht ihn schnelle mit sich fort,  
Und vor Schreck mag er nicht wenden  
Das Gesicht nach jenem Ort.  
Es flieht das weite Gefilde  
Und gleich dem flüchtigen Wilde  
Ziehn sie mit zitternd eilger Qual.

Und die Nymphe stürzt voll Schmerzen  
In des meeres tiefen Schoos  
Gleich dem Sturm in Seinem Herzen  
Tobt im Zorn die Flut so grosz!  
Es zischt und es braust und es rauschet.  
Wut kocht, die Woge sich bauschet  
Und flieszt mit Wuten in das Land.

Und nun nahet wieder Wuten leise,  
Legend still aufs Land ringsum  
In gewohnter, stiller Weise  
Ihrer Schleier und herum  
Um aller gegend gestalten,  
Wo göttliche geister walten,  
Die Keusche, sanfte Finsternisz.

Stille, tiefe Grabesstille  
Herrscht im weitem Lande nun,  
Und des Wassers reiche Fülle  
Scheinet sanftbewegt zu ruhn.  
Und nur zum nachbarlichem Grusze  
Tauscht Welle mit feuchtem Kusse  
Des Landes feste Stütze aus.

In Gedanken tief verloren  
Geht der Mann den Strom entlang,  
Und es nahet seinen Ohren  
Ein gar volbekannter Klang.  
Er hört der Wogen Rauschen,  
Er sieht die Welle sich bauschen,  
Und marternd zerzt der Sorge Qual.

Aufsteigt aus den nassen Fluten  
Nun der Nymphe Luftgestalt,  
Und des Mannes Her mag bluten,  
Schander wirft die Geieder Kalt.  
Aus streckt sie die zarten Hände,  
Den Fluten entsteiget die Lande  
Und nach dem Knaben hascht der Blick.

Und der Mann ergreift den Knaben,  
Zieht ihn furchtsam mit sich fort,  
Dasz ihn nicht die Seelen haben,  
Flieht mit ihm zum Geisterort,  
"Was zieht dich hin zu den Seelen?"  
"Mich dürstet!" Du sollst erwählen  
Bei mir ein stillendes Getränk!



Haus hoch heben sich die Wogen,  
Stürzen sich ins Land hinein,  
Und es glühn die Nymphenaugen,  
Blickend auf den Knaben klein.  
Und taucht, die Hände ballend  
Ins Wasser, das es hallend  
Ertönt ringsum ins weite Land.

In des Mannes sicherm Hause  
Sitzt der Knabe aufgeregt;  
Aus des Lebens Scheidungsklaue  
Riszt der Mann ihn, wie er pflegt.  
Und vor setzt er dem Knaben,  
Dasz er sein Herz möge laben,  
Den frohen Becher klaren Weins.

—*Ibid.*

## ATHLETIC NOTES—RUGBY.

VARSITY *v.* T. A. C.

Varsity won the toss and elected to play with the light east wind. The T.A.C. kicked off, but was called back for off-side to a scrimmage, and the game was begun. After a minute or two's play Counsell punted to Macdonald, who missed his flying kick, and Varsity dabbled for a rouge, 1—0. Laurie Boyd kicked off from quarter to his brother, who returned; Laurie fumbled and "Biddy" got a try, which was prettily converted by Elliott, 7—0. A series of off-sides by Varsity, with the resulting free kicks for T.A.C., brought the ball down to Varsity's quarter. Then Varsity was awarded a kick, which took the play to the half-line. Whitehead indulged in a little run and a punt to Morrison, who returned to T.A.C.'s quarter. From a scrimmage Counsell got the ball and punted for a rouge, 8—0. Punts by Boyd, Whitehead and Morrison brought the ball to Varsity's quarter. Counsell soon captured the ball from a T.A.C. dabble and made a high punt, which was well followed up and removed the play to the T.A.C. half. Hobbs got a mark and punted to T.A.C.'s quarter. Slowly the ball was worked down to T.A.C.'s 15-yard line, where Hobbs bucked the line, passed to Bradley, who went over for a try, 14—0. Boyd and Whitehead, by a pretty combination, carried the ball to Varsity's goal line. Luckily, Varsity got a free kick which temporarily relieved the pressure, but a minute or two later Boyd was forced to rouge, 14—1. After a long series of close plays Varsity was again compelled to rouge, 14—2. The T. A. C. team now indulged in a fine piece of combination which closely resembled the play of the champion Osgoode team of a few years ago. In this splendid play almost the whole wing line handled the ball and resulted in a try, 14—6. The long punts of the half-backs gave the wings lots of chasing to do, and resulted in bringing the ball down to Morrison who made a brilliant run and kicked into touch at half. More kicking and close plays brought the ball down into Varsity's quarter. Morrison relieved by kick into touch at the quarter. Another succession of close plays carried the scene of action to the half. Counsell punted against a T. A. C. wing and Burnside punted over the line forcing Macdonald to rouge, 15—6. Hobbs made a brilliant dodging run and passed to Barr, who went over for a try, 19—6. This was the last score of the half, for soon after the welcome whistle sounded. This half was one of the longest ever played.

During half-time the wind was good enough to change so as to blow from the west, against the T.A.C. Almost at once the T.A.C. was hard pressed, but a bit of good combination brought the ball back to the half-line. Here Counsell got in his punt, which again carried the play to T.A.C. 15-yard line. Mackenzie got the ball, bucked the line and passed to Elliott, who added another four points, 23—6. Barr brought the ball down from Varsity's half by three splendid short runs, and again T.A.C. was hard

pressed. Hobbs glided through the wing line and another try was the result, 27—6. Whitehead, Barr and Hobbs got in some of their fine short runs at the centre of the field. Slowly but surely the ball is worked down to the T.A.C. 10-yard line. Joe made a long throw from touch, which Sanderson captured and carried across for a try, 31—6. Male was a few minutes later forced to rouge on Counsell's punt. The Varsity half-back line now showed the T.A.C. that they could play the running game also, and carried the ball from half to the T.A.C. goal line. A minute later Osler was forced to rouge, 33—6. Two more rouges followed in short order, 35—6. It was now becoming very dark and hard to see the ball. For a few minutes the play was very loose and Burnside got across for a try which Elliott converted, 41—6. Varsity scored the last point on a long kick by Kingstone, 42—6.

The teams lined up thus:

*Varsity*.—Back, Morrison; half-backs, Kingstone, Counsell, Boyd; quarter, Hobbs; scrimmage, Malloch, Perry, Dodds; wings, Bradley, Mackenzie, Elliott, Sanderson, Barr (Capt.), McDougall and Burnside.

*T. A. C.*—Back, Macdonald; half backs, Whitehead, Boyd, Male; quarter, Cartwright; scrimmage, LaMothe, Wright, Love; wings, Kingstone, Flood, Osler, Hoskin, Carruthers, Moss, Macdonald.

## ASSOCIATION.

In the Inter-collegiate series the match of most general interest during the last week was that in which, on Saturday afternoon, Varsity and Knox met. A large and demonstrative crowd lined the field and had the pleasure of witnessing perhaps the most hotly contested Association game of the season. Neither side scored till within a few minutes of time, when Wrenn secured a goal for Varsity. With all justice to the other players, the brilliant work of Jackson at half-back is particularly worthy of mention. The teams were:

*Varsity*.—Goal, Armstrong; backs, McKinley, Munro; halves, Jackson, Gibson, French; forwards, Sinclair, Wrenn, Norman, Cooper, Dickson.

*Knox*.—Goal, McGillvary; backs, Dickie, Taylor; halves, Abraham, McArthur, Barron; forwards, Ross, Sinclair, McLeod, Roxborough, Rutherford.

Pharmacy gets into the finals by defeating Knox II on Saturday afternoon by 6—1.

Varsity II played a fast game on Saturday morning against McMaster's team which had beaten Victoria. During the first half the result was doubtful, Varsity scoring only once, while dangerous rushes were frequent on both sides. McMaster failed to score, owing chiefly to good work by Snell in goal. In the second half Ballah and Telford, Varsity's full-backs, kept the goal out of danger, while the forward line made numbers of brilliant combined rushes, scoring a total of five goals in the half. The score at the finish stood 6—0 for Varsity, and no one killed. Of the six goals Patterson scored 2, MacKinnon 2, Mollins and Whitely 1 each. The speedy rushes of Varsity's right wing, Paterson and Whitely, were features of the game, which was much closer than the score shows, McMaster having let up towards the finish when the result was clear. Pharmacy I and Varsity II have won in their respective sections, and will play for the Intermediate Championship this week.

The cross-country run, postponed from last Thursday on account of rain, may not come off this year. The directorate will consider whether it is worth while to hold it, since the entry list was very small, and not much interest was manifested in the event.



# The Varsity

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## EDITORIAL.



MOVEMENT has been on foot for a number of years with the laudable aim of erecting a Woman's Residence in connection with University College.

As a result of the movement the sum of six thousand dollars has been raised from various sources, chiefly by donations and private subscription. It has been estimated that at least fifty thousand dollars will be necessary before there will be any hope of building such an institution. The question now is: How and how soon can the deficiency be made up and the required sum be realized?

What a Woman's Residence needs is an endowment sufficient both for its founding and for its maintenance. For even when it is established it can scarcely be expected to pay its way. But, in the absence of an endowment, the only plan is to employ a variety of methods to raise the required amount without sacrificing either honesty or self-respect. It has been suggested by a most estimable lady, who has been actively engaged in this commendable enterprise since its inception, that the women undergraduates, who realize from bitter experience the inconveniences and disadvantages of boarding-house life, should, each year or in their final year, donate twenty-five dollars towards the establishment of a Woman's Residence. But this proposal, flattering as it is to the liberality which is assumed on the part of the women students, slightly over-estimates, we venture to say, the means at the disposal of the average woman undergraduate. However, the suggestion might be carried out without stipulating any particular sum. With this indispensable modification, too, the plan might be extended to the men. A nice appeal for such a noble object to their proverbial spirit of chivalry and liberality would be sure to meet with a generous response.

\* \*

The excitement about the recent burglary has nearly subsided. It seemed to be a prevalent belief that the

whole affair could not have been done with such marked perfection without the connivance of a student. This idea is absurd. We do not profess to have anything in common with Sherlock Holmes, but we can understand that a professional safe-cracker and his accomplices would make themselves as well acquainted with the interior arrangements of the Bursar's office as a professional paper-hanger, who was going to take the job of papering the walls. This is the chief part of his business, and the facilities afforded him in this case for studying it up were unexcelled. Any man might walk into the office when there is a crowd, stay for half an hour, if necessary, size-up the room and walk out again, without anybody being the wiser. This may have been done every year, or two or three times a year, for some years. Because we are safe in saying that such performances, unlike MacIntyre's poems, are rarely struck off on the inspiration of the moment. It is not too much even to suppose the burglars scanning the pages of the mysterious calendar to find out when the fees are due, and resolving to wait until some year when the last day of the month fell on Saturday, thus giving them the prospect of a larger haul and a whole day intervening to make their escape. The intimate knowledge which they showed, with every useful particular, is no evidence of collusion with some student, but ample proof that the work was done by bold and experienced hands.

\* \*

For some years after the fire the students did not hold many public festivals. The reaction seems to have come this year with a vengeance. Now there are no less than three functions contemplated—an Athletic dance, a College dinner, and a University conversazione. It is hardly possible that they can all be patronized as they should be, and the consequence will be that either one or all three will suffer. It would be a wise thing to cut one out—but which one?

\* \*

Varsity did not expect such an easy victory as they won over the T.A.C. They thought the "Lambs" were going to make a bid this year for the championship. The formality of another match next Saturday might be dispensed with. It would not be much loss to anybody, for the gate receipts will hardly be worth collecting.

\* \*

## Varsity Tennis Team Dinner.

The Rev. Elmore Harris entertained the members of the Varsity tennis team last Friday evening with a dinner given at his home on Walmer Road. The reverend gentleman has been an enthusiastic supporter of the team during the past season, and took this method of congratulating them on their uniform success. The table decorations were splendid and were all designed to remind the guest of the tennis court. Each man on taking his place found a card with some device sketched on it representing his little peculiarities in the game. After dinner, bright speeches were made by Messrs. J. L. R. Parsons, C. A. Campbell and S. Sharpe, in response to the toast of "The Tennis Team," while Mr. B. S. Harris replied in brilliant style to the health of "Our Hosts." Mr. W. D. Love, in a highly laudatory speech, presented Mr. Harris with a photograph of the team as a slight tribute to the kindly interest he had ever displayed in them. Mr. Harris, in replying, expressed the pleasure he felt in the success of



the team, and declared his conviction that the Varsity Tennis Team would always rank among the foremost of the Province. An adjournment was then made to the drawing-room where the rest of the evening was pleasantly whiled away with song and story. The boys all voted Mr. Harris a jolly good fellow. Among the invited guests were Messrs. C. A. Campbell, S. Sharpe, J. L. R. Parsons, W. D. Love, A. G. Lefroy, F. H. Scott, Bon Glassco, C. E. Pearson, W. Parsons, W. A. Stratton, L. R. Bain and H. E. Little.

#### Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

The first year Bible Class will meet hereafter on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, instead of 4.15. It is felt that this hour will suit the convenience of more men.

The morning prayer-meetings are growing in interest and attendance. A particularly large number from '99 attend this meeting on Tuesday morning.

The Ladies' Auxiliary have extended their patronage for the Agnes Knox Recital, which promises to be successful in every respect.

#### ADDRESS BY DR. M'TAVISH.

The young men's meeting at the Y.M.C.A. on Thursday afternoon was addressed by Dr. McTavish, of the Central Presbyterian Church. The Doctor based his remarks on John xv., 7: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Here is a marvellous promise with two plainly stated conditions, conditions familiarly known but how rarely fulfilled. There is a depth of meaning in that word "abide." It implies a fullness of consecration and a whole heartedness in service, to which we seldom attain. We must "feel" our prayers; empty words are useless. We must have Christ in us, giving us the true spirit of prayer, our hearts being filled with true love for Him and the object of our supplication.

To prevail in prayer it is necessary to have much secret communing with God. In the busy life of the student it is hard to find time and place for these private "talks with God," but without them we are certain to fall before temptation. Peter's denial of Christ can be traced back to his failure to "Watch and pray" in Gethsemane.

We must remember our fellow-students in prayer. Samuel counted it *sin* for him to cease praying for the Israelites. Let us not become half-hearted, but earnestly endeavor to discharge faithfully the duties laid upon us as Christians. The Doctor referred to the coming "Week of Prayer," and urged that next week be made specially fruitful by putting this promise to the test. We can be sure of an abundant answer if we truly "abide in Christ and His word abide in us." The address was full of "heart-touches" and could not fail to be very helpful to those present.

#### AGNES KNOX RECITAL.

On Monday evening, November 16th, Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black will give her first recital in Toronto for this season. Agnes Knox has always been a favorite with Varsity men, and no doubt a large number of students from the different colleges will attend on Monday evening. No word of praise need be said of Miss Knox to students or to the Toronto public. Her aim, which she so splendidly attains, is, in her own words, this: "Let our aim be to interpret faithfully what is noblest and best in our literature; to teach the lessons found in the simple ballads of the heart, and to find innocent enjoyment in representations of refined humor." The recital will be given under the patronage of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. Varsity men will meet at the Y.M.C.A. building at 7.30 o'clock and march to Association Hall. The plan is at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's. Admission, 25 cents; students' reserved, 35 cents.

#### S. P. S. NOTES.

*Science* for October contains an account of the new Polytechnic school to be established in connection with Chicago University. The college has been founded by Mrs. Bradley, and will be maintained by her until her death, when her entire estate, valued at \$2,000,000 will be bequeathed to it.

Our own college would gladly accept any assistance of this kind. If some generous Canadian who takes an interest in science would follow Mrs. Bradley's example we would not have to illustrate the principles of arc lighting with an out-of-date Ball machine, or be compelled to go without our lunch whenever we want a book from the library.

Several instances have occurred lately of the theft of the College colors from hats left by students outside the physical laboratory. The matter appears upon its face to be a small one, but the spirit of meanness is so combined with the instinct of felony in such an act that it is almost more contemptible than a common theft. We hope, however, that the instances reported have been thoughtless, and that this comment upon the smallmindedness of such an act will prevent its recurrence.

#### STUDENT SOCIETIES.

##### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The third meeting of the Club was held on Monday at 4 p.m. and was largely attended. The subject was the Development of the French Drama, and was opened by Professor Squair in a short and interesting address. Mr. W. Shotwell followed with a paper on "Le Mystere o' Adam." The Cleopatre of Fodelle was analysed and explained by Miss Hunt, and Les Juives of Garnier, by H. L. Jordan. The second meeting of this series will be held on November 30th. Professor Vandersmissen will deliver a public lecture on "Mediæval Life in Germany" on the 14th of December, at the final meeting of the term.

##### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Philosophical Society held a regular meeting on Friday p.m., 6th inst. The programme consisted of an admirable sketch of the biography of T. H. Green by S. T. Tucker, '99, and a well prepared paper on "The Relation of Science and Religion" by G. J. Blewett, '97. An interesting discussion followed, in which Prof. Badgley, Prof. Hume and Mr. A. H. Abbot, B.A., took part. The next meeting will be held on the 20th inst., at which a paper on "Spencer's Unknowable" will be read by J. S. Muldrew, '97, and one on "The External World according to Berkley" by J. T. Johnston, '98.

#### TENNIS CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Tennis Club was held on Monday in the Gymnasium. A large number of members and friends were present. The Secretary Treasurer's report showed that the Club had a very successful year, winning four out of five matches in the league, and thus taking first place. Financially the year was also successful, for starting with a deficit of \$30 a balance was now in the treasury. In view of the favorable condition of the Club, the fee was reduced from \$3 to \$2.50. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers.

The officers for next year were elected as follows: Hon. president, President Loudon; patrons, A. Carruthers, M.A., John Hoskin, LL.D., Q.C., Andrew Rutherford, Rev. Elmore Harris; president, F. H. Scott, '97; secretary-treasurer, W. A. Sadler, '99; fourth year councillors, H. W. Gundy, J. Hobbs; third year councillors, W. A. Stratton, W. E. Douglas; second year councillors, F. A. Smith, B. Harris.



## A BALLAD OF THE SEA.

The clouds were scudding fierce and fast,  
The winds were rolling free,  
The rain came driving on the blast,  
And beat the raging sea.

Beside the mast the captain stands,  
But gazes far away,  
Where o'er the gloomy wave expands  
The foeman's long array.

Before him lies the ocean wide,  
Behind the ships of France;  
No friendly sail on all that tide,  
And vain is battle's chance.

For now the long and darkling line,  
With many a levelled gun,  
Swings outward o'er the rolling brine,—  
A fleet of ships to one!

A score of liners great and tall,  
And it a frigate low,  
One shot from out the circling wall  
Would send it down below.

A scouting craft to ply unseen  
Along the channel rim,—  
O never had it yet, I ween,  
To face such danger grim.

For now it lies by hostile shore,  
The storm 'twixt it and home,  
The billows white the ocean floor  
And flood the deck with foam.

The captain gazes on the foe,  
And then upon the deep,  
And fiercer yet the winds they blow,  
And fierce the billows sweep.

He gazes on the gath'ring storm;  
'Tis black as starless night,  
The wild white-riders pass and swarm,  
The sea-mew shrieks in fright.

But o'er the wave lies England's shore,  
The home of freemen bold:  
So a Viking dares the deep once more,  
As in the days of old.

For a dauntless look he gives it now,  
And a scornful one to those,  
And turns to the storm the shudd'ring prow,  
And out to ocean goes.

And many a time his seamen bold  
With a loud "Hurrah" they cheer,  
And the ocean winds, and the wild-sea mew,  
And e'en the foe they hear.

"What care we for an angry sea!  
What reck we of the storm!  
The waves before us part and flee,  
Behind the squadrons form.

See yonder down the harbor gate,  
Beneath the fortress walls,  
The whole wide van of France await  
The chance of fate that falls!"

So up the halliards, aft and fore,  
They ran the battle Jack,  
It many a victor ship before  
Had led the ocean track.

Behind the Frenchman filled his line,  
But swung the helm a-lee;  
For only Britons dare the brine  
On such a raging sea.

And so before the hurricane  
The little frigate bent,  
And Neptune pour'd the blinding rain  
Across the path she went.

He folded her within the storm,  
And guided her away;  
While France's ships refilled their form  
Upon the inner bay.

The waves, O wild they were and high!  
The winds were fierce and cold;  
While hour by hour the day pass'd by,  
And—thus the tale is told—

When the lone calm on Ocean came,  
And all the storm was pass'd,  
The light of sunset's golden flame  
Gleamed o'er a ruined mast!

The stars in heaven, fair and free,  
Shone out beyond the West,  
And found on all that weary sea  
One ship, and gave it rest.

And thou who read'st and thinkest they  
Were heroes,—lo! the chance  
Is thine! In front the ocean way!  
Behind the ships of France!

IBRAHIM.

## HERE AND THERE.

Monday last was the birthday of the Prince of Wales. Fifty-three years of age and not on the throne yet! He will not break his mother's reigning record, unless he defies Father Time.

Emile Zola spends money with a lavish hand. His house at Midan cost a million francs, and the objects of art which it contains are worth three millions more. One table in his drawing-room cost two thousand dollars.



## EBONY GOODS

All the dainty little necessities that add to the splendor of "My Lady's" dressing table—Manicure Pieces, Bonnet Dusters, Hat, Velvet, Cloth and Hair Brushes, Mirrors, etc., all real ebony.

Newest styles just here from Paris.

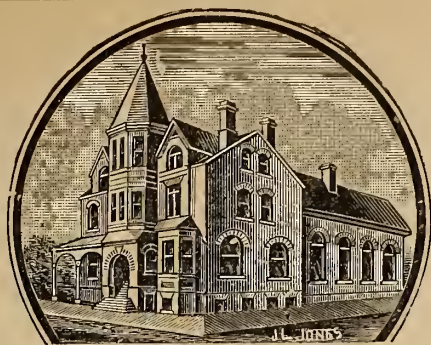
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On a Tasty Pin. Which is it?

Varsity,  
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## QUESTION DRAWER.

As a number of our correspondents seem to think that the rules given at the head of *this* column last week were unnecessarily severe, we might explain that the department was started in the S.P.S. and was originally intended for them, but that so many Arts students wished to take advantage of it, that we decided to extend its scope. For the benefit of those who have not had the advantage of the S.P.S. training in lettering, the rules will be slightly relaxed, and they will be allowed to write in either *Greek* or *German*.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CURRENTS AYLECTREEK, S.P.S.—The proper pronunciation of "nuisible" is "n-wēē-zēē-blā."

PLATO.—No; the S. P. S. Engineering Society is essentially republican. Its ruler is a monarch only in name, and both he and his advisers are elected annually by popular vote.

LOVER, I. Year Arts.—We cannot undertake to inquire into the accomplishments of the lady named. It would be much more satisfactory, though somewhat risky, for you to make a personal investigation. There are two good articles on the marriage question in the last *Ladies' Home Journal*.

FRANCIS III., S.P.S.—Certainly we would advise you to see him, when you hold three aces. The mathematical probability of his having a full house is factorial  $3 \times$  factorial  $2 \div$  factorial  $(52 - x)$ . You can get an approximate result by using seven-place logarithms, but the problem is usually solved by the method of "trial and error."

ASH PIT, S.P.S.—We would be glad to help you with your thesis, but have not room for more than a few pointers with regard to "Boiler-Room Design." Situation—warm and sunny. Setting—wooden construction is going out of style, is being replaced by brick. Connections—there should be a feed-pipe, entering the boiler below the water line, as pouring the water in through the safety valve is only suitable for fire-engines; there should also be an outlet for the steam. Walls—the partition between the engine and boiler rooms should be of Don Valley pressed brick, laid with Portland cement-mortar, and need not be over four feet thick; it should have a man-hole in it, for the engineer to crawl through if the engine stops, to see whether the fireman is asleep or the end of the boiler over in the next county. Banking fires—should be done with green coal or white ashes, the use of blue overalls for the purpose has not proved satisfactory.

HEIGH CEDE, '00.—Woollen mitts in fast colors would be most suitable for your purpose—green or yellow, say.

ARCHDUKE, '97.—Your conduct was simply abominable. A formal introduction is the proper way, and the sooner the better.

INQUISITIVE, '99.—It is not known who wrote the "Letters of Junius." The name of Burke has been suggested before. Can you substantiate your belief?

I. YEAR ENGINEER, S. P. S.—You are mistaken in thinking that the steam chest forms part of the boiler. You were probably thinking of the safety-valve. We should advise you to make personal application to the Principal, at once, to have yourself put on the next engine and boiler test.

## A SIMPLE BALLAD OF THE NEGLECTED.

Now up, now down, bounded the ball,  
Were many there to see;  
Around the field ramped Willy Hall;  
Sat on the stand, Tommy.

And Tommy murmured as he saw:  
"O knowledge where art thou?  
When all her looks doth Willy draw  
And I forgotten now!

"Oh, I have medals, pewter bungs  
Of many shapes and sizes,  
For one fond screech from her dear lungs  
I'd part with all my prizes.

"And yet, alas, what profits it  
To treasure or abhor them—  
Since pewter baubles will not fit  
But who was measured for them.

"Nor use to melt them down for plate—  
Whose boarding-house hath china;  
Nor did they go at yonder gate  
When I "came up" for Dinah.

Oh Tommy Hall, oh Tommy Hall,  
Why did'st you heed your teachers  
To kick yourself (and not the ball)  
Unblazoned on the bleachers?

"Go home, go home, poor fool thou art—  
Her smiles are not for such!  
By bucking, learn to move her heart,  
By punting-in to touch." —O'H.



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CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Agnes Knox Recital, Monday evening.

Mr. J. H. Hancock spent Sunday in Hamilton.

Thanksgiving Day is on Thursday, 26th of this month.

Miss M. Harvey, of the Business Board, we regret to learn, is ill.

The class of '98 will hold their first reception on Friday, the 11th inst, 4-7.

The Women's Literary Society meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

Freshman Rutherford, who was severely handled at the hustle, is back at lectures again in Victoria.

The day for the holding of Class Receptions will be generally Fridays this year, instead of Saturdays as formerly.

Varsity defeated T. A. C. on Saturday, 45-6. It was a walk-over. The next match will be played on Varsity grounds.

Lewis W. Patmore, B.A., LL.B. ('95) has taken a Presbyterian mission in Abbotsford, B.C., where he is getting on well.

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The Glee Club intend starting out on their tour after the Annual Concert, which is to be held on the 11th of December.

We would like contributors to this paper to understand that nothing can be published unless the name of the writer is known to the Editor.

The railways are with us at last. Let the Glee Club and other travellers observe that the Grand Trunk advertises in VARSITY, beginning to-day.

H. M. Little, the energetic Secretary and Treasurer of the Rugby Club, is jubilant over their share of the proceeds of the Varsity Queen's match.

John Ainsley Jackson, the popular Secretary of the Athletic Association, is being besieged by anxious enquirers as to the date of the proposed Athletic Dance.

Mr. S. McMordie, '99, is suffering from a strained side and is in the Hospital. "Mac" is the best athlete in the college and needs to take good care of himself.

The Business Manager received the following telegram from an enthusiastic lady graduate: "Have just heard result of Varsity-Queen's match—Rah, Rah, Rah, Toronto!!!"

If there is any student who wants to take an interest in the T. A. C. and show them how to play Rugby, he can buy a \$25 share in that institution for \$20, by dropping a line to the Editor.

Some student had the effrontery to demand exemption from the pay-

ment of the extra dollar charged for fees left unpaid over the month of October, because of his consideration in not paying them until after the burglary on the night of the 31st.

A writer in Saturday's *World* tried to show that the Varsity burglary was committed by students as a new Hallowe'en diversion, and that the money would be returned soon. We admire the ingenuity of the writer, but can't say much for his common sense.

A 3rd year Arts man has a sister. There is nothing unusual in that; but this sister does not know the difference between an Arts student and a Medical. A friend of the family asked her if her brother was taking an Arts course at the University. She promptly answered "No." The reason for this was given a few moments later when she said, "Who would think of Dick taking an Arts course? Why, he couldn't paint a back shed!"

The class of '99 should be complimented on having so successfully inaugurated what may be called the Varsity social season. Their At-Home of Friday last was an unusually jolly event, and the numerous "representatives," whether "sweet girl graduates" or "simple freshmen," were made to feel that the present sophomore year is easily upholding the high standard handed down to it from the brave days of old. (By special request we have promised not to report that the dishes ran out, and one of the fair Sophomorettes was unanimously elected dish-washer in extraordinary.)

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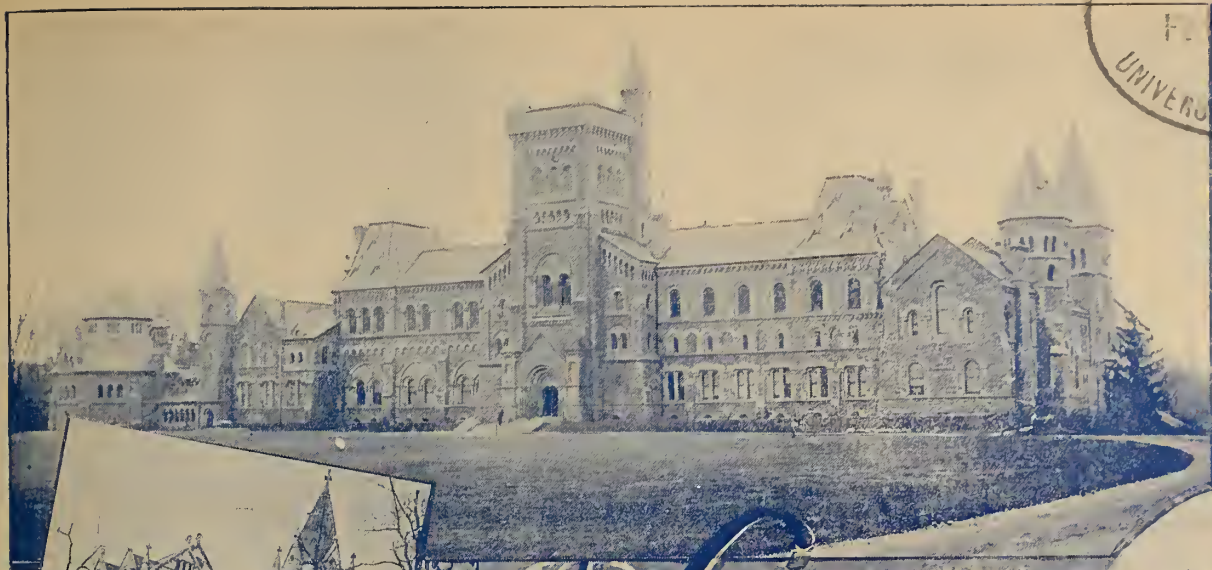
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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 6.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1896.

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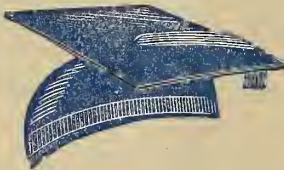
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1896.

No. 6

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Towards the hour of eight the undergraduates could be seen going in the direction of the Students' Union Building, for it was the night of the meeting of the Literary Society. The attraction was the inter-year debate between '99 and the centuries. How our hearts go out in sympathy when we think of our younger brethren in the first year! For we were once freshmen ourselves, and can enter into their feelings and think how we once came into the august presence of the members of the Literary Society to make our first speech. How we quivered before the seniors, and even the juniors, as before things of a superior station!

It was a few minutes past the regular hour of opening the meeting, and those in the assembly hall were waiting patiently for the proceedings to commence. Presently there entered the Vice-President, who, in the absence of the President, had to take the chair. He was followed by the Recording Secretary with that ponderous book wherein are concealed the minutes of the Society, and wearing his accustomed smile he took his seat and commenced the proceedings by reading a few chapters from his log book. Mr. Scarf announced that the Mock Parliaments would be held on the two last meetings before Christmas.

Mr. Gibson made a motion to change the reading-room from its present position to the office now occupied by the Committee of the Athletic Association. He thought the Society should grant the request, but the Society did not think so judging from the remarks made by many who engaged in the discussion.

Then John Inkster arose and spoke about sentiment. He thought sentiment should not enter into the matter. McFarlane referred to the fable of the dog in the manger and the ox, but we were unable to learn whether the dog or ox was triumphant. At any rate, the Society thought best to negative the proposal of Mr. Gibson, and declared their intention to remain in their present quarters.

On a communication being read from Trinity University inviting the Society to send a representative to their Convocation Dinner, the Vice-President called for nominations for the same. The Society thought they should confer the honor on Mr. J. H. Hancock who was accordingly declared elected. The Society was then requested to elect two debaters for the Osgoode debate. Mr. C. H. Clegg and Mr. George Black were the choice of the Society.

During the election the genial Secretary rendered a "love" song in excellent manner, and on being heartily encored, led the Society in a college song.

Mr. Black then arose 'mid an uproar of applause and gave notice of a motion to allow the young lady undergraduates to attend the Mock Parliament. The deafening applause which followed certainly indicated that there are many admirers of the fair undergraduates in the Literary Society.

Mr. W. H. Alexander of '98 then read an interesting and much appreciated paper on "The Decadence of Literature in Our Own Times." He deplored the fact that literature is at present declining. He said we live in a

practical age and that on all sides of us nothing but "Facts, facts, facts," are demanded.

The next part on the programme was the debate between '99 and the century year, "*Resolved*, That higher education should not be furnished free by the State." Mr. Little, the leader of the affirmative, made a forcible speech and advocated the rights of the working man as well as the rich man. Mr. Good came forth and attempted to address his audience unadorned with a gown. Then there went up the accustomed vociferous yell and he was induced to don the college garb. He spoke much about the farmers being against higher education. His speech was some "good," and was listened to with interest. Mr. Russell then in a cleverly prepared speech boldly maintained the attitude of his leader. Mr. Todd followed to redeem the side of the freshmen if possible. He spoke well and the debate was closed by Mr. Little, who replied to the arguments of the negative in a neat little speech. The Vice-President then congratulated the speakers on their efforts and decided in favor of the affirmative, a decision which created a good deal of jubilation on the part of the members of the sophomore class. The meeting then adjourned and all went quietly to their several abodes. H.

## THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Women's Literary Society met on Saturday night, November 14, in the Students' Union. At 7.30 p.m. a large number assembled on the steps, awaiting admittance. After the worthy President and her followers had walked across the lawn for the key, it was found that the caretaker was in the building. Those nearest the door put forth their energy in shaking and knocking it, while others descended to perform the same operation upon the windows. At last a light appeared, the door opened and we entered.

In order to lose no more time, the President immediately called upon the Secretary, Miss M. E. Hunter, to read the minutes. Then followed the business, which consisted in a discussion as to what materials should be placed in the reading room.

Miss MacPhail, '97, brought forward a motion, seconded by Miss Nichols, '97, that one daily paper and *The Saturday Night* be placed at the disposal of the readers. This was carried, and Misses Adair and White appointed a committee for their purchase. Miss MacDougall then moved: That instead of buying novels, which have heretofore miraculously disappeared, the Society buy magazines; and that Misses Stovel and Patterson be appointed to choose and purchase these. Miss Kirkwood seconded this and it was carried.

The society voted \$5 for purchase of magazines, on motion of Miss MacPhail and Miss Hill.

The first number on the programme was a brilliant piano solo by Miss Glashan, '97. The encore however was not responded to. An interesting and concise Literary Report was read by Miss Stovel, '98. The ground covered by the report was extensive, but, in her usual thorough way, Miss Stovel gave due space to each work. Miss Cowan, '95, gave the Political report, without a gown—an offence only tolerated in the case of a graduate. She



spoke of the political situation of affairs in China and in Europe; and, although it is near Thanksgiving, said something about doing away with Turkey. The silver question was touched upon, and, finally, the change of our own Canadian Government. Miss Kirkwood, '98, favored the audience with a vocal solo, but, being shy, did not bring another piece, and could not respond to the encore.

A debate on the interesting and important subject: "Resolved, That University Education does unfit a woman for domestic life." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Rumball and Northway, '98; the negative by '97's able representatives, Misses Hill and Eastwood. The subject was ably discussed by both sides, but the decision favoured the negative by two points. '97 undoubtedly had the arguments, while '98 the eloquence, both speaking from experience.

The Society approved of the decision and went home assured that domestic felicity awaited those who claim this University as their *Alma Mater*.

A. W. PATTERSON, '99,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

## GLIMPSES OF OXFORD.

### No. I.

Not long ago, when Principal Grant was casting about him for something suitably disagreeable to say of his old-time enemy, Prof. Goldwin Smith, the most opprobrious charge he could bring against that gentlemanly scholar was his being a graduate of a university, one of whose professors (the late Master of Balliol) was in the habit of continually confounding Newfoundland with Canada. With any sermon on the narrow-mindedness of Oxford, which the Principal of Queen's may wish to preach on this text, we have nothing whatever to do. Yet, in passing, it would not be out of place to remember that Prof. Jowett is not Oxford, any more than Principal Grant is Canada. Because the late Professor of Greek at that university found "The Merry Wives of Windsor" his favorite among Shakespeare's comedies, because he detested Carlyle and abominated Browning, and once cried for a stone-bow to hit our own American Lowell in the eye, we must not conclude that Oxford would always walk humbly and meekly in the erratic footsteps of its erratic Master.

Still, it is sadly true that we know each too little of the other. In my own extremely narrow and limited experience, I remember being asked by an Oxford professor if I used an Esquimaux dog-sleigh in making my way down to the coast before sailing for England. And when I protested, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, against the order of things which permitted of an Oxford lecturer in Geography asking me if I got along nicely on English beef and mutton after living so long on frozen seal meat, I was answered that it was understood I came from Canada! On the other hand, I have heard an American clergyman feelingly lament the atrociousness of hunting down truant and disorderly undergraduates with "bull-dogs" (which is simply the Oxford slang-name for a corps of private detectives in the employment of the Proctor); I have seen a well-known and reputable Canadian newspaper speak of "Oxford College"; and the errors which even that clever young American, Richard Harding Davis, fell into when he wrote his sketches of Oxford, are still joked over and enjoyed by facetious Oxford dons.

So, if it is true, as the Principal of Queen's somewhat hotly protests, that Oxford in its narrowness of mind knows nothing about us, it is equally true that we know little about Oxford. This is unfortunate, and doubly unfortunate for us. For, although the mighty London may stand to-day as the head of England, Oxford must still be called its heart. And if we have never made our way into that inner, unchanging heart of England, and of all that

is truly English, the loss is indeed ours. "I was educated," said the good Bishop Lowth, "in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving converse of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, were raised, encouraged, and pushed forward, by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge."

I wonder if it is really possible to put into words that intangible, evanescent impression which steals over one when he first finds himself within the walls of Oxford?

Let us imagine you stand somewhere near the old coach entrance of the London Road—on Magdalen Bridge, for instance, that graceful mass of stonework which spans the twin streams of the Cherwell. Before you stands the stately old tower of Magdalen College. Beyond this you catch an enchanting glimpse of "the stream-like windings of that glorious street," the High. And but for the incongruous modernity of electric lights, and the rather old-fashioned tram-cars crawling lazily along it, High Street can have changed but little since Wordsworth himself walked down its meandering length. Perhaps nowhere in Europe, much less in America, will you see such an alluringly picturesque array of architectural curiosities and diversities and incongruities. Here you will find quaint old-fashioned Elizabethan gables huddling together; there the more imposing and more sombre college towers and walls; here again some ruinous, old, massive stone pile cheek by jowl with some quaint, diamond-windowed *relique* of mediæval days, or some tottering remnant of the early Renaissance; there the huge and hideously magnificent new Examination Schools; and here the newly-restored spire of St. Mary's, the Church of the Martyrs, with the porch where Cromwell's soldiers (good Puritans that they were) mutilated the figure of the Virgin over the doorway. "For stately beauty that same broad curve of colleges, enhanced by many a spire and dome, and relieved by a background of rich foliage, is absolutely without parallel." If the old City Church of St. Martin's, at Carfax, the juncture of High Street and Cornmarket, appears absurdly low and flat to you, the jarring feature must be excused because the walls and tower of the Church were lowered at the command of Edward III., since the citizens of Oxford were wont to gall and annoy the students from them with arrows and stones.

If it is late in an autumn afternoon—one of those rarely beautiful English afternoons of early November—that you stand on Magdalen Bridge, and if you look a little more to the south, across the winding Cherwell and over the lawns and trees of the Botanic Gardens, you will see, above touches of golden foliage, the distant spire of Christ Church, and Merton College, and "Old Tom" Tower. And, as you gaze across the strange autumnal English air, and watch the hazy, rose-colored twilight settle down on dreaming tower and spire and tree, there will surely come to you a touch of that undying charm of Oxford, which so many have known but so few have been able to express. "It is despair," said Hawthorne, "to see such a place and ever to leave it; for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

And, if you cross over Magdalen Bridge, and pass down through the Gardens (once a Jewish burying ground), with their many and strange array of shrub and flower and exotic,



and then out across Christ Church meadows, and down the great long avenues of the tree-lined "Broad Walk," with its elms and limes yellowing in the late autumn air, and its level floor carpeted with a thick golden covering of fallen leaves, you will find that you have come to the southern edge of the town. Across the low meadows to the south you get a glimpse of Iffley village, with its beautiful old Norman church, and the tumble-down mill, with its water-wheel beside Iffley Lock. Beyond the river, and grey in the distance, you see Bagley Woods and the purple-tinted Oxfordshire Hills. As you look back towards the north you will see the scarlet creepers and the gloomily green ivy covering the softer colored grey walls of Corpus Christi and Merton and the Cathedral. In the old days, along this wide avenue, don and undergraduate used to promenade in all their academic splendor on the afternoon of the Sunday before Commencement, which was fittingly called "Show Sunday." If you continue westward along Broad Walk, you will probably meet the rowing-men coming up from their college barges, which line that side of the Isis bordering on Christ Church meadows, and tall, sturdy, ruddy-cheeked specimens of collegians, these same bare-legged rowing men will seem to you, as they go flocking college-ward arm-in arm, Oxford-fashion; or loiter along the way, with their gaudily-colored blazers and their attenuated costumes giving an element of unique picturesqueness to the scene. Then, as you wander about the narrow streets of the old town, you will hear the bugle notes from some merry coach-load of football players coming home from a match. And you will notice the more sedate athletes straggling in town-ward from the golf links beyond Cowley, and bicycle riders flocking back from the outlying hills by way of Iffley Road, Headington Hill, Banbury Road, Cumnor Hill, and many devious and untraceable by-paths and lanes.

While you have been looking about you, it has grown quite dark. The lights in the colleges come out one by one, and twinkle cheerfully and home-like through the dusk; and there before you know it, walls and ivy and spire and street have faded away in the deepening twilight, and the short November afternoon is gone. So you join the passing streams of students, who seem to do anything but study, and turn homeward with some merry little group of men you may know, and cross the silent echoing quad, and be once more in your own comfortable old college rooms. But before you close out the quiet twilight and the fog that steals down that whole lowland valley of the Thames, there will creep into your heart, I doubt not, a sense of the tranquil repose, a touch of the fugitive, inpalpable enchantment brooding over this ancient university town, and unconsciously transforming you into a sort of intellectual lotos-eater. Even the restless life and motion of three thousand men in the pride and the prime of their youth cannot startle the old place out of its Circean lethargy. There is an occasional outburst, but it is only the solitary stray note that makes the long silence seem the deeper. For, indeed, here life, like the grey walls themselves, seems slumberous and dispassionate and creeper-covered; and the hand of time seems to fall so tenderly and softly on the old towers and the ivy-shrouded walls, that the very pulse of the great world itself grows slow and quiet to him who loiters and dreams in their shadows; and in the cool and quiet of that strange Lethean atmosphere of scholasticism, he soon forgets the fever and the fret which rages not so many miles away, where his own Oxford Isis widens and deepens and darkens to the London Thames.

In one happy sentence, Matthew Arnold has given utterance to this indefinable spirit of modern Oxford better, it seems to me, than any writer has yet expressed it: "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce, intellectual life of our century, so serene! And yet, steeped in sentiment as

*she now lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, or whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?"*

If one lingers half-lovingly over these already well-known lines, it is not only because they have a tenderness and a beauty of their own, one may plead, but equally because their own author was a scholar and a poet on whom, above all others, this sweet city, with her dreaming spires, had fastened her ineradicable stamp. No reader of "Thyrsis" can fail to remember Arnold's wistful regret as he looks back longingly to the days when he and his fellow-poet Clough, as undergraduates together, wandered through those well-remembered Oxfordshire meadows in the footsteps of the Scholar Gipsy, and over the surrounding hills, whence the eye can travel down to Oxford towers, and where the Isis winds down, like a silver ribbon, towards the quaint little villages of Nuneham and Sandford, or where the shady Cherwell flows slumberously down from Banbury, by the willow-lined walks of Mesopotamia, past the grey, overhanging walls of Magdalen College and out through the wide, green meadows of Christ Church.

Yet, while Arnold drew in this sensuously intoxicating atmosphere of the material Oxford, he could not escape absorbing its less tangible, yet no less irresistible, intellectual spirit. We might call him Oxford incarnate, so steeped is he in Oxford sentiment, with all his Greek love of self-culture and repose, his classic calm and self-restraint, together with that gentle, regretful melancholy, and saddening pessimism, which, if Teutonic, is doubly Oxonian. It is something akin to that Hamlet-like sorrow, which comes to all them who think too much o' the event. Perhaps, too, the feeling comes because one may here still see something like a lingering twilight of an age which our outer world, with its change and its restless movement, seems to have forgotten. Here the mysterious, haunting shadows of centuries seem to lurk about the old walls, and the old ways, and in some strange manner to darken the heart by a vague suggestion that, after all, our own little lives and our own fleeting generations are like the leaves that come and go on the elms and limes of Broad Walk, and the evening bells still ring out from the same old impassive Oxford towers, and the ivy merely grows a little denser, century by century, on the familiar old walls, while year after year the rooks come and build their nests in the elms of New College gardens. And so the great, irrevocable wheels of life grind on, and so we feel they shall still go when we are long forgotten. We learn at last what is meant by the melancholy of the Greek.

Apart from these subtler influences, the languid lowland air of the city itself is not without its physically depressing effects. No matter how pure and attic the academic atmosphere may prove, that more mundane air which hangs over the valley of the Thames and the Cherwell is certainly heavy and Bœotian; yet which contributes the more towards making Oxford a city of dreams, as it has been called, I shall not venture to say.

Still, to the stranger within her gates, it often seems puzzling why Oxford has called forth such expressions of passionate love from so many scholars who have had the happy fortune to spend their early years in one of her many colleges. Addison and Macaulay, in their own way, were both devoted lovers of hers. Even the unfortunate child, Shelley, could not resist the charm of his stern foster-mother. Symonds fell a victim to her, Walter Pater, Ruskin, Arnold, Newman, Froude, Clough—how the list might be carried on and on!—all came under her subtle influence, and were held by her delicate charm. Yet every May and June an overwhelming army of visitors comes swarming up to the old town, and frightens it out of its very austerity. Oxford be-



comes no longer Oxford, but a miniature of a giddier London with the season at its height. Social function crowds after social function, and gaiety and frivolity take possession of the quiet streets and melancholy-looking halls; and quadrangles, that once looked dark and gloomy to the young undergraduate eye, grow magically bright with that needed touch of light, or dash of color, which the latest London gown so jauntily supplies. It is no wonder the demure and shy alma mater shrinks into the twilight seclusion of her darkest cloister, while the great, restless, butterfly army is a trifle piqued and disappointed at being unable to create even a transient enthusiasm for that charm of academic calm of which they had heard so much and seen so little. Men come down from the activity of London life, for a little holiday, or to see the boat-races, and, with metropolitan condescension, call Oxford sleepy and dull and old-fashioned and stupid. That is quite true; for in this dullness, and sleepiness, and old-fashionedness, lies her very charm, at a time when the world seems to have murdered sleep. But such men, like the American girl, who, after looking over the colleges, remarked how nice they must have looked when they were all new, are scarcely able to enter freely into the spirit of Oxford. For with her, it is true, one is ever a lover or a hater, and it is much better to be a lover. It can be only wilful ignorance of her historic past, or stolid indifference and lack of sympathy for those great triumphs of the human spirit, struggling towards higher things, she has achieved, and is still carrying out so passionately, yet so unobtrusively and calmly, which can dissociate from any one stone of her grey walls, or any one grass-blade of her beautiful old gardens, that profoundly animating and inspiring coloring which still tinges Oxford with a glory more alluring than the mere charm of her architectural beauty, and an enchantment that is more than a sentimental interest in her uncertain old-world legends. As I have said before, she stands to-day for the heart of England. "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! and yet, steeped in sentiment as she now lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, or whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the middle age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?"

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

#### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black recital was held on Monday evening. There is reason to believe that when all the tickets are reported it will prove a financial success.

The Mission Study Classes are progressing. Last Saturday evening saw the largest attendance of the year. The next subject is "The Life of Alexander Duff."

In the Yonge Street Y.M.C.A. Rev. V. Hart addressed the Student Volunteer Union of Toronto on the 7th inst.

In the absence of the General Secretary last Sunday, Mr. T. R. Robinson, B.A., conducted the First Year Bible Class.

At last Thursday's meeting Prof. Wallace, of McMaster, gave an address which caught the sympathy of the students. His opening words were: "Since I came here this afternoon, my memory has run back to 1871, when I was a Sophomore in this University. It was then we had the first College prayer meeting. Out of that movement this Y.M.C.A. has arisen." We trust that at some future time the man who was identified with the beginnings of the institution will give us in detail a chapter of its history.

Next Thursday afternoon Dr. Hardie, missionary on furlough from Corea, of the C.C.M. will speak. Peculiarly

a students' missionary, he was sent out and is supported by students.

Y. W. C. A.

Notice of last week's meeting of this Society was inadvertently omitted.

This week's meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was unusually well attended, although there is still much to be desired in the way of attendance. After the usual opening ceremony, several new members were proposed and accepted, and this closed the business part of the meeting. Two thoughtful and interesting papers were read by Miss Wright, '99, and Miss Little, '99, on the second and third petitions of the Lord's Prayer, which were afterwards discussed by the members. Miss Bapty announced an informal reception to be given next Wednesday to new members. In consequence thereof the meeting will begin at half-past four instead of at five o'clock as usual.

ETHEL M. SEALEY,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

#### STUDENT SOCIETIES.

##### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held in Room 16, Tuesday, Nov. 10th. G. H. Balls, '98, was elected Sec.-Treas.; Miss M. A. Harvey, 3rd Year Councillor, and Mr. W. C. Good, 1st Year. Mr. Wagar, '98, read a very amusing, as well as instructive paper on "Misconceptions of Mathematics," and showed the evil results of poor primary teaching. Mr. DeWitt, '99, gave a well written paper on "Mathematics During the Dark Ages." The different forms taken by lines of force for different combinations of magnets and electric currents were shown, the most interesting form being that of a spiral.

##### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Classical Association held its second meeting for the present term on Tuesday, the 10th, in Room 3. Owing to other attractions, there was rather a small attendance. The subject for the meeting was the "Attitude of Aristotle to Alexander," which was ably discussed by Mr. R. N. Kyles, '97, in an interesting paper. Mr. McCracken, '98, was elected 1st Vice-President of the Society. Professor Goldwin Smith will lecture this, Wednesday, afternoon before the Association on "Classics as taught in English Universities."

##### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The interest in the meetings of the Club continues, as is evidenced by the large attendances. The English meetings are naturally the most popular, and the one held last Monday was no exception to the rule. J. M. Gunn read an excellent paper on the historian, Froude. Miss MacDonald dealt, in an admirable manner, with Carlyle, as an historian. T. J. McNiece gave an interesting sketch of Prof. Huxley as a controversialist. The President announced that the next meeting would be devoted to a study of Heinrich Heine. A pleasing feature of the programme will be the singing of some of Heine's songs, and the reading of English translations by members of the Club. The meeting will be held in Room 9.

##### LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

The Ladies' Glee Club are busily engaged in preparing for their approaching concert, which is to take place the 3rd of December, in the Students' Union Hall. The Club, consisting of a number of trained voices, is doing excellent work under their able Conductor, Mr. W. H. Robinson. In addition, they have secured good local talent, which assures them of a successful concert.



## CHESS CLUB.

The first meeting of the Chess Club was held on Tuesday last in Room 7. Mr. C. M. Keys, '97, was selected Secretary, and Mr. S. F. Shenstone, '00, Curator. The Treasurer's report showed the finances of the Club to be in a flourishing condition, and it was decided to reduce the fee to 25 cents. The annual tournament will be held in a few weeks, when the valuable cup donated last year, and other prizes, will be competed for. Matches will be played with other clubs. It is hoped that all chess players will turn out and help to make the year a successful one for the Club.

## VARSITY GLEE CLUB.

The members of the Glee Club have now "broken the back" of their most difficult part songs, and are rapidly perfecting them in style and finish. The boys are all eager to do their very best at the concert on December 11, and are practising hard in order that the hitherto high musical reputation of the Club may not suffer at their hands. The Club intend to take an extended tour in the west after the concert in the city, and, among other places, will visit Detroit. Detroit has been visited by the Glee Clubs of all the larger American colleges, and this will put the boys on their mettle to prove to our neighbors across the line that the Toronto University Glee Club is second to no organization of its kind in America.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

At the last meeting of the Natural Science Association forty-one joined the society, which augurs well for its success during the incoming year. Last Tuesday, 10th inst., was a Darwin meeting, and W. H. McNairn, '99, gave a most interesting biography of the great scientist, whose quiet labors produced the greatest and most complete revolution in scientific thought known in the world's history. The great principle of Natural Selection was expounded in an erudite manner by F. S. Selwood, '97. All organs are subject to variation. Useful variations persist and development proceeds. This again is subject to the struggle for existence, which eliminates all but the fittest to survive. Individual differences lead to varieties, and these to subspecies and species. The subject was followed by an active discussion. At the next meeting, on Tuesday, 24th inst., at 5 p.m., Dalton will be studied by the Association.

## NOTES FROM THE BIOLOG.

The largest class on record is now working in the fourth year Laboratory—Natural Science.

We gentlemen of this side of the lawn are often impolitely called plugs. We deny the allegation and invite inspection in our laboratories from two to five any afternoon. We have too superior a time in our own department to engage with much vivacity in the trivialities over which many of the other courses attempt to create a tempest. However, you will find us represented in most things by our Freds, Rowley, Chris, George and Charlie.

The second year Meds. were enjoying football on Olie's front lawn when a message came from Cobdom that they were to kindly retire.

Our front yard, after a few weeks of disruption, is again in order, and reflects great credit on our landscape gardener and his assistants.

The third year have of late examined the earth between here and Scarboro' Heights in the interest of Geological research. Ye benighted juniors!

The vim of an ordinary Med. is proverbial. A chain lightning attack was made on the north fence, which was laid low amidst tremendous éclat.

## S. P. S. NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on the 11th inst. The report of the committee on the consolidation of the by-laws, not being ready, was held over. Discussion on the constitution was continued. An additional officer to the general committee, and an assistant librarian, from the second year, was decided upon. All the clauses having been gone over, it only remained to adopt the constitution as a whole; but as it was undecided how much of it should go into force at once, the discussion was adjourned until the next meeting. An instructive paper, "Some Causes of Failure in Shafting," by Mr. Carlisle Wallace, a Scotch engineer, was read by the corresponding secretary. Some interesting facts were disclosed with regard to the breaking of propeller shafts of ocean liners. This is quite a common accident nowadays; and it has been argued that the cause of such was the bending communicated to the shaft by the ship in a heavy sea. But Mr. Wallace calculated that in order to bend the shaft sufficiently to cause rupture, the outer plates of the ship would have to be strained beyond all possible limits.

An analysis of the atmosphere of Lecture Room 2, at two minutes past eleven on Tuesday morning, showed the following composition:

Carbon dioxide	.....	209.7	cu. cm. per litre.
Nitrogen	.....	790.3	" "
Oxygen	.....	0.	" "

It also possessed the following physical properties:

Odor	.....	Stuffy.
Density (air = 1)	.....	4
Color	.....	Blue
Seclility	.....	Can be cut with a knife.

Our Annual Dinner will be held this year on the 4th of December, and promises to be a grand success. The following committee are in charge of the affair: C. F. King, chairman; R. McArthur, secretary; F. Smallpiece, vice-chairman; Macbeth, Bain, Andrews, Carpenter, Collins, Little, Burnside and Allan, committee.

The electrical students of the fourth year enjoyed a very pleasant evening on Saturday at the residence of Mr. Rosebrugh.

## CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

*The Editor of Varsity:*

DEAR SIR,—I was very much astonished to see in the last issue of VARSITY a statement that it was probable that the Athletic directorate would not hold the annual cross-country run on account of the small entry list. It seems to me that the Athletic directorate could hardly expect a large entry in view of the course that they had chosen. The length of this so-called *cross-country* run is, I understand, about seven miles, and yet of this distance at least three miles is to be run through the public streets of the city. If the members of the Athletic directorate have been over the course they have chosen, they would see how totally unfitted that part of it is that lies along Bloor Street. As there is practically no boulevard, it would be necessary for the competitor to run either in the road or on the sidewalk, a choice of two evils, for nothing is more dangerous or injurious to a well-trained athlete than to run on a track as hard as either of these would be. Again, it seems to me that the distance is too great, and that a shorter course, say five miles, would draw a much larger entry. I think the Athletic directorate should, in laying plans for this event, make the run itself of more importance, and not pay so much attention to the dinner that follows. Therefore, I should like to suggest that in future years, if not in this, they should shorten the distance and make it purely and simply a cross-country run, attaching far greater importance to the run than to the dinner.

Yours, etc., STUDENT.



# The Varsity

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## EDITORIAL.

IT was announced in the dailies last Tuesday that the Hon. David Mills, our esteemed Professor of Constitutional and International Law, had been appointed a Senator by the Dominion Government. Every student who has had the good fortune to come in contact with Professor Mills knows that he is eminently qualified for any appointment which can be conferred upon him by the Canadian Government. He has had a long and honorable career in the Dominion Legislature. He has already occupied many public offices of trust. He was a member of the Mackenzie Government, and it was a matter of universal regret that he was not reinstated by the Laurier Administration into his former position of Minister of the Interior.

The honor recently conferred upon the "Sage of Bothwell" has been received in a manner, which might be expected of every man of acute sensibility and fine feelings, who has been bestowed a lesser honor than he is known to deserve. It is entirely in accord with our previously-formed estimation of his character that he should be lacking in appreciation of a distinction which, by the average politician, would be hailed with unbecoming delight and paraded with Pharasaical ostentation. But every one acquainted with Mr. Mills knows that in the disinterestedness of his actions, in the greatness of his abilities, and in the loftiness of his aims he far exceeds the average politician of to-day. He has, moreover, that charm of personality, that variety of experience, that wealth of information, and soundness of judgment which is indispensable to an astute and efficient statesman. He has always exercised his great faculties with the sincerity and honesty of a strong and conscientious character. He has exerted them in conformity with his high ideal of public morality and public duty, and with no other end in view than the public good.

In a recent speech at London, he said: "If it (his Parliamentary career) has been marked through a period of thirty years with mistakes, and I have no doubt that it has, they were mistakes, not intended to be wrong-doings, but necessarily connected with the imperfections of human judgment."

That this has been Mr Mills' conduct throughout his distinguished career no one will hesitate to admit. Nor will anyone believe it would be in the slightest degree different when his sphere of action is transferred to the Upper Chamber. But we are pleased to hear he regards this "splendid isolation" from active political life as only temporary, and to hope that he may soon return to wield once more a beneficent influence in the political affairs of Canada.

\* \*

Next Saturday the champions of Ontario and the champions of Quebec will contend for the Rugby championship of Canada on the Rosedale grounds. The Varsity team has had unprecedented success this year so far, and cannot be blamed if they aspire to hold the championship honors for a second term. They know what to expect when they meet Ottawa, and are determined to put up a vigorous fight in defence of their supremacy. We can safely say that this will be the best attended game of the season, and that whichever team wins, they will not fail to be impressed with the strength and the skill of their opponents.

\* \*

The October number of the *University Quarterly* appeared last week, a little late, but fully up to the standard of former editions. Of the six papers which it contains, the Faculty have contributed two. Professor Hutton discusses "Some Aspects of Greek Genius," and Dr. Kirschmann, "The Fourth Dimension." M. W. Wallace, '96, writes about the "Dawn of Romanticism in French Literature," and W. R. Carr, has a paper on "Electrical Resistance." The other subjects treated in this number are "The Pollination of Flowers," by H. M. E. Evans, '96, and "History of the Differential Calculus," by Miss A. Lick, '99. This is only the second year for the *Quarterly*, and we hope it may increase in prosperity and usefulness as in years.

\* \*

## NOTE FROM THE MANAGEMENT.

This journal neither applies for nor distributes charity, consequently we wish no subscriptions except from those who want the paper and believe it is worth one dollar a year; and we expect those who do subscribe to pay for the paper before Christmas. We do not ask unlimited credit from our publishers, and it is not fair for the students to delay their payments to us.

The names of those who do not call for their papers for three consecutive numbers will be omitted from the list thereafter, unless they expressly order to the contrary. In order that everyone will have a chance to get his VARSITY, the office will be open as follows:—

Monday, 2 to 4, B. K. Sandwell

Tuesday, 4 to 6, W. K. Stewart.

Wednesday (publication day), 2 to 5, the Manager; 5 to 6, the Editor-in-Chief.

Thursday, 9 to 12, H. M. Little and O'Higgins; 2 to 6, E. N. Armour and G. Black.



Friday, 5 to 6, the Editor-in-Chief.

Back numbers will be supplied to new subscribers as far as possible.

As usual, the ladies and the S. P. S. are to the front in the subscription lists, but the upper years in Arts are well represented. The class of '00 is advised to lose no time in subscribing with Mr. Telford, as there will come a time when they will regret not having all four years' files of the only college weekly.

We have placed our office at the service of the *Quarterly* for distribution purposes, and wish our contemporary every success.

## VARSITY'S TWO CHAMPIONSHIPS.

### THE O. R. F. U. CHAMPIONSHIP.

The teams lined up as follows for the last game of the series:

*Varsity*—Morrison, full-back; Kingstone, Burnside, Boyd, half-backs; Hobbs, quarter; Malloch, Perry, Dodds, scrimmage; Mackenzie, Elliott, Barr, Bradley, McDougall, Sanderson, Harris, wings.

*Toronto Athletic Club*—McKay, full-back; Glasco, Male, Whitehead, half-backs; Cartwright, quarter; Lamothe, Wright, Love, scrimmage; Kingstone, Osler, Hoskin, Carruthers, Pemberton, A. McDonald, wings.

Ed. Bayley acted as referee and gave perfect satisfaction, as he always does.

The Varsity team was a much weaker one than that which played against the T. A. C. last Saturday, as Counsell was being given a rest. The T. A. C. team was of about the same strength, though several changes had to be made.

The T. A. C. team played hard from the first and very soon scored a rouge, 1—0. After the kick-off, the ball was worked into touch at half. Whitehead got the ball from the scrimmage and made a dangerous run, but was captured on Varsity's quarter-line. Varsity was awarded a free kick which one of the T. A. C. scrimmage stopped. Again Cartwright passed to Whitehead, who ran to Varsity's goal line. Osler was promptly shoved over for a try, 5—0. Varsity's kick-off was returned by Glasco into touch at T. A. C. quarter-line. Cartwright broke through the line for a short gain and then Kingstone regained the ground for Varsity by another. Hobbs got the ball out to Kingstone, who punted over the line for a touch in goal, 5—1. Varsity now woke up and soon after the kick-off dribbled over the line, again forcing McKay to rouge, 5—2. A minute or two later Varsity again kicked over the T. A. C. line, but Whitehead saved the score by pretty run and kick into touch at quarter. After some loose play T. A. C. was awarded a free kick, which Hoskin followed down and caught the ball. Biddy, however, managed to steal the ball and regain ten yards. As soon as the T. A. C. became possessed of the ball, Cartwright sent it out to Whitehead, who ran and followed up his run with a short kick, removing the scene of action to Varsity's 45 yard-line. Bad passing by the Varsity halves and the quick breaking through of the T. A. C. wings endangered Varsity's goal. To add to the danger T. A. C. was awarded a free kick. Male failed to make a goal and Boyd returned far down the field. Harris and Elliott captured Cartwright with the ball at T. A. C. 45-yard-line. Male now made a pretty run to half, where Kingstone captured him. Varsity, through a free kick, sent the play back to the T. A. C. quarter, and then sent it over the line and McKay rouged, 5—4. From the kick-off Male and Hoskin dribbled to half. The half-backs interchanged a kick or two, the last of which Carruthers caught and was brought down at the 15-yard line. Hobbs passed the leather to Burnside who, by a pretty dodging run, got over for a try, which Elliott converted, 5—10. For the next few minutes the play was very loose, with several high punts and short gains on runs. Cartwright passed the ball to Male who

kicked down to Morrison, who slipped and fumbled. The T. A. C. wings dribbled the ball over and Arthur McDonald managed to lie on it. Male was successful in passing the leather between the posts, making the score 11—10. Osler got a hold of the pigskin and ran for about forty yards, but was stopped by Morrison's grand tackle. Again Varsity's goal was in danger, but a long dribble relieved it. Hobbs was unfortunate in hurting his finger badly and had to retire, Mullin taking his place. Boyd and Male interchanged kicks, the result being Varsity's touch at half. Male kicked the ball behind Varsity's goal and Kingstone kicked into touch at the goal line. T. A. C. went over at once for a try, score 15—10. Hoskin muffed Varsity's kick-off and the ball was dribbled over, where Mackenzie captured it, 15—14. A few minutes later Burnside was forced to retire and Counsell came on, to the delight of the crowd. Before any further scoring was done the half was up.

The play of the second half was very loose and open. Both goals were assailed, but to no effect. Counsell made several gains by long punts, but each time the ground was lost rapidly again. Several free kicks were given for off-side plays, as the wings of both teams were playing very loosely. At last Glasco punted over Varsity's line and the wings followed down so well that Morrison was forced to rouge, 16—14. Immediately after the kick-off Varsity worked the ball down to T. A. C. quarter, but failed to score. Whitehead got in one or two of his runs and Counsell several kicks. The T. A. C. made a dangerous dribble, which was only stopped at Varsity's 5-yard-line, but again the play worked back to half. Then the T. A. C. goal was assailed, and after a great deal of close scrimmaging Barr got across for a maul, 18—16. This was the last scoring that was done. The call of time found the ball on T. A. C. goal line. The match was a well contested one, but it was quite evident that the Varsity team was rather indifferent as to how the game went and played throughout without any snap or life.

### VARSITY II. WINS THE FINAL.

Surrounded by fog-horns, street organs, and an excited multitude of students, yesterday afternoon, Pharmacy and Varsity II. Association teams played the final match in the intermediate inter-college league.

All the embryo druggists were on hand to encourage their fellow-students on the team, and as Bill Gardner, Ern Shaver, and Jack Gillespie turned the hand organ on the touch-line to the tune of "The Rocky Road to Dublin," the teams lined up as follows:—

*Varsity II.*—Goal. Snell; backs, Telford and Harrison; half-backs, Martin, White, Simpson; forwards, Mollins, McKinnon, Laidlaw, Patterson, Whitely.

*Pharmacy.*—Goal, Andrews; backs, Robb, Drewry; half-backs, Harris, Hawkins, Sellery (capt.); forwards, Urquhart, Edwards, Hunter, Chambers, Argue.

Referee—Pulkenhorn, Dentals.

All the scoring was done in the first half. On a neat combination play Mollins scored first for the Arts men, and to Patterson belongs the credit of the next game for Varsity, he and Whitely playing a combined game that was simply brilliant. Pharmacy, by a combined attack, scored on a pass from Hunter to Edwards. Time after time the men of the mortar and pestle had excellent chances to tie the score, but the wildness of the forward line was disastrous to the team. MacKinnon, before half-time, made Varsity's lead safer by notching another game.

For Varsity, Snell, in goal, and Telford, at back, worked wonders in the defence line. MacKinnon, Laidlaw, and Mollins shone in aggressive work. The shot by which Mollins opened the scoring was the prettiest seen on the lawn this season. On the Pharmacy team, Drewry played well, while the whole forward line was good till the opposing goal was reached, when all proved woefully weak.

This finishes the intermediate games, with Varsity II. on top.



One regrettable feature was the small attendance of Varsity supporters, which was made painfully evident by the overwhelming numbers and enthusiasm of the O. C. P. turnout. It is a great pity that the Varsity teams, though playing championship football, both in senior and intermediate series, should receive so little encouragement from the students.

#### OSGOODE HALL VS. DENTAL COLLEGE.

This match between these two fine teams has excited a great deal of interest in association circles during the past week, since in their first meeting in the series the play was very fast and close, and resulted in a draw. Both teams were in the pink of condition and confident of winning. Both teams played the best football they knew from start to finish; and, from a spectator's point of view, was a brilliant exhibition. The score, at half-time, was one all, both teams having scored after a great deal of difficulty. The play of the second half was just as exciting as that of the first, and the match was in doubt till the very last. The final score was three to two in favor of Osgoode Hall.

Osgoode's team was Brown, Merrick, Little, Elliott, Burns, Knox, Graham, Hay, Moss, Parker and Hayes.

Dental College — Caldwell, Barnett, Buchanan, Sines, A. Barnett, Doyle, Pulkinghorne, Scott, Russel, Dando, Hume.

#### THE DREAM OF LUCRETIUS.

Gloomy with thought upon the poet's eyes  
Imagination's charmed hand was laid  
Till he forgot the blue of Tuscan skies,  
The luscious life of Italy, which made  
The ceaseless sensual holiday of art;—  
Stern son of Rome the power of ghostly sight  
Fell on him and the passion of his heart  
Smote on his soul for grief, as in the light  
Of revelation he beheld the dead  
Sad hosts of time pass with their silent tread.

From the bright atmosphere of kindly hope,  
From aspirations and the pride of youth,  
From love as 'twere immortal, from the scope  
Of eyes that followed full of fear and ruth,  
On swept that millioned company of earth  
With jest or groan toward the fated shore  
Of yon great deep, for whom, when man had birth,  
The gods heaved out of chaos; evermore  
The death mists trail along that ebon sea;  
Hoarse roll the waves upon Eternity.

The days that had been were again beheld;  
Lucretius, fainting, saw the shivering souls  
Of men and nations mortal, seized and felled  
By deaf and dull Oblivion, who controls  
The vast Eternity, beneath the flood  
Plunging those pilgrims to the ends of time.  
The mighty vision fled; the rich warm blood  
Danced through the poet's veins once more. Of rime  
And dalliance he straightway fonder grew;  
For love and wine were good and days were few.  
Victoria College, W. T. ALLISON, '98.

#### SPECIAL WEEK AT THE GRAND.

Next week the great English actor John Hare, accompanied by the entire Garrick Theatre Company of London, England, will present at the Grand the following plays: "A Pair of Spectacles," "When George the Fourth was King," "Caste," and "The Hobby Horse." The sale of seats begins on Thursday, November 19th, at 10 a.m., at the box office of the Grand Opera House. Prices range from 25 cents to two dollars.

#### MY FRIEND THE ENEMY.

Since thy fierce hate hath so befriended me,  
Who shall, in sooth, oppose thee to the end,  
Call not a truce to break my strength, but be  
Still in thine ancient enmity my friend.

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

#### HERE AND THERE.

Mr. G. S. Henry, '96, is Exchange Editor of the Guelph Agricultural College Journal.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. Percival, of the Treasury office, is re organizing his class in shorthand next week. As the lessons are to be given in the University, and as the rate to students is so low as to be almost nominal, the opportunity ought to be taken advantage of by great numbers. Those who have taken the course offer the strongest testimony in favor of Mr. Percival and the system he teaches.

The class of '98 held its first annual "At-Home," Friday last. It was an exceptionally pleasant affair, for the junior year was smiled upon by the genial warmth coming from old acquaintance. There was no programme, but the promenades and refreshments were managed with the ease of three years' experience. The afternoon must be entered on the list of '98 successes.

Mr. Patterson, '99, has been compelled to return home for a time on account of sickness.

The interest which is always taken in the inter-year Rugby matches is already manifesting itself. S. P. McMordie, Athletic Director, '99, has been collecting from the class during the past week to enter a fifteen for the Mulock Cup. The fact that there are between twenty-five and thirty applicants for positions on the team shows that a rather lively interest is taken in the year's success.

The gentleman representative from '99 to the '98 reception on Friday last seemed to be there in multiplicity.

"Do you know, dear," she said to her bosom friend, "I am rather glad after all that we women don't run politics. You see, when I use a hammer I invariably hit my thumb! How ever would we nail all the campaign lies?"

Wheelmen will be pleased to learn that an improvement is to be made in the bicycle room by the introduction of the new bicycle stall, invented and manufactured by Noah L. Piper & Son, of this city. Mr. A. G. Piper, by whom the firm is represented in this institution, has been asked by the council of the school to furnish complete estimates.

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## QUESTION DRAWER.

The Editor of this column wishes to correct the impression that has got abroad that the answers given here from week to week are not in response to *bona fide* correspondents. We have been compelled to omit some in this issue, but they will be answered according as they are received and will appear later. Address all communications to Question Drawer VARSITY.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOPHOMORE, S.P.S.—You can get soap very cheap down at T. Eaton's on Friday (bargain day).

HORSE POWER, S.P.S.—In riding a tandem it is considered most proper for the gentleman to ride behind.

BERTIE, S.P.S.—A rope splice was hardly suitable, under the circumstances. "Les effets nuisible" might have been of more than "trois sortes."

AUTOGRAPH.—A quotation from Shelley or Tennyson would be most appropriate. A few lines from Byron might do, if a judicious discrimination were used.

FRESHMAN, S.P.S.—Climb up on the table; unscrew the burner; take a big breath; open the tap and blow down. Two or three breaths are usually sufficient.

ANXIOUS THEOLOG.—No, we are informed that Champion Corbett did *not* go up to Victoria College to play hand-ball. The story that appeared in the *Star* was a hoax.

SEVERAL FRESHMEN, S.P.S.—Yes, the faculty are unusually severe on any students who neglect to attend the Annual Dinner. Your chances of getting through will become  $df \div \text{Infinity}$ .

RESIDENCE, '98.—We absolutely refuse to answer any question couched in such terms as you have employed in your query. If you can't ask respectable questions in a respectable manner, don't ask at all.

M. C., '99.—No, Mr. Webster of the fourth year is not a descendant of Daniel Webster, nor is he, we understand, any relation to the author of the dictionary. The mistake, however, is not unnatural.

SLEUTH.—If you have a desire to emulate M. LeCoy and Sherlock Holmes, you cannot do better than set your wits to work on the Varsity burglary. Moreover, the field seems to be an open one, so far as the Toronto detective force is concerned.

G. W. K., '97.—The Electoral College does not meet till the new year, But that is a mere formality. Major McKinley is undoubtedly elected, and you may

demand the payment of the bet immediately. Please do not overlook the writer when the interesting event occurs.

SPECIAL IN ASSAYING, S.P.S.—Yes, there are several regular students in mining, who take that lecture in ore-deposits; but the Professor must have forgotten when he started that lecture before they came in. No, talking out loud is not permitted during the lecture.

LOTHARIO, '99.—The wearing of glasses has become so common, that you can hardly cultivate a *distingué* appearance by such means. Long hair, too, has lost its æsthetic charm by reason of its vulgarity. Besides, it will cease to be fashionable when the snow falls and the foot-ball season closes.

VICTORIA FRESHETT ASKS.—"What is the height and age of Mr. Barr, Captain of the Rugby Team, and is he good-looking or not?" ANS.—We have never measured him nor looked at his teeth; of course, he is good-looking, all foot-ball players are, except Jack Counsell and "Doc" Malloch.

VERDANT, '00.—We cannot state positively who the young lady is. We have no less than 13 young ladies in mind who tally almost exactly with the description you have sent us. More definite details are absolutely necessary; but there are surely simpler ways of determining her identity than by writing to us.

I. AND II. YEARS, S.P.S.—You need not be so careful of the pane in the cloak-room door, next time. We broke it five times in our first year. They only cost \$1.40 each, which means two or three cents apiece out of your general deposit. Oh no, the faculty don't mind; they are glad to see you show a little friendly rivalry, and Professor Graham openly rejoices. Invite the other years to your next reception.

CHARLIE, S.P.S.—In preparing a paper to read before the Engineering Society; you should select a subject in which you are interested and with which you are familiar. Don't write on more than two sides of the paper, and number your sheets consecutively. We would suggest as suitable subjects: "Stresses and Strains in a Banjo String," "A Science Course made Easy," "The Art of Entertaining the Fair," "Old Jokes Pleasantly Retold."

LOAN AND SAVINGS COLLECTOR, S.P.S.—You are mistaken in thinking Carnot's Cycle was a Cleveland. The frame was somewhat similar to a diamond frame, but was more gracefully curved. It was sometimes used with compressed air, but had not a pneumatic tire. It had no ball-bearings, and hence required considerable energy to run it, most of which was wasted. However, it was the most efficient cycle made at that time, and modifications of it are still in use.



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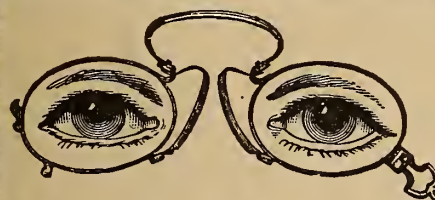
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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

A slim crowd watched the Varsity-T. A. C. match Saturday.

Varsity I. will play McGill I. Thanks-giving Day on the campus.

Final game for the championship of Canada, Varsity-Ottawa, at Rosedale, Saturday, 21st.

Don't forget the Public Debate, Friday night, in Gymnasium. Get programme from janitor.

C. A. Stuart, B.A., formerly Fellow of Political Science, has left for Mexico, for the benefit of his health.

Mr. S. C. Webster, '97, has been compelled to go home for the remainder of the term on account of sickness.

The date for the College Dinner has been fixed for Dec. 8th. Tickets are \$1.50. Everybody should make it a duty to go.

The third year Political Science men will be granted the privilege of writing on a terminal exam. this year, in Ethics.

The Freshman class of Victoria has instituted a boycott against the tra-

ditional "Bob," and refuse to take any part in the performance.

Residence men have an unlimited supply of gowns and caps, and request that all those wishing to borrow the same, will not pass them by.

The Faculty of Medicine of Toronto University will hold high carnival at their annual dinner at the Rossin House, on 2nd December.

Jack Hobbs and Burnside, who were injured at the match with T. A. C. on Saturday, have recovered from all effects, and expect to take a hand in the game on Saturday.

The students of the University of Virginia must imagine that the VARSITY owns Toronto University, as they address their journal to the "University of Varsity, Toronto, Canada."

The University was the recipient of a handsome present Thursday morning last. Some persons hung a buggy over the gate of the main entrance and forgot to leave their names. Now the beadle wants a "hoss."

Frank Porter, who used to conduct "Ye Olde Booke Shoppe"—a student's paradise at all times—has given up business and is now in his third year at Trinity Medical College. Every student of Toronto wishes Frank success.

F. Y. Harcourt, of the second year, who played in two of the football matches this season, has been seriously ill at the residence of his uncle, F. W. Harcourt, 113 St. George Street. His

illness is the result of injuries received during the games. He is slowly improving, but does not expect to be able to walk for some days yet.

The dance which is to be given by the Athletic Association on Monday evening next, promises to be an unusually successful event. To prevent overcrowding, only a limited number of tickets have been issued. Tickets are \$1.00, and may be procured from any member of the Association, or from the Secretary, Mr. J. A. Jackson, '97.

Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club will supply the musical portion of the programme at Miss Ethel Shafer's dramatic and musical recital in St. George's Hall, on Thursday, November 19th. Miss Shafer is a young reader of marked ability, possessing a fine dramatic instinct and an unusual amount of vitality and talent in impersonation.

THE VARSITY has been removed from the Dental College Reading Room by authority of the Council. This has been done upon representation of the manager that, as THE VARSITY is a student publication, it should be subscribed for in the regular way and not supplied free. The thanks of the management are due to the Dental authorities for their courtesy in this matter. A final year man will be asked to take charge of the paper in the College, and to report all items of interest to the Dental students for insertion in these columns.

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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 7.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1896.

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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

No. 7.

## A PSEUDO TRAGEDY.

"In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity."

So sings the poet and laments that it is not so with men. For this reason it is, and because even an old wound throbs now and again, that I am going to tell you of leaves and blossoms that sprang fair in the summer only to be nipped by a winter's frost; or, to speak in unadorned prose, of a passion that grew to its climax in a July week and was chilled to death by a January day. The action of the tragedy extends over a week and a day, one in July, the other in January; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end, a development, a crisis, and a denouement; the place is a farmhouse; the *dramatis personæ*, the characters that have figured in so many summer idylls—a young farmer and a city girl.

She had come, at the invitation of his sisters, to spend a week—a long, idle, summer week—at the gray, old farmhouse. The sisters were lively girls, with a thorough good-fellowship in their relations with their brother, and a thorough unconsciousness that such good-fellowship was not to be looked for in their visitor, that drew her irresistibly into their household ways. The first night he did not appear—he was shy, or busy, it seemed—so that their meeting came about in the cheerful room where the household assembled for the morning meal, where the morning glories and the sunshine peeped in at the window-netting, and the sweet, cool air played through the open doors. He was silent: it may have been through diffidence, or because his thoughts were busy with the day's haying; she, because of the newness of all her surroundings, which affected her with a certain constraint. At dinner there was an almost imperceptible thawing. She had a certain quick and fleeting gift of repartee—perhaps an impartial observer would say—of quibbling in words, which oftenest failed her when she would have had it, but that now came upon her with full force. All her speeches ran to punning and double-meaning, not extremely amusing in themselves, but that created laughter in that simple, easily moved atmosphere. He liked it; the sharp distinctions had an attraction for him. In the evening it was the same.

So passed the first day, and the second was like unto it, until the evening meal; then the ice broke with a crash. She sat at his left hand with the air of rather reserved self-consciousness that belonged to her; he at the head of the table, serving. He handed her plate, addressing her by name, then, without warning, broke out suddenly and impulsively: "I can't call you that any longer. That is too stiff. Call me Harry and I shall call you May." In a flash she responded with a hearty hand-shake over the table, in a fashion that belonged to her childish days, when she had wished to ratify a contract. The self-consciousness was replaced by a pleasurable excitement, intensified each time her name was spoken by this unaccustomed tongue. It had not taken her two days to find in this son of the soil, albeit sunburned and red-eyed with the fine dust of the loading

hay, a strength akin to that of nature in the midst of which his days were passed, a calmness and evenness of temperament that spoke of broad, flat sunshine and a high uplook into the heavens where the passing clouds displayed their majesty. Qualities these were that especially soothed the changeable girl, easily cast down, easily raised, and full of craving for she knew not what, of restless ambitions which would lead her she knew not whither. She rested unconsciously in his strength and was still.

From that day the haying began to claim less and less of the master's attention, except when she donned an old calico to ride in the wagon to the field and help press down the load, watching from her height, while he lifted the loose hay swiftly and easily on his fork to its place in the growing, symmetrical mound. In the evenings there were moonlight rides, with the noisy, merry party of sisters in the lumbering democrat, to gather water lilies by lantern light or to wander through the young plantations of the nurseries by the light of the moon that was like a pale dawn. There were rides in the small buggy over the crisp, brown sand of the Lake Erie shore, and around the wonderful loaf-shaped hill, which had to be climbed also by moonlight. There was the unused gas well to be opened and let off like a small geyser, with its accompanying roar, and plentiful salt water spray that had killed all the tree branches within a radius of twenty feet or more. There were innumerable other pleasant things—the gathering of the long moss in the swamp, where Harry must be guide, the ride to church behind his colts, which he would trust no one else to handle; the roystering evening in the unoccupied house of the other farm, for which Harry provided the ice cream by a secret and systematic pilfering of the eggs from the barn, to the great dismay of the women of the household, an expedient which added wonderful zest to the proceedings.

But all weeks, even the most blissful, wear away at last, and there came a ride to the station in the chilliness and grey of early morning, when an unaccountable depression kept her lips frozen, and the silence of her companion was strangely unlike his usual cheerful noting of the familiar objects on the way. Each experienced an uncomfortable sense of an interest that was too great and yet not great enough. Their inner selves had been laid bare in a happy abandon which must exist no longer. She felt the restraints which her education had imposed upon her, creeping up like a thin chilling mist and hiding them from each other. Then came a hurried good-bye, as the train slowed up at the wayside station, an expression of regret on both sides, and visit and host became a dream of the past, but a dream that gave pleasant flashes of warmth whenever it was lived through again in fancy, and vaguely delightful anticipations of what might yet be.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I have said, the sequel was played out on a January day. The curtain fell on a rural landscape in the flush of summer; it arises on the streets of a city, clothed with crisp, hard-trodden snow. She had been out of the city for a few days and had not known of his arrival, so that when he met her at the station with his span of colts, it was a pleasurable shock and surprise. For the moment



the old pleasant familiarity was resumed, the environments and associations of the past were still about them like a cloud shutting out the present. But the flash of recognition was as the flash of the candle-flame before it dies out in utter darkness. Before the first ten minutes of the short drive home had passed, reality was staring in upon them; convention resumed its sway; the chill, misty, dividing wall crept up again, and parting was relief.

It is the benison of a new day that it deadens the smarts of yesterday and blurs the outlines of its hideous forms; so that we begin to think we might have been mistaken and take fresh hope. The morrow came for them, and with it another attempt at reviving the past, an attempt that fell flat under the restraint of city streets and city crowds. The farmer and his span of colts lost by the transfer from their fitting and ideal background of wide field and lofty sky, his calmness and wholesomeness showed like dull stolidity against the shrewd alertness which city life begets. A meaner feeling, too, rose in the girl's heart than that of mere distaste at incongruity: a feeling of shame, which she vainly strove to shake off as unworthy. The sunburn, the reddened eyes, the careless dress, which had secured the organic growth and fit expression of his daily life and toil, looked ridiculous, vulgar, hideous in this foreign element. She beheld him as transformed. His rugged strength appealed to her no longer now that there was varying interest and excitement in her daily life to act as a continual stimulus. Moment by moment free converse became a task, then irksome, then painful, then impossible. "Harry," she called him, he replied with "May," but this sign of easy liking became more and more like mockery.

That night was his last night of holiday. Their first parting had possessed some degree of uncertainty and stirring of hope for the future; both felt the element of finality in their last. "I am sorry you could not stay longer," she said. "Will you not come in the summer again?" he asked. "I am afraid I cannot." And he felt that it was because she would not.

PAICE.

### MEANDERINGS.

The evening was not really cold, yet it was chilly enough to excuse the extravagance of lighting the grate so early in November. And what with the negative influence of the whistling wind outside, and the positive one of the grate's cosy comfort within, it really did seem a pity to go to church that night. All the rest of the family hustled off about a quarter to seven, leaving the fire and me to keep each other company. So pulling up my big arm chair—one of those low cloth-covered ones whose seat and back innumerable sittings-on have moulded into a form most exquisitely easy—and stretching out my feet on the fender, I nestled down for one of those sweet waking dreams that I suppose are as delightful to every young person as they are to me. Now gazing at the glowing coals, now watching the flickering shadows on the floor and wall, now, when the vision was brightest, closing my eyes and stuffing my hands down deeper into my trouser pockets, I lived through a lifetime in a few moments. How sweet those visions are! And as varied as the forms that the flames take on, or as the figures that the shadows weave! How interesting would be a record of all the bright fantasies that follow one another in one's wild imagination, if only some one were bold enough to write down his heart's inmost feelings. But no; they are as secret as they are sweet. One would not tell them to one's nearest friend, one hardly acknowledges them to oneself. We alone may wander through our airy castles, and even then the weight of our own personality generally brings down the fairy structure around our heads.

\* \*

Anyway, such dreams are not for students. Not without good reason did I reproach myself for thus wasting

my time on a Sunday evening—Sunday, the only day in the week when one can conscientiously do a bit of reading. It is really interesting to note how much the world expects from a student's Sundays. If, when he graduates, he is to put forth the slightest claim to being "a gentleman of culture," he must spend his undergraduate Sundays, not in enjoying that luxury so dear to students—the luxury of not thinking—but he must spend them in making himself thoroughly familiar with Dickens and Thackeray and Lytton and Reade, with Scott and Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson, with Carlyle and Macaulay and Emerson and a score of others, in fact, with every English classic to say nothing of the popular novels of the day, which pour from the press at a rate that would, to state the case moderately, allow one for each of the fifty-two Sundays of the year. He must be able to understand even the slightest allusion to any of George Eliot's characters, and must be the first to go into fits of laughter at the most mysterious reference to one of Pickwick's remarks—else this society lady will raise her eyebrows—and whisper in surprise to her neighbor, "And a University graduate too!" If some newspaper editor wants a really good "scoop," he might send a reporter up to University College to interview each student and find how many have ever read Dickens. The publication of that report would, I venture to say, shock the professors themselves almost as much as the reading public at large. It is indeed a pity that our curriculums should be so arranged that one feels as if one were committing a cardinal sin in opening any other than a text-book. It is a matter of deep regret—nay, what is more to the point—a matter for the serious consideration of the University authorities, that in the life of the Canadian student there is practically no leisure time for reading, and barely enough for physical exercise.

\* \*

Though I did reproach myself for thus wasting my time, I was far too comfortable to disturb myself to get a book. The fire was getting warmer, and I removed my hands from my pockets long enough to pull up my trousers a little higher to give the heat a chance. With an indifference to the biddings of conscience, that comes only with long practice, I settled down deeper in the chair and stretched out my legs a little further. The fire was getting very hot; with an exclamation that would not have been exactly proper if there had been anyone else in the house but myself, I jumped back about six feet, chair and all. The soles of my slippers were like red-hot sheets of iron. In a few moments, however, they returned to their normal temperature, and I returned to my old place at the fire, but I was sufficiently roused to stretch out my hand and take the last number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* from the table, and to light the gas. Then drawing up my chair, I kicked off my slippers, and burying my feet snugly in the long-haired rug, I began to read a very interesting article on "Other Girls, from a Girl's Standpoint."

\* \*

"People who criticize the grammar of young girls who say 'I don't think,' should take care," was the ominous way in which Miss Bell commenced her article. "For it is more true than incorrect. Most girls don't think."

"Poor, empty-pated, little creatures!" she went on to say. "Poor, lonely, little clothes racks!"

"Surely," thought I, "this is not altogether just. Are all girls like this?"

It was a great relief when I read in a following paragraph that they are not. "There are two kinds of girls," says the writer; "girls under twenty-five and others."

"And to what class," I asked myself, "do College girls belong—I mean, *our* College girls?"

If they will only read Miss Bell's portrayal of girls under twenty-five, I think that Varsity girls will forgive me for saying that they must belong to the other class. Girls certainly are silly, but so are men. When I look



back over the picnic parties of last summer and think of the clownishness of some and the nonsense of the rest, I am not surprised to find that the most popular men were those who could make fools of themselves in the most natural manner. And their popularity reflects no less on the girls than on themselves. It really seems as if to be popular in society nowadays—ordinary society, that is, for of the upper ten I know nothing—it seems as if a man's prime qualification was to be able to think of the most idiotic things to do, and to do them with a brazen face, while all that is required of a girl is that she gossip glibly and giggle gracefully.

\* \* \*

There are Varsity girls who are disciples of this school, but, to do them justice, they are not adepts, and their nonsense always has an unnatural air about it that is refreshing for one that looks for something higher in College girls. One expects them to be a little more serious, though preserve us from the long-faced girl! There is a happy medium, which I think the average College girl strikes. To say of College girls, as Miss Bell does of girls in general, that they care nothing for friends and only want admirers, would at once be characterized as utterly unfair by everyone who knows College girls. The trouble is, they have the reputation for being too serious. "It's quite right," a professor of one of our Universities where ladies had not yet been admitted to the lecture rooms, said to me a few months ago, referring to the effort being made to discourage all communication between the men and women of the College: "It's quite right. Just think of a household composed of two University graduates! Just think of the poor children!" He evidently thought that in such a household the happy couple would discuss the authorship of the Homeric poems over their morning coffee, and, instead of singing a lullaby, a theorem in differential calculus would be used to put the youngster to sleep; but, as a matter of fact, is the conversation of University graduates and undergraduates so very learned? Strange as it may seem to some, English is generally preferred to Latin as the medium of speech, and football is just as common a topic as Shakespeare or Goethe. Anyway, these conversations about books and authors are nine times out of ten affected, and if there is one quality more than another which differentiates the College girl from her sisters, it is the loss of affectation. Of course, that was only my humble opinion as I sat toasting my toes at the fire—and maybe I can't bring documentary evidence to prove that I am qualified to speak *ex cathedra* on such a subject. However, I am told, on tolerably good authority, that the majority of the Varsity girls can sew on a button, and that not a few are really good cooks.

\* \* \*

After one has met so many of these airy, fairy, namby-pamby creatures, who think everything would be just too awfully nice if only Mrs. So-and-so were here to arrange the details and accept the dreadful responsibility of cutting the cake, it is very refreshing to find that there are some girls who can be in earnest and who can mingle action with enthusiasm. And it would be hard to name any class of girls who have this characteristic more pronounced than those of the University. It is rumoured that their public spirit is so strong that they are going to occupy the gallery at the coming University dinner. What enjoyment they will get from watching some two or three hundred men eating, it would be hard to say. If they wait till the speech-making, their patience will certainly have been well proven. But if their presence will in anyway contribute to the success of the dinner, by all means let them come, for this new function is worthy of every encouragement. Not only will it develop the College spirit as opposed to the class spirit, but it will give the students one more opportunity to rub shoulders with one another in a social way, and at every rubbing some of the rough

corners of a man's rude individuality are toned down. But what seems of far more importance is, that the dinner will bring the student into closer social relation to his professors. It is one of the greatest drawbacks in a University as large as Toronto, that the student cannot come under the direct personal influence of his master. To a large number of students the professor is an impersonal creature whose sole usefulness consists in expounding and elucidating the text. Under the old English University system each student had to place himself under the care of one special master, and have his whole course directed personally by that master. The average student of to-day is just at that age when one naturally looks about him for ideals, and happy is he who can take as his ideal some man of deep learning and strong character, rather than one of his fellows who is no better than himself. Let encouragement, then, be given to anything that will bring the student into closer touch with his professor.

\* \* \*

Thus musing, I was sitting Sherlock-Holmes-like, my hands folded around my knees, my feet dangling before the fire, the *Ladies' Home Journal* lying open on my lap, when the door opened suddenly—I glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece—it was a quarter to nine. They were home from church. My reveries had to stop. I closed the paper quickly that they might not see what I was reading, then settled myself to listen to the discussion of the sermon and the different styles of headgear.

BRIAN BORU.

#### ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE.

An interesting meeting of the Literary Society was held Friday afternoon of last week, when Mr. Arthur Beatty, Mr. Day and Mr. M. W. Wallace gave concise accounts of the courses in English at Cornell and Columbia, Queen's and Toronto Universities, respectively. Mr. Beatty is a graduate of Toronto University, in the department of Modern Languages, who during the past two years has held fellowships at the above American Universities. As what he said seems to us to be of such a nature as will prove very interesting to all English students, we have decided to reproduce as nearly as possible the substance of his speech.

As already intimated the subject of Mr. Beatty's speech was "English at Cornell and Columbia Universities," and he spoke as follows:—

"What I say to you to-day on the work done in the English department of these two universities will of necessity apply rather to graduate than to undergraduate work; but some attention will be given to the latter department. My standpoint will, however, be the more profitable, perhaps, as being less understood, and as being of more direct interest to some of you at least.

"In considering the teaching of English in the larger universities of the United States, it must be borne in mind that the matter is much more complex than with us, because of differing circumstances. In the first place, the course system is not so closely followed as with us. The student is left comparatively free, after his second year, at least, and he chooses whatever courses best suit his individual needs. Further, the number of professors is large, and they are left free to offer whatever courses they may see fit to give. Their work is not guided by a curriculum, nor is it necessary for them to shape their work to fit in with the state system of education. To the complexity caused by the freedom given to both professor and student, there is added the additional fact that two distinct classes of students are to be provided for—undergraduates and graduates—from the man who studies English because he must, to the one who takes an advanced degree in it.



"At Cornell the work falls into three divisions—Elocution, Rhetoric and Philology, and English Literature.

"In the two first departments courses are given in elementary and advanced Elocution and Oratory, in Rhetoric, practical and theoretical, and in Anglo-Saxon and middle English in the several aspects as literature and as factors in the history of language. Old Saxon and Icelandic are provided for, and Sanscrit is necessary for advanced students of philology. The aim of the courses in philology is to train the student in the method of philological science as applied to English.

"If the watchword of the department of philology is 'scientific and exact method,' that of the department of English literature is something far other. Professor Corson, who presides over this department, directs his teaching not so much to training in 'research,' or in 'method,' as to the 'quickenings of the spiritual in man.' Not that method is neglected by him, but it is kept subordinate to what he considers of far greater importance. As he so often said: 'The acquisition of knowledge is a good thing, the emendation and sharpening of the intellect is a good thing, the cultivation of science and philosophy is a good thing; but there is something of infinitely more importance than these: it is, the rectification, the adjustment, through that mysterious operation we call sympathy of the unconscious personality, the hidden soul, which, co-operates with the active powers, with the conscious intellect and, as this unconscious personality is rectified or unrectified, determines the active powers, the conscious intellect, for righteousness or unrighteousness.' Thus in all his lectures it is made a leading purpose to present literature in its essential, rather than in its historical character. It is considered all-important that students should first attain to a sympathetic appreciation of what is essential and intrinsic, before the adventitious features of literature—features due to time and place—be considered. And the only way in which this essential character of literature can be presented to the student is by vocal interpretation. In no other way can an appreciation of form be induced, and so reading is made all-important in his lectures, the great proportion of the literature dealt with being read to the class in his own singularly appreciative way. A course is given on English Literature, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth centuries inclusive, and another on Shakespeare, in which the thirty-seven plays are read. Four seminars in prose literature (essayists and novelists), are conducted, in which the principles of the lecture courses are applied to literary specimens by the students." The method pursued at Columbia will be given next week.

In Columbia University, the division of Language and Literature comprises the departments of Rhetoric and English Composition, English Language and Literature.

The professor of Rhetoric and English Composition, with his three assistants, gives courses in elementary and advanced work, graded to meet the needs of men in the first year of undergraduate work up to the needs of the graduate.

In the department of English and Literature, the subject is regarded from the distinct points of Literature and Philology in sixteen courses. Prof. Price considers the Anglo-Saxon and Middle English from the side of syntax; and conducts courses on Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Pope, who are considered in their poetic method, the method and range of their imagination. A special course is given by him on the evolution of English poetical form. Prof. Jackson deals with the philological aspect of the language, courses being given not only on the standard form of Anglo-Saxon, but also on the archaic and dialectal forms. Gothic and Icelandic are in the charge of the department of Germanic Languages; and Sanscrit, of the department of Oriental Languages. Prof. Brander Matthews specializes on American Literature in this department. Prof. G. E. Woodberry offers courses in English Literature, which

introduce the student to the method of literature and its attitude of mind. This work he supplements by courses on the history of English Literature, which take into consideration the conditions of art, society and politics of the selected period.

In the third department—that of Literature—the literature of English is considered in its relations to the wider European literature. Types are studied by Prof. Brander Matthews, in the study of the development of the Novel from its first faint beginnings to the novel of to-day; and in the study of the Drama, and of the Essay, from the same point of view. Prof. Woodberry lectures on the theory, history and practice of criticism. Theories of poetry are examined, and principles of art are deduced. Application of these principles is made to some great poem, such as the "Aeneid." In this work literature is considered as one of the fine arts, all of which are governed by the same principles. More advanced courses are given, which take for granted the work of the more elementary courses, and which deal with some great form of literature in its national and universal development—such poems as those of Homer, Virgil and Dante.

The aim of all the work in literature is to consider it as a free and independent manifestation of life in its varied activities; as something in which are embodied and revealed to consciousness "the deepest interests of humanity, and the most comprehensive truths of the mind;" that it takes its place beside science and religion and philosophy, in furnishing a theory of life—and none the less adequate, because made from the point of view of Art, and in Art's way. This is the ideal towards which the whole teaching of the English professoriate of Columbia University tends, and which finds its most complete and explicit expression in Professor George E. Woodberry.

#### AT THE PUBLIC DEBATE WITH HENRIETTA.

"Henrietta," said I, "will you come to our Public Debate?" Henrietta looked at me over her tea-cup. "With whom?" she asked, very properly. (The fact of the matter is she said: "Who with?"—but she would not like that made public.) "Why with me," I answered.

Henrietta looked at her mother. Her mother looked at Henrietta. She is a very proper person. (I refer of course to Henrietta.) "We will be home quite early," I ventured. "She will be delighted to go, I am sure," said mamma. Whereupon it transpired that Henrietta was also sure, which conclusively settled the negotiations.

And that is exactly how it happened that Henrietta went to the Public Debate with me—or rather that I went to the Public Debate with Henrietta. For as soon as the hall door closed behind us, she took upon herself the leadership of the expedition, and I became no more than an official bodyguard and interpreter-in-chief.

"Who is that?" she demanded of me when we had been directed to our seats by the Society's recording secretary. "That," I replied, "is Mr. Cupid Love!" "Oh dear! what a pretty name," she murmured, turning around to get a better look at the obliging Censor. "Isn't he nice?"

"Henrietta," said I, sternly, "you behave yourself or I'll tell your mother. See—the President has risen." She turned reluctantly to hear him announce that on account of the length of the programme and the lateness of the hour there would be no encores (Consequently he would accept none himself) He called upon the Glee Club for its chorus—and they appeared in due disorder.

"Why do they call themselves the Glee Club?" pouted Henrietta. "Wait," said I, "till you see them smile." She was busied smoothing out some creases in her back hair. She never could see a joke, at any rate. However, the Club had already begun its chorus, and that may have distracted her. We listened—especi-



ally Henrietta. They sang "just too perfectly lovely," she said enthusiastically, and I felt that Daniel Webster could not have expressed it more convincingly if he had had an hour for it. (That is one thing I like about Henrietta—her vocabulary. When she is moved she rustles through the Unabridged like a cyclone through a dust-bin.) In the meantime the gleeful ones had relapsed into silence, and although they had been singing "Farewell! We Must Away," seemed reluctant to do so. An encore brought forth "Keemo-Kimo." Henrietta repeated her criticism. I thought so, too.

When Mr. McLennan, introduced by Pres. Loudon, arose to give his Inaugural Address, she turned to me for information. "Mr. J. C. McLennan," said I. "Oh, I know," she replied cheerfully, "he discovered the X rays." "*Discovered* them?" I said reprovingly. "*Invented* them, Henrietta." She was visibly embarrassed. "Did I say 'discovered'?" she replied blushing. "I meant 'invented,' of course." (Henrietta, let me say, looks stunning when she blushes.)

Mr. McLennan, it would appear, did not see her. At least, if he did, he went right ahead with his address. He thanked the strangers there present for their kindness in cultivating the social proclivities of their student friends; dilated upon the beauty of the University buildings and the emptiness of the University purse. The institution was a live one. He himself had seen a great development in it—and he was "still a young man." ("And a very nice young man," said Henrietta. I refused to commit myself.) He well remembered his first day at the University; how he had approached it by the eastern entrance (from the wilderness of the old Queen's Park.) And what had he found there? A voice in the gallery: "The Bursar's office"—a reply which was apparently satisfactory; for leaving the matter there, Mr. McLennan, borne away on the tempest of a prophetic afflatus, carried his audience with him through the peroration of one of the wisest addresses delivered to the members of the Literary Society in many years. (Henrietta thought so, too.)

When Mr. Sandwell arose to read his essay I told her to prepare for one of the treats of the evening. She prepared, but the gentlemen in the gallery fell foul of the reader's accent, as usual, and we were only able to catch, here and there, a few sentences of the paper, as they were tossed out to us from the general uproar. "But what we do hear," said Henrietta, "is worth hearing" (I agreed with Henrietta. I generally do.) "Women," read Mr. Sandwell, "are more sentimental than men." "I wonder how he learned that," mused Hen., lost in admiration. "He is a very close student," said I. There were cries of "Help," and renewed disturbance in the gallery. At last Mr. Sandwell sat down, amid a whirlwind of applause, after enduring, with great good nature, a very ragged reception indeed. "Those little boys upstairs," said Henrietta, "should be heartily ashamed of themselves." "Henrietta," said I, impressively, "some of them would not have much to be ashamed of."

The Banjo and Guitar Club, being called upon to lay the tempest, responded with their usual kindness. Their two selections were listened to in a profound and welcome silence. I heard a neighbor remark that they seemed weak in guitars. I forgot to ask Henrietta about it. She was applauding wildly. So was the remainder of the audience.

And now Mr. Inkster came forth with Robert Burns in his hand. He had elected to read the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and did so with a genuine feeling and expression. Henrietta was "touched to tears." I told her not to be a goose—that Mr. Inkster was "only pretending." Of course she was angry at being called a goose. She began to make eyes at a Freshman who was sitting beside her. I didn't care—much. I listened to Mr. Inkster, and was consoled. He met with somewhat better treatment than his predecessor. I was wondering if someone told those boys in the gallery what Henrietta had said.

She was getting along famously with her Freshman, but when President Loudon announced the distribution of the Athletic and Tennis prizes she relented a little. "Am I a goose?" she inquired, loftily. "Well," I replied, "you're a goose to —." "Thank you," she interrupted, "that will do," and dropped her handkerchief upon the floor. That Freshman picked it up for her. She smiled and thanked him. He grinned like a gargoyle. I turned away in disgust. When I looked again they were talking—especially Henrietta. I hate Freshmen.

I remember very little about the prizes. I was watching that naughty-naught. There seemed to be some trouble at the platform about bows, and one successful athlete was warned (by the Gallery) not to put his prizes in the Bursar's vault. Then the Debate opened, but Henrietta was still talking.

Mr. McNeece announced his subject as a "burning question," and proceeded to turn upon it the torrent of his eloquence. His delivery was loud and rapid; his argument mainly illustrative of the workings of the national spirit in modern Europe. But he shattered his voice, and in the agonies of his oratory clung desperately to the desk. His speech was well received, as it deserved to be. (Henrietta was still talking.)

Mr. Tasker, for the negative, began his reply in a very peculiar and sepulchral voice. The gallery resounded with groans and lamentations. An S. P. S. man began to weep aloud in the bitterness of his grief. But the orator remained unmoved, and when he finally achieved a hearing, succeeded in making the cleverest speech of the debate. I nudged Henrietta, but she took no notice, and I relapsed into melancholy.

Mr. J. S. Muldrew plunged me deeper into the slough of despond. His manner was hypochondriac; but I heard a neighbor say that he had won the debate for the affirmative. I noticed Henrietta looking at me out of the corner of her eye. I pretended to be intensely interested in Mr. Muldrew.

When Mr. Watt arose she relented again. "Who is that?" she asked coldly. "Casey Watt," I grunted. "Casey is—Short for Cassiodorus." "Is that his Christian name?" she asked sweetly. "No, his Pagan name," I retorted. Henrietta stared at me. I felt better. She turned again to her Freshman. Mr. Watt, meanwhile, had been scoring points for the negative. His address was fluent and ready. I watched him sleepily. Mr. McNeece's final declamation also failed to arouse me. He threw up his hands and retreated. President Loudon decided for the affirmative. I never moved.

"Well," said Henrietta, at last, "do you intend to remain here all night?"

"Henrietta," said I, "you are more than twelve years of age?"

"Indeed?" she snapped.

"Yes," I retorted, "and therefore altogether too old to flirt with Freshmen."

Henrietta and I do not speak now. I don't care—much. O'H.

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Varsity appears a day earlier this week on account of Thanksgiving Day (Thursday) in order that all its readers may get their copies before going home.

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A grad. in Arts stole a march the other day on the Athletic Association, in the absence of their constitutional lawyer, when he argued his case to obtain the undergraduate rates for membership in that institution, on the ground that he was still an undergraduate in law, not having yet obtained an LL.B. The Secretary could not see his way out, so allowed the upholder of the constitution to come in. Who could he be? "The child is father to the man."



# The Varsity

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THE great battle of the Champions has been fought and won. Our Rugby Team must rest content this year with the honor of being champions of Ontario, and not champions of Canada, for this high distinction was well and honorably won from them by Ottawa College on Saturday last. We congratulate the "Garnets" on their hard-won victory and our own Varsity Team for their gallant fight.

With this game the Rugby season for this year virtually closes. Anybody who has any power of discernment at all cannot fail to see that, though we have not won the championship, the University has been greatly benefited by the publicity it has obtained during the series of matches which have been played. For two months scarcely a day has passed that the public has not been forced to see through the eagle-eyes of the press the progressive successes of the University's representatives on the field of sports. In every High School and Collegiate Institute of the Province, which has its little band of exponents of manly sport—and what one has not?—the University of Toronto is famous for its athletic achievements. And when the students of these preparatory institutions cast around them to see where they will spend their undergraduate days they will invariably decide in favor of the University which, besides offering them a wide curriculum, with the prospect of medals and scholarship, also affords them the additional inducement of a connection, either as supporters or as players, with a victorious football team, or membership in a flourishing athletic association. The influence of these things upon the students of the University is not less strong. It creates a common bond of union amongst them, and promotes a vigorous *esprit de corps*. A victory won calls forth mutual congratulations, and a defeat suffered evokes mutual sympathy.

We would like to see Rugby encouraged until a place on the first team of Toronto University would be as much

sought after and as much prized as an oar at either Oxford or Cambridge; for we believe that the University might reap almost as much advantage by the maintenance of a high standard of athletics as it does by keeping up the reputation it has already acquired for its high standard of education.

\* \* \*

Frequently the papers of the city make comments, wise and otherwise, upon the students of the city and upon the affairs of the University. As a rule their remarks are decidedly otherwise, but an exception may be made in the case of the *Toronto Saturday Night*. This paper has not much to recommend it to the average student. But it would pay every student to read its editorial page from week to week. In the issue of the 14th of November it sizes up to perfection the street "loafers" and corner "bums" of the city, who are notoriously ubiquitous and offensive, and concludes as follows:—

"The old university practice of putting freshmen through a severe ordeal was often abused, but most graduates will say that it had its advantages and that very salutary reforms were worked in the characters of boys. Instead of putting a stop to this sort of thing in universities, I should almost like to see it incorporated somehow into our public school system. We meet boys every day who are in pitiful need of being held under a pump, and otherwise disciplined as only boys know how. At a hazing the freshman has the kinks taken out of his character—the side growths that escaped the eyes of his parents and tutors. He comes forth meek and anxious to improve and please. In the exaggerated respect which he must show to sophomores and seniors, there is symbolized the respect that youth should pay to age. He is made to feel that it is an impertinence for him to throw a shadow while walking in the sun, and anything that will reduce the growing youth to this condition of humility is, in our day and age, a precious institution. The students should be hired to haze one hundred town boys per annum."

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In an editorial in the first issue of the *Queen's University Journal*, after attributing the defeat of the Queen's team to lack of organization and discipline on the part of the management and want of practice on the part of the players, it is said: "We cannot conclude this article without congratulating Varsity on her present position. Her success so far has been due to indefatigable effort, and in the hour of our defeat we can truly say we were beaten by a better team. As a sister college we wish for her in her final matches the same success as has heretofore attended her. And should it be hers to battle for the honor of our Province, the men of Queen's will be glad to see the boys in blue enrolled once more as "Champions of Canada." We admire the sentiment expressed by the esteemed organ of our "sister college," and the kindly spirit of sympathy by which it was prompted. These good wishes coming from the college paper are doubly appreciated when we remember the unfair utterances of the newspapers of that city. We may say with all frankness that next to the Varsity Team, we would wish to see no other carry off the



rewards of victory sooner than the Team which received their defeat so gracefully. But Fate has destined them for other hands than ours this year.

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The President of the Literary Society made a good impression by delivering a good inaugural address. If we did not get the text of his speech we caught its spirit. It was high time somebody of authority should speak with frankness in reference to the attitude which students should take towards the University. We have no wish to flatter ourselves by observing that we took the first opportunity afforded us in our first issue to make a few remarks of a like nature. The "eleventh professor" asked a pointed question of the student, and it may be the means of impressing on us more forcibly the reason why we are here. Our great advantages awaken great expectations. They may or may not be realized, but it is a good thing to be reminded often of something which the attractions of the hour render hard sometimes to keep in mind.

#### S. P. S. NOTES.

College life in general is but an embryonic presentation of the pleasures and anxieties of after life. Here the wants of the body, mind and soul are supplied with unerring certainty and regularity. We are a little, artificial, socialistic community, propped up by the stern efforts of "individualists" who are battling in the natural sphere of life. Every year a portion—the ripened fruit—of the community is removed to the sphere of individualism, to be, we hope, a material exponent of the advantages of three years' life at the S.P.S. It is only when we thus enter real life that we can realize to what extent the work at the school represents the actual practice of an engineer.

But there is one feature of our College education which we can rest assured is a genuine fac-simile of what all, or nearly all, of us must experience on some, and perhaps many, occasions in the future; this is the annual dinner, the great climax of the pleasures of school life. For once we can forget all about bending moments, imaginary planes and labyrinthodonts, and realize to a slight extent the magnitude of the temptation of "Care," who

—mad to see a man sae happy  
Drowned himself among the nappy.

But, no, we must not go too far. Last year, as a prominent member of the Faculty remarked, we had the best conducted dinner on record, and we intend that this year a similar (?) statement, with emphasis, shall not be a trespass beyond the truth. Of course we trust there is no one who does not feel it his bounden duty to attend the dinner; and besides, we all want to get through in the spring. But these warnings are superfluous. The Fourth, Third and Second years, with the possible exception of two or three who fear that they will not be entirely over their Thanksgiving dinner, are going in a body, and it is hardly likely that the First Year will break the long-established precedent of manifesting their sportive proclivities by acting similarly.

What was that extra five cents added to the Hallowe'en tickets for? We were told it was for decoration purposes. Where were the decorations? Not in the gods (strictly speaking) We noticed a private box nicely decorated, bearing the S.P.S. colors. Surely the money did not go to beautify this box. It *could* not be. The character of the committee men who occupied it were far beyond suspicion. Alas! this little affair will long remain a mystery. We pray

to the gods that there will be no extra five cents added to the price of the dinner tickets. In fact we know there will not be; as the committee elected this year are a set of efficient individuals; free from "clicks" or "rings," who have the interest and welfare of the school at heart both individually and collectively.

#### A DIRE DISASTER.

To-day, the sounds of mourning fill our halls and it is with a heart grieving over the dissipation of those fond hopes of a championship for the second year, that THE VARSITY proceeds with the duty of recording in its columns the result of last Saturday's contest at Rosedale. Ottawa College has won, and shown us that there is a better team in the Dominion than is ours, and that we must be content with showing our supremacy over but one Province. Yet in the winning of their victory, their opponents were so worthy of them, as to afford one of the most interesting exhibitions of football ever witnessed in Canada, and this despite the fact that the weather was most miserable. Snow and slush covered the field, and yet upon the whole it was a superior exhibition of football that both teams presented. But now that it is all over, and that Ottawa College are entitled to the position of premier exponents of the noble game in Canada, it is only just to say that perhaps in every part of the field they showed a superiority over our men. Their half-backs played an almost faultless game, our former full-back was as effective and as fearless as ever. On the other hand, our representatives behind the scrimmage, while doing some truly wonderful work at times, were not by any means as sure, making some bad fumbles. But in considering the play of the respective back divisions, we must never lose sight of the fact, that Smith, Gleason, Shea and Murphy, were for the most parts given a free hand, as the splendid work of their wing line prevented ours from breaking through to any dangerous extent, while they themselves seemed to be able to get around on our halves and pin down our quarter with regularity. Their scrimmage seemed to have the advantage over ours, allowing Smith to play a magnificent game, while our own Hobbs seemed very seldom to be able to get into the game. In only one point do we think that Varsity excelled the College, and that was in their dribbling, through which it was that both their tries were scored. With all justice to the others, we think that it should be said that on the wing line Campbell and McDougall shone conspicuously. While we regret having to do so, we must admit that it was the better team that won. To have been beaten by such a small margin, by such opponents, is indeed no disgrace.

Ottawa won the toss and kicked westward, but there was little advantage in the choice of positions. The play began and continued back and forth, for the most part to Varsity's advantage. The Ottawa men began what is known as screwing the scrimmage, a tactic which Varsity seemed unable to meet. Varsity, on the other hand, adopted the practice of kicking down from the centre half-back to the outside wing, on a free kick, and by this succeeded in gaining considerable ground. Finally, on a dribble, Elliot went over, after 16 minutes' play, for a try, which he failed to convert. After an alternation of half back play, and close scrimmage, on a kick from Gleason, Boyd was forced to make a safety touch, 4—2. After this Ottawa began to play with more spirit. Shea made a fine run, and Smith continued to feed the halves in a faultless manner. An exceedingly pretty combination play by Counsell and McDougall gained considerable ground. Finally Gleason scored a touch-down, 6—4. Again, after a period of good defensive work by Counsell, he went over again for a try. This, with a rouge, completed the scoring for the first half. 11—4.



The second half began with the ball for the most part in Varsity's territory. Gleason punted behind the goal, and a rouge by Boyd was forced, ending the scoring for Ottawa. However, they continued to force matters, and further loss was only staved off through brilliant reliefs by Counsell and Morrison. The former with four men right upon him behind the goal saved a point in a most marvellous manner. Then Varsity began to rush the ball into Ottawa territory. On a dribble a touch-down resulted, and their supporters in the audience gained a new hope. Again they took it down almost to the Ottawa goal line. Our hearts stood still, but gradually the scrimmage worked it out, and then with a free kick, which was well followed up, the chance of Ottawa's scoring again began to look rosy. Indeed, the ball was almost upon Varsity's goal line when time was called. No crowd of enthusiastic Varsity men thronged the field. With a stride less buoyant than that with which they had come, they wended their way back over the bridges or through the ravines of Rosedale. For the first time in two years the spell of the name Varsity in the football world was broken.

The teams were :

*Ottawa College*—Back, Belanger ; halves, Shea, Gleason, Murphy ; quarter, Smith ; scrimmage, Clancy, Bush, McCredie ; wings, Foley, Prudhomme, Green, Tobin, James, Lafleur, Quilty.

*Varsity*—Back, Morrison ; halves, Boyd, Counsell, Kingstone ; quarter, Hobbs ; scrimmage, Mallock, Perry, Dodds ; wings, Bradley, McKenzie, Caldwell, McDougall, Barr, Elliot, Campbell.

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#### ASSOCIATION.

The inter-year final Association match between '97 and '99 was played off on Wednesday afternoon before a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators. It seemed to be the general impression that the senior year would win, judging from the number of members of the first College team that they were playing. However, the Sophomore forwards were of a better class than had been anticipated, and it is to them that the victory is mostly due, Sinclair and Wrenn doing particularly good work, the latter scoring both times. The game ended with these two goals to the credit of '99, while '97 had failed to score. The teams were :—

'97.—Bray, Sellery, Taylor, Jackson, Gibson, French, McKinnon, Barron, Norman, Cooper, Mollins.

'99 —Armstrong, McLeod, Abraham, McMordie, Hogg, Hughes, Dickson, Wrenn, Sinclair, Patterson.

#### THE LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

The Ladies' Glee Club will hold their First Annual Concert on the 4th of December in the Gymnasium Building. As this is the first public concert given by the Club it is sure to be well patronized by the students and the general public. Besides the choruses given by the ladies, they have been fortunate in securing the assistance of the following superb talent for their comprehensive programme: the Mendelssohn Trio, composed of Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Adamson and Miss Massey. The services of Mrs. Youngheart and Miss De Geer have also been retained. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the Conductor of the Glee Club, and Mr. C. Frank King, of the School of Science, will take part as well.

From such an attractive list on their programme the first appearance of the Ladies' Glee Club is assured a large audience and a good reception. There will be no reserved seats—only a general admission of twenty-five cents. Tickets may be secured from any member of the Committee: Pres., Miss Bapty; Vice-Pres., Miss Nichols; Secretary, Miss Lick; Treas., Miss Gilfillan; Curator, Miss Dodge; Pianist, Miss Rosenstadt.

#### BALLAD OF YE MAIDENS OF '99.

Let them sing their lays of the golden days,  
When the knights were brave and bold,  
When maidens fair listened everywhere  
To the story sweet and old.

When Robin Hood and his rollicking brood,  
Drank their nut-brown ale so mellow,  
And roundly swore as they paid their score  
With the cash of some other fellow.

When warlike wight in armor bright  
Went forth to doughty deeds,  
And eyes flashed bright at the martial sight  
Of the wild careering steeds.

When the Lion Heart played a noble part,  
'Neath the burning eastern sun,  
When the Hermit's ire set the land on fire  
At the deeds that the Turk had done.

Of the rippling rills that from storied hills  
Adown to the ocean run,  
Of fabled strands where golden sands  
Smile back to the laughing sun.  
Of turtle doves that coo their loves  
To their mates 'neath the gabled eaves,  
Of the soft sweet breeze, that stirs the trees  
And whispers alow to the leaves.

Of the houris sweet that wait to greet  
Mohamet's faithful flock,  
Of the sirens three that sang in glee  
From their home on the sea-kissed rock.  
Of the heaven-born maids that in sylvan shades  
Proclaimed the birth of day,  
Of the fairy queen that on meadows green  
Strewed the flowers of the laughing May.

But all these themes are as troubled dreams  
To the theme on my muse that calls,  
'Tis the maids divine that in ninety-nine  
Will leave these classic halls.  
But an Orphean lyre, with Delphic fire,  
Alone can tell the story ;  
For my muse is tame and her flight is lame,  
As she tries to sing their glory.

Then hail to the year, without a peer  
In Varsity's noble four,  
And the ladies fair, by them we'll swear  
Henceforth and forever more.  
And when at last, our labors past,  
We out in the big world shine,  
We'll sing their praise to endless days,  
Sweet maidens of ninety-nine. —J. M. KNOX, '99.



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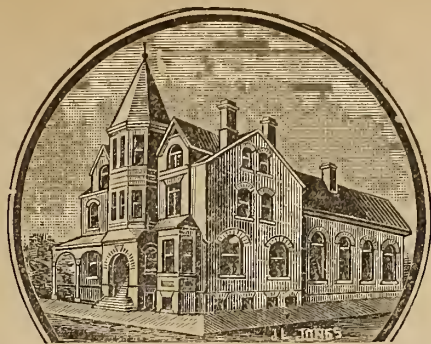
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## SKITS.

## I.—ROSES.

At Cupid's birth the Dryads danced  
In merry, wanton pleasure ;  
The Nymphs by golden dream entranced  
Whirled swift in joyful measure.

There in the shady grass-grown dells,  
'Neath olive groves and myrtle ;  
Where touched their feet, the poet tells,  
Fair mother earth was fertile.

Up sprung their homage due to pay  
To Love's new-dawning presence ;  
The roses, creatures of a day,  
Of sweetness full the essence.

## II.—DESPAIR.

Despair has touched with leprous finger tips,  
The heart of one who long with pleasure strayed,  
And through his veins the deadly poison slips,  
Turning the sweet to bitter, light to shade.

## III.—JOY AND SORROW.

Silver sails the summer moon,  
Summer seas are gleaming ;  
Pleasant flits the month of June,  
Life is passed in dreaming,

Heavy hangs the thunder-cloud,  
Heaven and earth are mourning ;  
Dark the trees beneath the shroud,  
Full of direful warning.

## IV.—LOVE.

When hand clasps hand in summer days,  
And eyes their message speak ;  
Love still sleeps on, nor heart-throb weighs,  
Through all the halcyon weeks. C.

## THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Classical Association held its first open meeting last Wednesday afternoon in the large lecture room of the Biological building. Prof. Goldwin Smith and Prof. Hutton addressed the meeting. The Association easily maintained the high reputation hitherto enjoyed, and the classical and other friends departed well pleased.

## Y. M. C. A.

On Thursday afternoon about 70 students listened to one of the most interesting missionary addresses which have been heard in the Y.M.C.A Hall. Dr. R. A. Hardie, who is the missionary of the Canadian Colleges in Corea, told of his work there for the past six years. The lecture was illustrated by a series of pictures sketched by a native artist. After giving an outline of the history and aims of the Canadian Colleges' Mission, Dr. Hardie spoke of the general lack of progress in Corea, pointing out the primitive modes of transportation, manufacture, etc., that are still employed by the natives. A number of peculiar customs were alluded to, such as the fact of a name being first given to a boy when he dresses his hair, which till then has been hanging in a braid, in a top-knot. The garments worn are large and flowing and of very bright colors. The men are lazy and thriftless. Women occupy an inferior position and have to work very hard, and except in the poorer homes the women are shut up in separate quarters of the house. The language of the people is Chinese. Their religion is Buddhism. Various superstitions and practices of sorcery still exist. Polygamy and liquor are the two chief obstacles in the work.

Corea is about half the size of Japan and is densely populated, there being from ten to fifteen millions of inhabitants. There are in all 78 missionaries who would each have, if the work were evenly distributed amongst them, 200,000 persons to look after. The same proportion would give Ontario five ministers and five doctors. Russia may yet possess Corea, and the Greek Church will, in that case, make a strong effort to prevent all other mission work. But our work there is prospering. There are over 1,000 converts. These pay over \$500 for the work, which, considering the poverty of the people, is a strong example of earnestness and self-sacrifice. Concluding, Dr. Hardie said "Greater work is needed at home, and the men of this college should be the mainstay of the Corean ministry ; and if ten years are given they can light such a fire as the Greek Church can never put out."

## NOTES.

Thursday 26th, being Thanksgiving, no meeting will be held this week.

The usual prayer-meetings will be held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday mornings.

It is hoped that Prof. Wm. Clark, of Trinity, will address the Association on Thursday, Dec 3rd.

The Agnes Knox Recital proved an unqualified success, financially and otherwise. If students had attended as well as the general public, the hall would have been quite filled.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Princeton defeated Yale on Saturday—24 to 6.

Why did Caldwell not attend the Public Debate and collect his Prizes?

It is expected that Mr. Jas. A. Tucker, '95, will attend the University College Dinner.

The Ramsay Graduate Scholarship was awarded to J. Roy Perry and F. B. Proctor (æq).

The class of '99 are to be congratulated on winning the Inter-Year Championship in Association.

Mr. A. W. Baines, formerly of '97, and now Mathematical Master in the Warton High School, has been visiting in the city during the past week. His numerous friends were glad to see him and enjoyed his short stay amongst them.

Victoria College was in a fearful state of excitement all last week owing to the refusal of the Freshmen to patronize the "Bob." The performance took place as usual on Friday night, and was a pronounced success notwithstanding.

Amongst the audience at the Public Debate on Friday night we noticed a number of last year's grads and "friends,"—C. G. Paterson, M. W.

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Wallace, R. W. Allin, W. J. Wright, F. K. Johnston, R. F. McWilliams, G. T. Henry and D. G. McRobbie.

Mr. R. H. Coates, '96, ex-Editor of VARSITY, was the fortunate competitor for the Frederick Wyld Prose Prize this year. His subject was the comparison of the works of Thackeray and Dickens, and his essay was of an unusually high order. THE VARSITY extends its congratulations.

The annual sale of periodicals of Literary Society has been postponed from Thursday, 19th, till Monday, Nov. 30, at 4 p.m. As there are about thirty magazines to be disposed of, it is specially urged that every student be present and avail himself of this opportunity of securing these first-class magazines at students' rates.

The Political Science Club is showing commendable enterprise this year in drawing up its yearly programme. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Bourinot, of the Dominion House of Commons, and other prominent men to address the Association at different times during the year. Mr. Bourinot while here will be the guest of Professor Wrong.

We were pleased to see Mr. Lockie Burwash, the Rugby veteran, able to be about again, even on crutches. His enthusiasm for the game has increased during his confinement from the injuries received in the T.A.C.-Varsity practice match. The reference to him in the "local" song by the Glee Club on Friday night was well done, and it ex-

pressed exactly the sentiments of his admiring friends.

John Hare, the great English actor, is at the Grand this week. On Thanksgiving evening Mr. Hare will appear in the part he created ten years ago—"Mr. Spencer Jermyn,"—in the comedy the "Hobby Horse," by Pinero. Next week Robert Mantell will play in "The Corsican Brothers." These men are worth seeing, and a night spent at the Grand any time during these two weeks would be spent profitably.

A mistake occurred in awarding the MacKenzie Scholarships in Political Science last spring. The Senate at the last meeting conferred a special scholarship of \$75 on Mr. A. W. Hendrick, he being the only student who obtained First Class Honors in every subject of the course—a requirement which is specially stipulated in the Calendar, but which was overlooked by those who awarded the Scholarships in the first instance.

The Century Class held their initial reception on Friday afternoon, in the East Hall. Those of the senior years, and they were many, who had the good fortune to be present, report that the affair was most enjoyable and well conducted. The electric lights were unkind enough to go out for a few minutes, but this was no hindrance to the general happiness which prevailed. The Centuries are to be congratulated on having made their *debut* into the social life of the University such a pleasing success.

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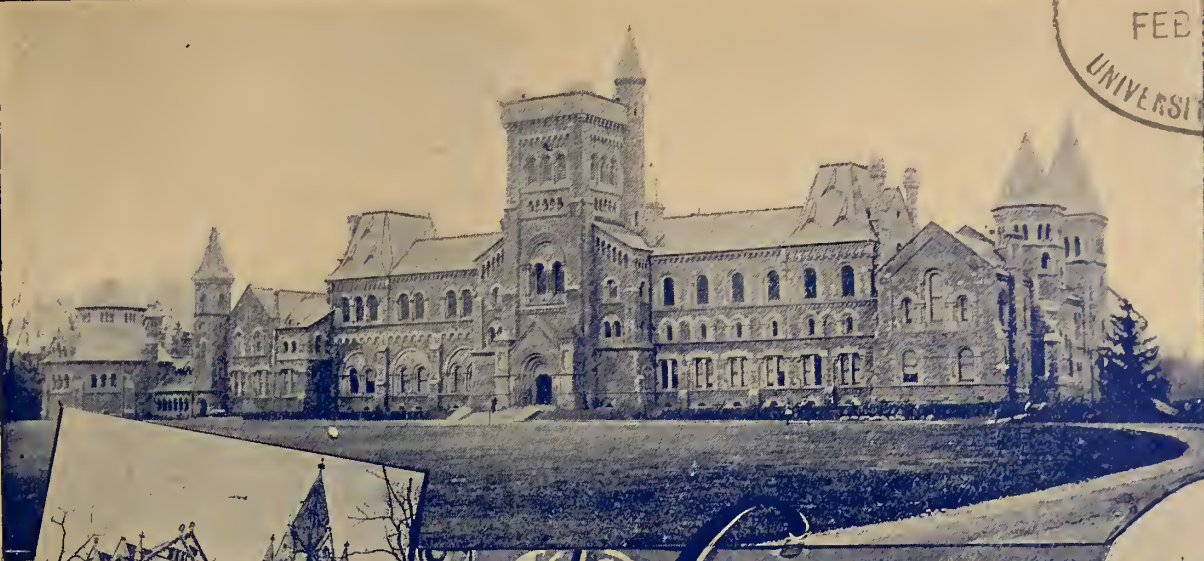
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# THE VARSITY

VOL. XVI. No. 8.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2ND, 1896.

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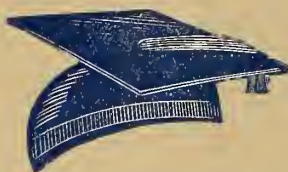
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1896.

No. 8

## GLIMPSES OF OXFORD.

### II.

Nowadays, when one stands, let us say, in the Gardens of Wadham College and sees the old walls covered with the Cheddar pink and the yellow flowers of Oxford ragwort, and hears the sleepy-sounding chiming of the innumerable evening bells, one finds it very hard to realize that such a place could ever have been anything but calm and quiet and sober. Or loitering about the lake in Worcester Gardens and watching the white swans lazily swim in and out among the water-lilies, one almost forgets those early years of tumult and bloodshed and turbulence when Oxford was still in its unquiet infancy. It seems so strangely incongruous to think of our own Lewis Carroll floating indolently along the very stream, dreaming his wonderful fairy-dreams of Alice in Wonderland, that once was lashed by the oars of those tawny-haired and fierce-hearted Danes, who, of old, came up the valley of the Thames so often on their rollicking marauding excursions, burning and killing and murdering along the same banks where to-day the coach of the "Varsity Eight" trains his crew, and the undergraduate spreads his picnic-basket. It is one of those keen little ironies of history, in which Clio seems to delight.

Dropping back into that dim region of legend, we find it was one John Rous, a chantry priest of Warwick, who, having been a scholar in Oxford, under Edward IV., at one time industriously applied his monastic energies in attempting to combine into one compact whole all the myths and traditions which were in anyway related with the origin or the early history of his University. As a result of this careful research, it was discovered, declared the worthy priest (and not for us to doubt his clerical word!), that King Memphric, in the year B.C. 1009, had founded the town of Oxford, just before the said king was devoured by wolves at Wolvercot. This same devout priest further asserted that a number of Greek philosophers had settled at Greekdale (from which he quite easily traces Crickdale), and some Latin scholars at Latinlade (by the same method Lecklade), a short time afterwards. After a number of years, however, these scholars and philosophers joined fortunes and pursued their scholastic labors at Bellositum. Here their early vigorous zeal for learning gradually burned itself out, and it was not until good King Alfred, sometime about the year 873, removed their seat of learning to a point where the Thames bent round the headland of Wytham, that the descendants of these primeval scholars again took up the manuscripts and the missals of their more zealous forefathers. At this point on the marshy Thames, just above the mouth of the tributary Cherwell, a piece of gravelly river-bed offered an excellent ford for man and sheep and ox, and so gave the little valley its name of Oksnaforda, or Oxenford, or Oxford.

It has been said that St. Giles Church stands on the site of Alfred's old University Church, though that name has been long since transferred to the latter-day structure of the more stately St. Mary's, whose tall spire still stands sentinel-like over Oxford. But, alas, Greek and Roman

and Alfred alike have been shorn of their mythical halo. For, when one William Master, the public orator of Cambridge, stood up before that merry virgin lady, Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of her first visit to the University, and showed so conclusively to his royal audience that Cambridge was infinitely older than Oxford—this Oxford, forsooth, still in its swaddling clothes!—he started an iconoclastic movement which has come down even to the time of Professor Freeman. Ever since that day the bitter fight has gone on between the fond antiquarian, on the one hand, and the pitiless historian on the other. So, we cannot, indeed, be much surprised at the wondrous and astounding antiquarian claims put forth by either University during their old-time mediæval quarrels, for the rivalry for antiquity was fierce and unscrupulous, and when a combatant found his facts failing him he manfully resorted to his own unfailing imagination.

It was not long before the colleges of Oxford themselves began to dispute as to their relative antiquity, and even to-day this inter-collegiate animosity has not come to an end. This, for example, University College, according to the laboriously perpetuated tradition, was established by none other than King Alfred himself. This venerable-looking pile, which, indeed, owes its appearance of ancientness more to the soft oolitic stone of which it is built, rather than to the gnawing teeth of centuries, was erected no earlier than that stormy period when Charles had gathered his scattered Parliament behind the walls of Oxford, while the colleges were melting down their plate to help along his failing cause. Consequently the ingenious antiquarian adds that it was a University Hall, on precisely the same spot, which Alfred had founded, and that it really makes little difference so long as Alfred plays a part in the story. And he may even quote you the Norman-French college petition to King Richard II, which reads: "Your poor petitioners, the masters and scholars of your College called 'Universite Halle, in Oxenford,' which College was first founded by your noble progenitor, King Alfred (whom God absolve)," etc. But although this tradition was publicly endorsed by the celebration of the so-called millenary of the foundation in 1872, and although it has been sanctioned, I believe, by a legal decision, the late Professor Freeman showed that it was absolutely destitute of historical basis. "It is not till the twelfth century that we get the first hints of the coming university, the first glimpse of schools, scholars, and lecturers; and it is not till the thirteenth that we get anything like colleges in the modern sense. In that age, too, comes, not indeed University College, *but the benefaction out of which University College grew.*" The Bodleian contains innumerable interesting volumes and documents relating to such phases of the earlier history of Oxford, but it would prove almost a life-long task to go through these old records; and though it might seem a pleasant enough pastime for the student, I doubt whether it would be very profitable labor.

But coming to more substantial ground, we know that as early as A.D. 912 Oxford was an important and well-fortified town, so kept in order to guard the most tempting of those rivers by which the dreaded and detested Danes



so often made their way into the very heart of England. We have every proof that they had at this time already advanced so far up the Thames as Abingdon, and burned that town to the ground. On the Ashdowne ridge of Berkshire, which one sees from Oxford, grey and dim in the distance, considerable fighting took place in Alfred's day, and we read that in the year 913 Alfred's daughter, Æthelflæd (the Lady of the Mercians) "timbered Tameweorth and eke Staffordaburh. . . King Eadweard bade to timber the north bush at Heartford between the Moran and the Beane and the Lea."

We have evidence neither for nor against the legendary story of St. Frideswide, who died somewhere about 735, that a nunnery had been founded at Oxford so early as the seventh century. This legend of St. Frideswide implies as well that the place was ruled by a Mercian under-king of its own. When these Mercian kings of the earlier centuries were struggling to secure the whole valley of the Thames, they knew full well that Oxford was a most valuable position to occupy. It was moated on three sides by the swamps of the Cherwell and the Thames, and we can still see the ivy-covered remains of the massive stone wall built along its only unprotected side, on the north. Many centuries later, King Charles likewise saw that the town was practically impregnable, and a few marks of Cromwell's cannon-balls remaining to-day on the walls of New College, show what little damage a besieging army could effect on the town itself.

So, in the days of Eadweard, if one stood on the hill looming up on the east of Oxford, called Shotover, and looked westward along the lowland plain, where the grey walls and spires of Oxford now cluster within their outer circle of ugly red-brick villas, like a chestnut in its burr, he should have seen little more than desolate-looking, stray columns of smoke curling up through the English oak-wood and the scrub-growth of the lower hills and plain, with the forest still standing, dark and gloomy and dangerous, about a scattered group of little wooden houses; and centuries later, when the early Oxford students "came up," their only mode of entry was by riding through bush and swamp to one of the three gates of the town.

As I have said, it seems one of those little ironies of history that modern Oxford, a city now renowned and most admired for its almost monastic calm and deep, serene peacefulness, should at one time have been a turbulent military town, where hostile barbarians came together to settle their seemingly endless savage enmities; sometimes to feast and drink together within its walls, forgetful of their wrongs over good mead and strong ale, and sometimes to basely and treacherously butcher the drunken enemy, while blood ran as freely as their own mead and ale had flowed. The most remarkable example of such barbaric treachery may be that occasion when the Gemote was held in the city to restore Æthelred, when Eadric, the Mercian earl, so perfidiously slew the thanes, Sigeforth and Mokere.

In the year 779 those hardy Danish pirates of the sea came creeping up the Thames, and this time when they turned their faces once more seaward, Oxford lay in ashes. And still again, in 1002 (the year of the massacre of St. Brice's Day), and likewise in 1010, the Danes burned the town, and went back along the lower Thames, marauding, ravaging and murdering in their ruthless, merry Danish way. So, after being captured by Swegen in 1013, the Oxonians grew weary of their losing game, and not long afterward we find Robert d'Oilgi commencing to build the Castle of Oxford. Unfortunately this fine old Norman structure has fallen into utter ruin, and even the remains have almost disappeared; but the tower still stands from which Princess Maud, with her three trusty knights, all clothed in white, clambered down and stole out through the snow past the sleepy sentinels of King Stephen, and so escaped down the Thames to London.

But, year by year, the University spirit of Oxford had been growing more dominant, and college after college had been founded. Student life was not so pleasantly luxurious, in those unsettled days, as it now is; yet we learn there were so many as three thousand students at Oxford in the year 1209. Each October the University "Fetchers" drove through England picking up the scattered scholars, and carrying them to the gates of Oxford for the modest sum of five pence a day. In that rude and robust time they had no undergraduate æsthete spending two thousand pounds for the mere decoration of his rooms, and they escaped our languid-eyed scholar who parades the High, carrying in his delicate fingers one æsthetic lily. We learn that a college-room cost but two shillings and sixpence a term. We also learn that it was considered no disgrace for students to beg from door to door as they tramped wearily homeward on foot at the end of a college term. Luther himself boasted that he was one of these beggar students. Those were the palmy days of the undergraduate, before the collegiate system had been reformed into one immense boarding-school for more advanced school-boys. He might unburden himself of his exuberance of animal spirits by peppering at peaceful townsmen with bow and arrow, or gleefully fighting hand to hand with sturdy butcher or limner, but woe to the student if those townsmen once caught him alone without his college walls, and without his college gang. When it was found impossible to procure unfortunate "townees" on whom to vent that overflow of youthful energy which has always distinguished the student, they divided into opposing parties, and fought most vigorously and industriously, North against South. Many a time the alarm bell of St. Mary's had to be rung to call out the Vice-Chancellor and his associates to end the fray. In this effete generation the smashing of window-glass in the quadrangle is, perhaps, the greatest excess to which a daring college-man may venture; and it seems, indeed, that the peculiar crash of a broken window is music to the Oxonian ear, even though the crashes form a sort of sonata for which the undergraduate pays at the rate of one shilling a note. It is a passion with him, and the student who has not, during his college career, smashed his dozen panes is looked upon as a degenerate. . . . So instead of breaking window panes in a quiet and dignified manner, murder and pillage and fire were the frequent amusements in the older days, while bows and arrows and clubs were wont to be used in those good old-fashioned town-and-gown fights which still find an existence within the pages of the female novelist, who paints her hero as standing pale but determined (you know the way!) while he holds three score brutal "townees" butchers at bay with true female-novelist heroism.

History still preserves the story of one Oxford student who, with naïve simplicity, in the year 1209, playfully shot and killed a woman with his cross-bow (whilst innocently practising archery, the University authorities maintained). The scholar, we learn, succeeded in discreetly making his escape, but so enraged were the townspeople at this murder that they peremptorily seized and hanged three clerks of the University. The feud grew so bitter that the scholars and masters, in fear of their lives, fled to Cambridge, to Reading, and to Maidstone in Kent. For over three years the University of Oxford practically passed out of existence. It was not until 1214, when the scholars were offered free house-rent to allure them back, and the belligerent citizens were finally forced to feed one hundred students with bread, ale, and pottage (with one large dish of flesh or fish each year at the feast of St. Nicholas), that Oxford once more became a centre of more or less tranquil scholasticism. Yet, in fact, this animosity between town and gown continued to exist until our own century, and the fights were many and furious. During the year 1354 forty students were killed in one, and so far as we can



judge of the spirit of the scholars of this time, it seems extremely difficult to entirely condemn the oppressed and often outraged townfolk. Thus, we are told by a contemporary historian, that about this time there were three gallant fellows—William Symon, Robert Dikes and Thos. Wilton—who were the head of a band of idling and drinking students by day, and swaggering ruffians by night, who beat, wounded, and spoiled men, and even caused murder. They haunted taverns and wine-houses day and night, not deigning to enter their college before ten, or eleven, or twelve o'clock; and then, scaling the walls and often bringing in armed strangers to spend the night, to the great disturbance, we are told, of all quiet and industrious students. "This Thomas Wilton came in over the wall at ten, and knocked at the Provost's chamber, and woke up and abused him as a liar; and, being very drunk, loudly challenged him to get up and come out and fight him!" And we read how a number of Magdalen College men were found guilty of stealing the King's deer from Shotover Hill, and, "one Thomas Godstow taken before the Lord Norreys, and by him imprisoned. But the rest of his fellows, resenting the matter, resolve with a party they would make an assault on him [the Magistrate] the next time he came to Oxford. The quarter sessions drawing near, which were about Michaelmas, the Lord Norreys, with his retinue, came to Oxford and lodged himself in the Bear Inn, near All Saints' Church. The said scholars, having notice of it, gather together with their gowns girt about them, armed with divers sorts of weapons, and coming bravely up to the said Inn, made an assault on some of the Lord's retinue, intending at length to lay hold of the Lord himself." But the Lord received timely notice, and a body of his servants succeeded in driving the students so far back as St. Mary's Church; though Binks, the Lord's keeper, was sorely wounded. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors ordered the scholars back into their college, but the disconcerted warriors effected their revenge by climbing Magdalen Tower and showering down stones and large pieces of rock on the Lord as he passed out through the East Gate on his way to Ricot. He was saved only by being enclosed in his coach, and the servants made shift by holding tables and boards over their heads as they passed through that thundering shower of missiles.

So a list of fines, which is still preserved, is not without its delicate significance:

	s.	d.
For Threats of personal violence.....	0	12
" Carrying Arms.....	2	0
" Striking with Fist .....	4	0
" Striking with Stone or Stick....	6	8
" Striking with Knife, Dagger, Sword or Axe..	10	0
" Carrying Bow and Shooting with evil intent	20	0
" Collecting Armed Men for the doing of Damage .....	40	0

The statutes of the University still command undergraduates to refrain from the practice of going about with cross-bow or arquebuse, but to walk with merely a long-bow like a gentleman taking his leisure. There is likewise a statute which forbids Oxford students playing jacks or marbles on the steps of Queen's College, and denies them the privilege of trundling hoops down the High. Not long ago, it is said, an undergraduate wag showed in a very practical way the utter absurdity of such conservatism by dressing and adorning himself according to literal statutory direction and parading the streets of Oxford. He was summarily arrested by a guileless Proctor, who, needless to say, came out of the encounter a sadder but a wiser man, after spending many days in attempting to fathom the profundities of mediæval University law.

In 1498, Erasmus, who came to Oxford to study Greek, complains of the unhealthiness of the place and

the unfriendliness of the people; and Vives said the climate was "windy, dense and damp." The young Cambridge scholars whom Wolsey coaxed over to take part in teaching at his new college "were straightway imprisoned within a deep cave where salt fish were stored underground in the college, and the vile stench thereof made some of them die soon after." The grave charge against them was that of introducing new views into Oxford; so, we are accordingly not surprised when we find that the modest-minded and virtuous English gentry, not long afterwards, refused to send their sons to such a place "lest they should be smutted with the Black Art" (which is to say, lest they acquire a slight knowledge of the elements of Mathematics). Indeed, it is forced on us that Oxford was an unfortunate and long-suffering town. Year after year the deadly plague swept through it, carrying off its scores and sometimes its hundreds of victims. It is scarcely surprising to learn that the students of those early times were the greater sufferers, living, as they did, penned up in their damp, stifling, gloomy college-rooms, whose proper ventilation and sanitary condition is still a problem for the nineteenth century architect and the modern master to worry over. "Fourteen men have died in that 'bedder' of mine," proudly remarked a college man with whom I breakfasted not long ago, as he gazed with pardonable admiration toward the historic chamber.

One is sorely tempted to loiter in those romantic days of Middle Age turbulence, of adventure, and undergraduate deviltry, when the students "used to fight on Sunday, and likewise on Wednesday, in St. Peter's in the Bailey, whereat a scholar of Brasen Nose had his arme broke, another his heade, another foully kicked in his stomache, and divers faces were most ungainly to see;" and it would be equally interesting to follow the history of the Jews alone, who came pouring into the city immediately after the Conquest and played no insignificant part in its early history; or that of the Franciscan and Carmelite and Bernardine Monk, who so stimulated and competed with the old University in intellectual pursuits, before luxury and laziness strangled their old-time primal vigor. Again, those were stirring times for Oxford when King Charles made the city his headquarters, as a post from which to threaten London; when the fellows of the colleges and the students worked lustily at the fortifications; and later, when Cromwell was proclaimed "before St. Mary's Church dore, the usual place where kings had been proclaimed, and the mayor, recorder and town-clerk were pelted with carrots and turnip-tops, by young scholars who stood discreetly at a distance." It was at this eventful and unsettled period that three hundred and thirty houses in the town were burned to the ground, "occasioned," says one historian, "by a foote soldier roasting a pigg, the which he had stolen!" But from this time onward the troubles which lay before Oxford were troubles of a more spiritual character. One century later and the scene has changed. The Oxford Conduit is running claret instead of water, and at last the old tumultuous times seem forgotten, while the city decks herself out in her holiday attire to give a royal welcome to King James. And, indeed, it is reluctantly one leaves those times when so many tangible and coherent chains of association are there to keep leading one back, link by link, to that past with which Oxford is so indissolubly bound.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Miss Margaret M. Stovel, '98, spent Thanksgiving Day with friends in Brampton.

The Eastern carriage-way has received a much needed scraping, and again presents a respectable appearance.

The Seniors hold their first Reception on Friday.



## TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

In our great God, who rules above,  
Who smiles and answers our requests,  
If we but seek His boundless love,  
All goodness rests.

In the vain world, which glitters bright,  
But which true warmth can never give,  
If you but have fair beauty's light,  
Does pleasure live.

In my fond heart, which can but burn  
When two bright eyes give glances coy,  
If I their mistress' love could earn,  
Would be all joy.

TOD, '97.

## MORAL STORIES.

[Adapted from the Second Book of Reading Lessons.]

## I.—THE PROUD GIRL.

Pris-cil-la Jones worked at her writing and sums for four years. Then she was a-ward-ed a cert-if-i-cate, and her teach-ers said she was now a *B.A.* My lit-tle read-ers will scarce-ly know what this means, but it is a great hon-our, and is writ-ten af-ter the sur-name. Pris-cil-la thought much of it, and it made her ver-y vain. When her un-cles and aunts wrote to her, and did not place it after her name she would have quite a pout. She wished that all the boys and girls in school would have a great re-spect and re-ver-ence for her, and e-ver-y morn-ing she would gaze at her-self in the look-ing-glass to see if she was not be-com-ing more state-ly in her bear-ing. She was very small, and this was a great vex-a-tion to her. Be-sides this, she was al-so quite young-look-ing, and al-though she could ov-er-come the an-oy-ance this gave her, she had a great wish to be thought dig-ni-fied.

She said one day to her-self: I must not hold a-loof from my old school. I will go to the lit-tle gath-er-ing which the chil-dren of the First Book are hav-ing this af-ter-noon. (In-deed, the proud girl on-ly wished to be ad-mired.) She put on her hood and tip-pet and hur-ried a-way. Soon she was talk-ing to a good lit-tle lad, who tried his best to a-muse her. He said: "What class are you in?" She re-plied: "I'm not an *un-der-grad-u-ate*." (This word means one who is at school.) He felt that he had made a blun-der, and thought to re-med-y it. So he smiled and said, "Oh, I suppose you have come with your eld-er sis-ter." She could not speak for a long time, and gave him such a look that he hast-ened to the oth-er end of the room. Then she called him a *crea-ture*, and you well know how bad a word that is for a lit-tle girl to use. How could Pris-cil-la Smith act so?

## II.—ROBERT'S HARD LES-SON.

Rob-ert Wil-son al-ways loves and re-spects his eld-ers. When he came to school he heard that his in-struct-ors were to speak to the boys and girls at the *Con-voc-a-tion*. He at once wrote to his par-ents that he would not fail to lis-ten care-ful-ly to the ad-vice which they should there give him. For Rob-ert is a lad who means to be a great man some day. (In-deed, his head is be-com-ing so al-read-y.) He went punct-u-al-ly to the *Con voc-a-tion*, and took a front seat in the gal-ler-y. He lis-tened to the words of his in-struct-ors most at-tent-ive-ly; but he found to his great as-ton-ish-ment that the oth-er lads did not heed them at all. They seemed not to know that they should at least be-have like lit-tle gen-tle-men when in the pre-sence of the wise and old. Some of them did not he-si-tate to call out to those who were speak-ing, and ev-en dared to in-ter-rupt them in the rud-est man-ner. Rob-ert blushed with shame to think his school-fel-lows should act so; and when he sud-den-ly thought that he might

be mis-tak-en for one of them, he scarce-ly knew where he should hide his head.

When the *Con-voc-a-tion* was at an end most of the lads began to loud-ly shout and run in a rab-ble to the door by which they were to leave. Rob-ert noticed that the lads who re-mained were those who, like him-self, had come to school for the first time. Though they were in the same classes as he, he had not spok-en to an-y of them as yet, for he felt that he knew lit-tle of their mor-al char-acter, and he was well a-ware how dan-ger-ous it is to re-pose one's con-fid-ence in strang-ers. But now he turned to one of them and said af-fab-ly to him: "What is the mat-ter, my fine fel-low?" The oth-er stared rude-ly at him, and re-plied: "It's the hus-tle, you clam; get read-y to scrap." How low and slang-y of him! But Rob-ert did not re-prove him. He said pol-ite-ly: "I do not quite un-der-stand you. What is a hustle?" "You go out first and see," re-spond-ed the lad. "You'll be laid out."

Then Rob-ert saw that he could give them a les-son, and he said in a loud and cheer-ful tone, so that all could hear him: "I shall be the first to leave the build-ing and show you plain-ly that if you do not mo-lest oth-ers you have no-thing to fear." The oth-ers were much a-mazed, but he con-trolled his hon-est pride, and walked calm-ly to the door. When he gazed down the stair, he be-held a great crowd of lads who seemed quite hos-tile and tur-bulent. With them were not a few coarse-look-ing youths in foot-ball clothes, which were so dirt-y that they ex-cit-ed his dis-gust and re-pul-sion. But he sup-pressed this feel-ing and re-solved to make peace a-mongst them. Ad-dress-ing them in a ben-ig-nant tone, he said: "Now, my lads, I hope you are not a-bout to quar-rel." At this they burst into an ill-bred guf-faw, and one of them cried out: "Give me air," and pre-tend-ed to be a-bout to swoon. Another even at-tempt-ed to grasp him. Yet he kept his tem-per, and said: "Now, why do you act so? You know it is not right!" But they ran at him, and began to pull him vio-lent-ly down the stair. When he saw that they were too brut-al and de-praved to care for his kind speech-es, he re-solved to de-fend him-self. So he bold-ly ex-claimed: "If you do not re-lease me at once I shall cer-tain-ly tell the teach-er up-on you." (And he meant it, too.) Yet they did not re-lease him, but threw him a-bout in an out-rage-ous man-ner. When he re-cov-ered him-self he was at the bot-tom of a deep mir-y dell, which lay be-side the build-ing. As he wiped his tears a-way he said to him-self: "If I had a-void-ed evil com-pan-ions I would not have come to this. I will ne-ver a-gain speak to an-y of these low fel-lows." He had learned his les-son. Wise lit-tle Rob-ert!

FESTE.

## VARSITY GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club are now putting on the finishing touches to their work and expect to score a greater success than ever at their concert in the Massey Music Hall on Dec 11th. Besides some splendid part songs by well-known composers, the boys will also sing some new humorous college songs, with which they expect to make a great hit. The Banjo and Guitar Club is also very strong this year, and it is expected that the Mandolin and Guitar Club will prove to be one of the most enjoyable features of the programme. The subscribers' list is now open at Nordheimer's, and the plan opens at Massey Music Hall on December 8th.

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The Toronto Ideal Mandolin and Guitar Club will give a grand banjo, mandolin and guitar concert in Association Hall, December 9th. The following artists will assist:—Horace Huron, Southern banjoist-entertainer, Miss Florence Mabel Wright, Mr. Eddie Piggott, Mr. P. W. Newton, mandolinist and guitarist, Miss Zella Silver, Mr. Bert Jones, banjoist. Plan opens at Williams' Dec. 5th.



## THE CALEDONIAN CUP.

The Inter-collegiate Association is to be heartily congratulated upon its success, in this, its initial game with the picked men of the west. Last fall the Inter-collegiate Association asked the Western League to recognize them: their request was granted, and it was decided that the Western League should play with Toronto League in the spring, and with the Inter-collegiate representatives in the fall.

In spite of the love of Rugby, which has estranged the affections of the public from the old English Association games, this match was well attended. Nearly 1,500 people were present, who followed the play with a great deal of enthusiasm and interest. The play was a splendid exhibition of this fast and exciting game, and was deserving of a great deal more patronage from our sport-loving public. The Westerners brought down an old and well tried team, every member of which was famous throughout the district. On the other hand the Inter-collegiate men were to a great extent unknown. There was abundance of material to be found in the clubs that have been struggling all fall for the Collegiate Cup, but it was considered very doubtful if they could gather together a good enough team to handle the team from the west. Sims, the Western goalkeeper, covered himself with glory by the magnificent game he played. He was always in the way, made no mistakes, and captured some hot shots that seemed certain to go through. Altogether it was a remarkable exhibition of the art of goal-keeping. His backs, Gourlay and Brown, supported him magnificently, never losing their heads, but playing a steady sure game that at times became really brilliant. Of the Western halves, Gauthier was beyond doubt the best, and he persistently bothered the Collegiate forward line. Govenlock and Burnett, in the second half, made some fine combination plays, and again and again had the Collegiate goal in danger. Of the Collegiate forwards, Wrenn and Pulkinghorne were the most effective, and by their careful, hard combination, jeopardized the Western goal constantly. McPherson, at centre, played a very pretty game, but it was evident that he was out of position. Jackson and Burns played magnificently, and again and again stopped the most dangerous rushes. The game would, beyond a doubt, been much faster than it was if the ground had not been so soggy and slippery. The teams lined up as follows:

*Inter-collegiate*—Goal, McGillivray (Knox); backs, McKinley (Varsity), Reid (McMaster); halves, Burns (Osgoode), Gibson (Varsity), Jackson (Varsity); forwards, Wrenn (Varsity), Pulkinghorne (Dental), McPherson (Pedagogy), Hume (Dental), Rutherford (Knox).

*Western*—Goal, Sims (Berlin); backs, Gourlay (Essex), Brown (Galt); halves, Davis, Gauthier (Windsor), Coddling (Brantford); forwards, Beemer (Berlin), Dixon (Galt), Elliott (Guelph), Govenlock (Ingersoll), Burnett (Galt).

The local men kicked with the wind and started the game with a rush, and for the first 15 or 20 minutes kept the ball constantly in the western half. Several times only the quick work and judgment of Sims kept the sphere from sailing between the posts. Then the Western men woke up and the Collegiate back division had to distinguish themselves to avert a score. Govenlock at last sent the ball to centre where Beemer was awaiting it and shot it through. The Toronto men had only 12 minutes in which to equalize the score for the half and used this time magnificently. The ball was carried to the upper end and kept there. Jackson got his chance but shot wild, then Pulkinghorne shot but Sims managed to throw it out. Again the halves passed the ball up and Pulkinghorne shot, but Sims was not able to knock it out into the clear field, so the local men got a corner which they used with great judgment. Pulkinghorne kicked the ball out from corner to Wrenn, who coolly steadied it and drove it through. Soon after this score halftime came, and the scoring for the day was over. The second half started with a western rush, but the backs man-

aged to send the ball up the field where the forwards took the matter in hand, and Gourlay and Brown had their hands full for a minute or two. The Western men now made several dangerous rushes: Beemer took the ball up the field and passed to Dixon, but McGillivray made the catch and sent the ball out again. Down the ball went again, but the left wing was weak and could not pass the backs. Once the Collegiate defence were all drawn out and Elliott had a splendid chance to score, but McPherson jostled him and the ball went wide. A minute or two later the ball travelled half way (at least) through the western goal, but Sims punched the leather out. Coddling was taken with a bad cramp and Oliver replaced him. Each goal was assailed in turn, but to no effect, and the play ended with a score 1 all.

## VARSITY'S THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP.

To win three championships out of seven possible is a thing to be proud of, and great credit attaches to the Association Football Club for having obtained two of them. The match on Saturday between Osgoode Hall and Varsity for the senior championship was not quite so close or exciting as some of the previous ones have been, but nevertheless the winning team had to play excellent ball and play hard in order to defeat the legalites. The crowd was not as large as might have been expected to turn out to see the championship, but was an evident improvement on those which have watched the matches throughout the series. For the legalites Hays was the star of the forward line, and his work was of a decidedly brilliant nature, well calculated to evade the opposing halfbacks. On the halfback line Burns was conspicuous, ever in his place and constantly on the alert, he again and again stopped the most dangerous rushes and captured the spheroid. Brown in goal worked wonderfully out of the score of hot shots which were showered upon him only three escaped his vigilance. Amongst the victors Wrenn was most conspicuous and brilliant, cool and careful, yet speedy and shifty, he successfully eluded the opposing backs and pressed the ball to centre. Cooper, too, and Dickson were ever on the ball, and to their skill the victory in a great measure is due. Sinclair was also very effective. Jackson was by far the best of the victorious halves. Armstrong in goal had very little to do on account of the skill of his defence. The contending teams lined up as follows:

*Varsity*—Goal, Armstrong; backs, McKinley, Summers; halfbacks, French, Jackson, Gibson; forwards, Sinclair, Wrenn, Cooper, Dickson, Patterson.

*Osgoode Hall*—Goal, Brown; Backs, Merrick, Little; halfbacks, Elliott, Burns, Knox; forwards, Hay, Graham, Moss, Porter, Hays.

The game started with an Osgoode rush and the ball immediately traveled into Varsity territory, where except for occasional rushes it stayed for the first fifteen minutes. The Osgoode forwards were playing a brilliant combination game, and after vigorous endeavors, Hays managed to capture the leather at centre and drive it through amidst the prolonged shouting of the legalite supporters. The Varsity men now took a brace, which lasted through the half. Elliott unfortunately scored against himself, and this unforeseen accident seemed to demoralize the black and white team. Before the whistle blew for half time, Wrenn had done the trick amidst the uproarious shouts of the supporters of the blue and white. The second half opened with a series of brilliant rushes by both teams, which kept the defence of both teams hard at work. Several times Varsity had a chance to score, but Brown was too vigilant. The play throughout this half was entirely in Varsity's favor, and only occasionally did their backs have work to do. At last, after fifteen minutes of hard play, Wrenn again scored for Varsity. Just before time was called again the trick was accomplished, and the final score stood 4—1 in favor of the wearers of the blue and white.



# The Varsity

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AS a result of the agitation which the Senate has been conducting for some time with the Ontario Government, there is some prospect of the depleted treasury of the University being refilled by means of a governmental land grant. The Special Committee appointed by the Senate represented the strong claims of the University to a further endowment upon legal and equitable grounds. They pointed out (1) that the University's share of the original reservation of land made in 1798 by the Imperial Government, and as afterward determined by the Government of Upper Canada in 1823, amounted to 359,701 acres; (2) that the letters patent issued in 1828 granted to the University only 225,944 acres; and (3) that this amount was reduced by 3,676 acres on account of prior grants and defective surveys; and (4) that there was still remaining to the University at present the balance from the original endowment amounting to 137,433 acres.

The Ontario Cabinet have heard with complacency the case of the Senate, and it is expected that the next session of the Local Legislature will see a Bill introduced to give effect to these claims and recognize the urgent needs of the University. The land will doubtless be selected from the fertile districts surrounding the Rainy River or Lake Temiscamingue, and will prove a valuable addition to the resources of the University. If the Local Government wish to win the public favor they will see that the State University is no longer defrauded of her rights and denied the means necessary for her further development and progress.

\* \*

The University of Toronto now enjoys the privileges of affiliation with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, a relationship established with no other University on the Continent. It has been arranged so that "members of this University of two years' standing, or over, may

be admitted to the said Universities without examination, and enabled to obtain their degrees therein after two years from their admission." At present these privileges have been extended to undergraduates in the Faculty of Arts only, but similar privileges are sought for in the Faculty of Medicine, and it is to be hoped will be obtained also, after the revision of the Law Course is completed, for the Faculty of Law.

The terms and conditions of affiliation are in accordance with the provisions provided by the statutes of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respecting Colonial and Indian Universities, and are granted on the same lines adopted in connection with the Colonial University of Adelaide, in Australia.

It may not be generally known that the undergraduate course in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is of three years' duration, and that for any of our students who contemplate taking the advantages offered by completion of their course in either, it will be necessary practically to devote two years' study in their senior year, or else one in the junior and the other in the senior at those institutions, unless they are entered as special students. But this will be no extension of their course beyond their expectation when they began attendance here.

\* \*

The thanks of the friends and students of the University are due a venerable member of the Senate, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., Master-in-Ordinary, who has shown remarkable zeal and activity in the interests of the University since his graduation over forty years ago. Through his instrumentality, chiefly, we may hope for increased governmental aid, and to his efforts the advantages of affiliation with the greatest English seats of learning have been obtained. At his suggestion, also, the University was affiliated with the University of London on its establishment. Mr. Hodgins along with the late Rev. Dr. McCaul was one of the first promoters of the University Literary and Scientific Society, and has throughout a long and active connection with the University, grown grey in her service. His personal labors in her behalf cannot be overestimated or too highly praised, and it is our hope that he may find considerable satisfaction in seeing them bear fruit even in his own generation.

## GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

To the Editor of VARSITY:

Dear Sir,—In view of the approaching Glee Club concert, I have a suggestion to make which perhaps may commend itself to the students and to the Committee of the Glee Club. I suppose that the Hallowe'en celebration has now become an annual affair, and judging from the large attendance of the citizens and their liberal applause, the college songs which are sung by the boys in the gallery are not the least enjoyable part of the programme. My suggestion, then, is, that this celebration be repeated with a few slight changes, which I will proceed to explain. Our college Glee Club is undoubtedly the best in Canada, and I venture to say, is not inferior to the best of the United States. The boys are fully capable of singing high class music in a creditable manner, but as they are a college Glee Club, I think a prominent place should also be given to the college songs which are always heard



at their best from college men. I think, then, that the Glee Club should give college songs as encores and (here is where my suggestion comes in) I think it would prove very enjoyable if the students in the gallery joined with the Glee Club in singing them. To my mind there is nothing more stirring than a good college song lustily sung by about 1,500 students, and I think that if this suggestion were acted upon the result would be very entertaining, besides giving the boys a chance to work off their surplus spirits without any annoyance to the audience, but rather affording them much pleasure from the very novelty of the thing. Hoping then that the Glee Club may be able to adopt this idea or something similar, and thanking you for your kindness in publishing this letter,

I remain, yours truly,  
"ONE OF THE BOYS."

#### WOMAN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas in devysinge a description of ye wonted session of ye Women's Literary Societie, I dare neither use a long processe, neither a lingering speech, it behoove me to boldly beginne about ye busynesse. Although on Saturday night ye keen cold nipped shrewdly, neither did it prevent a prettie press being present, nor hinder their hartie pleasure in the proceedings. At startynge ye secretary meandered through ye minutes sweetlye and softlye, and neither did custom cause in them a coldness, nor half-a-term's holding office lessen their length. Then did ye president, anxious to advocate two motions with hir mighte, vacate hir customary seat to ye seniour consaileur, whose valour avayled to uphold hir under ye unwonted and honourable office. Both ye one and ye other bill had signale successe. For your better knowlege will I give you notice that ye latter prayed yat comynge committees should leave the buying of monthly magazines for the reading-roome untill yat they mighte attend ye annual auction. Then did ye president remount ye rostrum that ye societie mighte not want musicke; a certeyne Miss Young placed hir at ye piano and with flyinge fyngers called forth a brysk and brylliant tune. Inasmuch as it is a custom in this seemlye societie to hear some discourse either concerning love or learning; so did Miss Brown edify ye audience with an Essaie concerning that patterne of patriots, Laura Secord. Then Miss Dickenson discoursed most marvellous sweete Musicke. The poet saith:

"It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on a dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mt. Abora."

Which simile suiteth ye singer excellent well, albeit that, as in ye conceit of ye crabbe, which is not fayrly a fysh, neither doth walk backward, so neither did this damsel play on a dulcimer, but thrummed a guitar; neither was she an Abyssinian, but abode in Toronto; nor did she sing of Mt. Abora, but trylled of Twickenham Ferry; and againe, inasmuch as the calls and clappings were clamorous of sweete Irysh Maggie. Then, that much studye might not intoxycate our braines, we lystened to a discourse of love. It was dubbed "Ye crumpled rose-leaf," and conteyned six severalle characters, who did not discourse so much of love in their speach as they showed forth its nature in their deedes. Fyrst, Rosalind, with watrye eye, bewayls to Harriet her fearfulnessse leste her lover bee not faithful, but rather faithlesse. After, inasmuch as she is rendered desperate by his so-deemed indifference, doth she bid him break the bond that binds them. Now, by how much the more Harriet regards Rosalind, by so much the more would she retye them twain, so by her perswasious see moveth Generall Manners, ye uncle of ye unkynde mayde and sorry swain, to cast off utterly ye cheryshed nephew, his almost childe, and so trycks she ye testy Rosalind into a generous offering of herselfe to ye aforetyme rejected Jack. Then is Jack agayne made heir, and so all

has an happy end. Generall Manners, to saye trouble, was a mayden of a marvellous minute voyce, with penetrating pitch. Amid this courtly crew of gentlewomen, Harriet's soldier-lover, Horace, stayned ye beautie of them all, whose lilly cheekes, dyed with a vermylion red, made the rest to blush for shame. She was, indeed, a gallant girle. So made we our compliments to ye "Century" who has played ye playe, and came agayne into ye shrewde nipping cold.

'97.

#### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

At twenty minutes past eight some twenty or thirty wet and uncomfortable students mounted the stairs of the Students' Union Building and became the University College Literary and Scientific Society. Mr. George Black, the 2nd Vice-President, took the chair, and called for the minutes of the last meeting. They came and, having been duly approved, were dismissed, and the Society turned to the only other business of the evening. This was a letter from Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, notifying the students that he was going to give them special rates for his entertainment. The Society received the announcement in silence. Mr. Hinch was then called upon to give his reading, the Society shouting itself hoarse in the effort to make him hear. Being out of town he did not immediately respond, and the Vice-President asked Mr. Birchard to open the debate on the question "Resolved that England was justified in extending her possessions." Mr. Birchard said that Mr. Cleary, who was to have supported him, was not present, and that, under these conditions, he would prefer not to debate. He persisted in his determination even when the Society suggested that the Vice-President should act instead of the absentee.

The business having lasted just ten minutes, the Society thought that they must have a run for their money, and called loudly for a song from Mr. Love. He gracefully responded by singing "Ye Blooming Freshman," who unfortunately no longer dons his gown, but walks the earth clad in the ordinary garb of the unlearned. Mr. Sellery then sang "Annie Laurie," which elicited much applause. After Mr. Sellery the Society was in doubt as to where to look for further talent, but found that Mr. Smith had with him an old soldier with a wooden arm, who was, after some coaxing, prevailed upon to mount the platform. He recited with much vigour "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Unfortunately the rain had got into the bearing of the arm, and it was moved with some difficulty and noise, which occasionally interrupted the recitation. Mr. O'Higgins then favoured the Society with a brilliant piano solo, and the meeting ended with a recitation by Mr. Cleland, in which judges, bartenders, citizens, knives and whiskey-skins were mingled with great dramatic effect. The meeting adjourned at 8.45, having been in session exactly twenty-five minutes.

As we were going home we met several members of the Society on their way to the hall. It is to be hoped that their disappointment will teach them a valuable and much-needed lesson in punctuality.

Mob.

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DINNER.

The first annual dinner of the Faculty and undergraduates of University College is the next function that claims our attention. The faculty naturally enough are interested in its success and no doubt will unanimously support it. We are sorry, however, to hear there is no substantial indication as yet that the students will give it their practical support to the same extent. We fully appreciate the objections that are raised—lack of money, for instance, being one of the most important. The committee also must have considered this hindrance before they



could have been induced to offer the tickets at such a small price. They deserve credit for their enterprise in risking a deficit by making such a reduction in price as compared with other College dinners. Evidently they did so in order that the cost would not be beyond any student who really wanted to go. It is to be hoped that every undergraduate will show his appreciation of their efforts by giving the scheme their active sympathy and support. No stone is being left unturned to ensure an unqualified success, and those at the head of affairs say that even now success financially is certain. One thing more is wanted, viz.: 200 students seeking to buy tickets. Leading men from the great educational institutions in Canada and the United States, as well as prominent public men from all parts of the Dominion, have been invited. These men are coming to dine and talk to us seriously and with entertainment. They come expecting to see a University great in every respect; and the question, not only for the committee, but every individual student, is, Are we personally going to show them by our presence as well as otherwise that this really is a great University? The Medicals, the Dentals, the School of Science men have their dinners and turn out to a man. Surely old Varsity is not going to be behind these minor Colleges in this respect. We have an institution here that we all love and admire; an institution than which there is none better and few so good on the continent. Let us then do this institute, her faculty and her students credit on this occasion. Let us honor old Varsity by a right attitude and right action towards a scheme in which we all believe.

COGAR.

### HE'S A STAR!

A BIG-HEARTED FRESHY MEDICO.

It happened thuswise. 'Twas the happy and pleasant Annual Reception of the gay and festive Medicos held in Yonge St. Y.M.C.A. Our gentle hero had been looking forward for days with heaving bosom and throbbing heart to this auspicious occasion—his *debut* into fashionable society. He carefully and seduously picked the hayseed from his hair, and the barley beards from his downy upper lip. His newly-starched shirt glistened on his manly bosom, his four-inch collar gave an erect poise to his noble head, his new patent tips spoke at every stride, and his new stick he flourished triumphantly in the air. The fair and winsome College lassies were to be there. Would they size him up for a Freshie? With confident mien he strode down to the place where the Medicos had gathered there their beauty and their chivalry.

He enters the brilliantly lighted parlors; soft and gentle music floats on the air around and about him, and for one dazed second he scarcely realizes that a sweet young damsel is bowing prettily and smiling encouragingly upon him. He makes a desperate effort to collect himself, gives a sudden spasmodic forward jerk of the head, but unexpectedly indents his chin on the stiff tip of his single cuff; his jaws close like a trap, and his head rebounds like a spring-board. Alas! his poor tongue! but he manfully bears his agony and smiles upon the fair vision before him. With a far-away look he quickly enters upon a learned discussion of the weather, remarks familiarly on the gaieties and pleasures of College life, and his sturdy bosom heaves and his heart beats quicker as he attempts to mildly shock his beaming companion by gentle allusions to the horrifying scenes of the dissecting-room. He feels the indefinable, entrancing effect of his fair charmer's sparkling eye, glowing cheeks and winning smile that so often lights up the halls of Vic. The moments fly quickly; may he have the great pleasure of escorting her home. Delighted! With quickened heartbeat he hastens to don his hat and coat, and waits for her at the foot of the stairs. After everyone else

has gone she espies him waiting pensively her long-delayed arrival. When they reach the pavement she insinuatingly remarks that they have  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to go; there's their car just ready. He gallantly helps her on board. Fares, please! and Freshie drops in a quarter—nothing mean or small about him. A gentle titter is distinctly audible through the car. The astonished conductor collects enough tickets to give him the difference. Freshie is reminded they need transfers; he rushes after the conductor and returns with—one transfer. The titter broadens into an audible smile, and Freshie goes for the other necessary. He is slightly embarrassed, and coming back he steps on one young lady's toes, and in his haste to get off drops into another's lap. He prays for night or Bleucher, but he must go on. They must get off here; will he ring the bell? He makes three or four vigorous jerks at the strap which he mistakes for the bell-rope, and blushes to the roots of his hair as an outburst of laughter greets his ears. They start for the door; Freshie steps too far and gracefully measures his length on the pavement. He pulls himself together, and with a subdued and quiet air studies the heavens as they walk in silence. Half a block from her home, the indignant young lady says good-night, and Freshie wearily turns homeward—a sadder and wiser man and believing things are not what they seem.

### RUGBY CLUB.

The Annual Meeting of the University Rugby Club was held on Monday afternoon in Room 4, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President, The Hon. Wm. Mulock; Honorary Vice-President, President Loudon; President, Joe McDougal; Vice-President, Geo. Campbell; Sec.-Treas., Fred Barron.

### QUESTION DRAWER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BROADWAY.—We are sorry for you, but we cannot help being reminded of the old adage about Venus and Mercury.

X.—Submit your problem to Prof. Baker or Mr. Delury. We would gladly oblige you with a solution, but mathematics is not our forte.

MISS MATINEE, '98.—Yes, Willard will appear at the Grand sometime this season. John Hare, who played there last week, is an equally good actor in his own line.

PLATONICUS.—We are not aware that the young lady in question is addicted to poetry. If she is she consumes her own smoke. At any rate she has never contributed to VARSITY.



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## UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.

From year to year the Faculty of the University have delivered lectures in connection with the University Extension movement at local centres. The demand for these lectures has been so considerable that the Councils have appointed a committee to organize and superintend the arrangements between the local centres and the lecturers who undertake to act. The lectures are delivered free of charge, travelling and hotel expenses (where such are incurred) being met by the organization in the locality desiring the services of lecturers. It is desired by the University to extend the benefits of these lectures as widely as possible, and hence any literary or scientific organization which purpose arranging for single lectures or for courses are requested to communicate with the Secretary of Committee, Professor Squair, University College, at an early date, so that timely arrangements may be made. The list of lectures is as follows:—

Professor W. J. Alexander—(1) The Poetry of Robert Browning, (2) Tennyson's In Memoriam, (3) The Function of Poetry.

Professor A. P. Coleman—(1) Mountain Building, (2) Geology and Evolution.

Mr. A. T. De Lury, B.A.—The Growth of Astronomy.

Professor J. G. Hume—(1) Philosophical Views of Professor George Paxton Young, (2) The Influence of Philosophy Upon Early Christianity, (3) Eras of Doubt and the Triumph of Faith.

Professor Maurice Hutton—(1) Statesmen of Athens, (2) Greek Virtues and Theories of Life, (3) The Women of Ancient Greece, (4) Plutarch, (5) Herodotus, (6) The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Ancient Roman to the Ancient Greek, (7) The Antigone of Sophocles, (8) The Doctrines of Confucius.

Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A.—(1) Matthew Arnold, (2) Macaulay, (3) Thackeray.

Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A.—(1) Optical Illusions, (2) Musical Scales.

Professor Mavor—(1) The Exploration and Settlement of Canada, (2) The Economical Resources of Canada, (3) Gold-mining in Canada.

Mr. W. S. Milner, M.A.—(1) Greek Education, (2) The Watershed of History, (3) Tolstoi.

Mr. R. G. Murison, B.A.—Babylonian Discoveries.

Professor J. F. McCurdy—(1) The Beginning of the World, (2) Bible Lands and Peoples, (3) Jeanne d'Arc, (4) Our Eastern Words and their Story, (5) The Poetry of the Bible, (6) Our Debt to the East.

Mr. G. H. Needler, Ph.D.—(1) Martin Luther from

the Literary Standpoint (2) Goethe and Byron, (3) Heinrich Heine and Young Germany.

Mr. W. A. Parks, B.A.—The Ice Age in Ontario.

Mr. F. Tracy, Ph.D.—(1) Socrates, the Man and the Philosopher, (2) Hypnotism, its History and Theory.

Professor W. H. VanderSmitten—(1) Goethe's Faust (two lectures), (2) German Literature During the Thirty Years' War, (3) Klopstock and the Literary Dawn in Germany, (4) Walter Von der Vogelweide, a Sweet Singer of the Middle Ages.

## STUDENTS' SOCIETIES.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL.

A regular meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday in Room 16.

Mr. Alexander, '98, showed a simple method of solving equations by means of a machine. The use of the Chronograph in finding the value of the attraction of gravity was experimentally shown. Mr. A. E. McNab, '97, gave an example of the teaching of mathematics in the City Public Schools.

The next meeting of the Society is under the management of the ladies taking Honor Mathematics.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The postponed German meeting of the Club was held last Monday in the Students' Union Building. Mr. Norman read an interesting biographical sketch of Heine, illustrating his paper with selections from the author's lyrics. Miss Roseburgh and Miss Lapatenikoff favored the audience with some of Heine's songs, and this novel feature of the programme was much enjoyed. Dr. Needler also delivered an interesting address. Next week the last English meeting of the present term will be held, the evening to be devoted to a study of modern poets. Prof. Mavor has kindly consented to give some personal reminiscences of Wm. Morris, which are sure to be interesting.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Natural Science held a successful meeting on Nov. 24, at which V. E. Henderson, '99, read a brief life of Dalton, which was followed by a useful paper on the Atomic Hypothesis, by W. Smeaton, '97. The meetings have been well attended so far by the first and second years, which is a good indication.

The next meeting on Tuesday, Dec 8th, at 5 p.m., in the Biological lecture room, will be addressed by C. M. Fraser, '98, on The Salt Works of Ontario, and by J. H. Paull, '98, on the Hastings Mines. Both papers will be of unusual interest, and it is hoped that the years may turn out.

L. H. GRAHAM, Sec'y.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. A. B. Watt, '97, spent Thanksgiving at his home at Brantford.

Mr. A. J. Mackenzie accompanied T. A. C. to Montreal on Thanksgiving.

Mr. T. G. Bragg is teaching as a substitute in the Uxbridge High School.

Victoria University will hold the annual Conversazione on Friday evening next.

Ladies' Glee Club, Thursday night, Gymnasium. 25 cents. Tickets at the janitor's! Get one!!

Mr. F. D. Woodworth, '97, who has been ill at home for the past few weeks, has returned to continue his work.

Mr. Anson Spotton, '96, and Mr. L. F. Stephens, '95, hold Cabinet offices in the Osgoode Mock Parliament.

Varsity defeated Osgoode on Saturday and won the Faculty Cup for the "Inter-collegiate Association Championship."

A movement is on foot among the women undergraduates to secure the use of the Gymnasium for one or two mornings each week.

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Messrs. J. L. Counsell, '97, P. T. Johnston, '99, J. B. Hunter, '99, J. H. Hancock, '97, and W. H. Greenwood, '97, spent the holiday out of town.

We wonder where the Sporting Editor of the *Globe* got the information that there are "about sixty" students at the Toronto Medical School.

The Annual Dinner of the School of Science will take place on Friday evening. This event last year was a record-breaker, and there is no falling off this year in the zeal or enthusiasm of the Committee of Management.

A couple of cases of theft have been reported from the lockers of the Gymnasium recently. Members would do well to keep a sharp look-out and catch the culprit, if possible, and in the meantime, remove all temptation by making use of their keys.

Mr. R. W. Allin, '96, left on Thursday last for Rothsay, near St. John, N.

B., where he has secured a position as teacher. Varsity is well represented there, as Mr. O. W. Howard, '96, is Principal of the College and Miss M. Craig is also on the teaching staff.

The Dental Students have decided to supplant their Annual Dinner by an At-Home, to be held in their new College building this year. The arrangements are in the hands of an energetic committee, and it may be expected that such a pleasing innovation will be a great success.

The Christmas number of Varsity will appear on the 17th of December, and will contain literary contributions from well-known graduates and undergraduates, as well as a *resumé* of the athletic achievements of the year, with cuts of the Ottawa, Queen's and Varsity captains in Rugby, and the Varsity captains of Association and Lacrosse.

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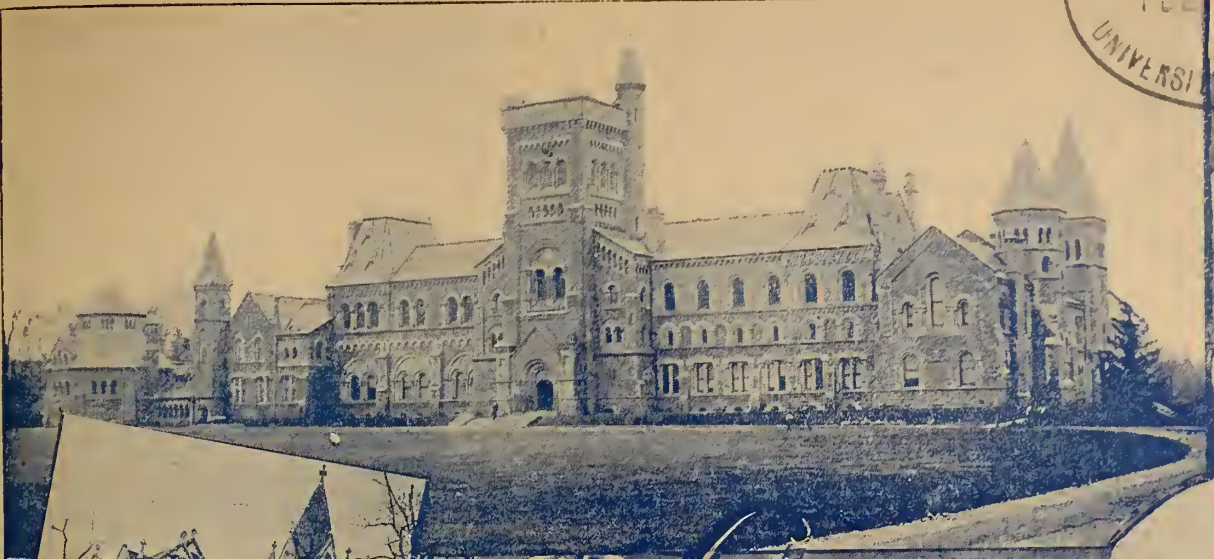
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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 9.

University of Toronto.

Toronto, December 9th, 1896.

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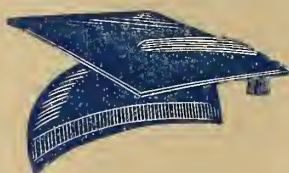
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1896.

No. 9.

## DR. BOURINOT'S LECTURE.

The Political Science Association are to be congratulated on having made such a successful beginning to the comprehensive programme which has been prepared for the year. A larger audience has never been seen at the meetings of the Association than the one which confronted Dr. Bourinot on Thursday in the Students' Union. The chair was occupied by President Loudon. Dr. Bourinot spoke on the English Principles in Canadian Government, and began by a pleasing reference to the distinguished scholar and genial gentleman who was for so many years President of University College, and did so much to add to its usefulness by his great learning and conscientious zeal in everything that might promote its interests as a centre of intellectual thought and culture. Like another great scholar, Professor Seeley, who had also joined the ranks of the great majority, Sir Daniel Wilson believed that it should be among the principal objects of a university "to give coherence, connection, and system to the thinking of the nation; to extend its action over the whole community by creating a vast order of high-class popular teachers, who should lend their aid everywhere in the impartial study of great questions, political or other, and to play a part in the guidance of the national mind such as had never been played by universities in any other country."

No course of studies, continued Dr. Bourinot, was better calculated to profit the student than political science, when it was fully and faithfully carried out. It was one inseparably connected with the vital interests of the whole community. Every man, woman and child had an interest in the efficient administration of government, and in the impartial execution of the laws. These were matters which related immediately to human happiness, and those studies which taught the principles on which all good government should rest, the respective duties, powers, and privileges of the different executive, legislative, and judicial authorities, and the eternal maxims of civil liberty, were studies which, when taught in the spirit of a judicious and honest historian, were well worthy of the name of a science, and should obtain a pre-eminence over all departments of thought and study, except the teachings of the true lessons of Christianity.

Canada presented a very interesting field for the student in this department of study. Though not a national sovereignty like the United States, and therefore probably inferior to it in that respect, as an object of contemplation and reflection for European statesmen, its political history, its fundamental law and constitution, its economic system, its social institutions, and the racial characteristics of its people were worthy of the close study, not only of Canadians, but of all persons who wished to follow the gradual development of communities from a state of cramped colonial pupillage to a larger condition of political freedom, which gave it many of the attributes of an independent nation never before enjoyed by a colonial dependency.

As we looked back for the one hundred and thirty-three years that had passed since the concession of Canada to England we could see that the political development of the provinces now constituting the Dominion was owing

to the passage of certain measures and the acknowledgment of certain principles which stood out as so many political milestones in the path of national progress. Briefly summed up, these measures and principles were as follows:—

The establishment of the principle of religious toleration, which relieved Roman Catholics of disabilities which long afterwards existed in Great Britain.

The establishment of trial by jury and the right of every subject to the protection of the writ of habeas corpus.

The guarantees given to the French-Canadians for the preservation of their civil law and language. The adoption of one system of criminal law in French and in English Canada.

The establishment of representative institutions in every province of Canada.

The independence of the judiciary and its complete isolation from political conflict.

Full provincial control over all local revenues and expenditures.

The initiation of money grants in the people's House.

The right of Canadian Legislatures to manage their purely local affairs without any interference on the part of the English officials in the parent State.

The establishment of municipal institutions and the consequent increase of public spirit in all the local divisions.

The abolition of the seigniorial tenure and the removal of feudal restrictions antagonistic to the conditions of settlement in a new country.

The adoption of the English principle of responsibility to the legislature, under which a Ministry can only retain office while they have the confidence of the people's representatives.

All these valuable privileges were not won in a day, but were the results of the struggles of the people of Canada up to the time of the establishment of the Federal union, which united the provinces on the basis of a central Government, having control of all matters of general or national import, and of several provinces having jurisdiction over such matters of provincial and local concern as were necessary to their existence as distinct political entities within a federation.

In all essential features necessary for the administration of public affairs the Government of Canada was conducted on the well-understood principles of that remarkable system of charters, statutes, conventions and usages to which the general name of the British constitution was given, and which give at once strength and elasticity to the English constitution.

When we reviewed the political and judicial system of the Dominion we could see that there were certain broad principles which, above all others, illustrated in their practical operation the "pre-eminently English" character of our institutions, and which might be briefly summarized as follows:—The supremacy of the law; the influence of the common law; the independence of the judges; the controlling power of the Commons' Houses; the principle of Ministerial responsibility; the permanent tenure of the public service.



A visitor to a Canadian Legislature would see in full operation the old forms and usages of the English House of Commons which existed before the adoption of the closure and other rigid rules, rendered necessary by obstruction, that discreditable feature of modern Parliamentary warfare. Some of the old constitutional usages of England had been considered so important that they had been incorporated in the written constitutional law.

But while we had adopted, to our decided advantage, the important principles of Parliamentary and legal systems of England, we had at the same time been able to rid ourselves of many customs and practices which had not been suitable to the circumstances of Canada.

The municipal system of Canada, especially that of the premier Province of Ontario, had been, even in certain respects, an example for imitation to the parent State, where the complicated and cumbrous system of local administration, which had gone on for centuries, had only quite recently been, as far as practicable, simplified to meet the modern condition of things.

He referred briefly to the problem which Canada had to solve, possessing, as she did, two distinct nationalities, expressed the belief that it was to the English institutions of the Province of Quebec that that Province must continue to owe its prosperity and happiness as an integral part of the Dominion. Under no other system of government, he said, would it be possible to harmonize the antagonistic elements of race, religion, and language which existed in Canada.

In conclusion, he said that Canadians had much to look forward to, if they profited by the best experience of other people, and avoided the quicksands into which indiscreet politicians and dangerous theorists might ever and anon attempt to push Canada.

#### MOCK PARLIAMENT.

I always attend the Lit. when Mock Parliament is on. Each time I swear to stay at home next week, but Friday night finds me just as surely "whooping it up" for the party or for the fun of it. Last Friday afternoon I took two books from the library (having got there at 8.45 to file for them) with the firm determination to mend my ways, and next morning returned them unopened—perhaps they wouldn't have helped me much on the exam., anyway.

Mock Parliament meetings have a good deal to recommend them. The purely business part is got over in a hurry, and you don't have to take out your watch every little while, as in Prof. —'s lecture, to see how the time is going. At the last meeting the minutes were read and confirmed without objection, the report of the Committee on Constitution, which was presented by Mr. Bray, was adopted without discussion, and the session of Parliament was opened by the President without the formality of a motion, and all in a manner to meet the approval of everyone present with the possible exception of a few most obnoxious constitutional cranks. The members of the Cabinet, with their followers, perhaps twenty in all, took their places at the right of the Speaker, while the supporters of the Opposition, three or four times as numerous, were on the left. It was very much as in former days, except that the Third party, now no longer recognized as capable of conducting the government, had failed to reorganize. Old faces, too, were missed, and the places of the seniors of former days were filled by those who were once our fellow-sophomores and freshmen, and who consequently failed to inspire us with that awe which we once felt. Of the sitting—well, little can be said. I sat pretty close to the Speaker, and managed at intervals to hear a word, if fortunate perhaps two. "The address in reply," was introduced by the Premier, and was moved and seconded by two new members who made a few comments, humorous and otherwise, then sat down conscious of duty

well done. The debaters followed and bravely attempted to do their share. Alternately members of the Opposition and Government rose, moved their jaws, gesticulated wildly and then subsided—why they did all this I don't know; perhaps they enjoyed it. Messrs. Munro, Little, Alexander and Macfarlane opposed the motion, while Messrs. Boulton, Greenwood and Sandwell, assisted by "Bourinot" in two languages, spoke for the Government. We adjourned at 10.30, and as I left the hall with three of the boys, one of them remarked that it was too early to go home.

CHICK.

#### LITERATURE AND NATURE.

It was when the power of Speech came to man that there grew up the power of Thought. Above the environment of the physical world, woven from mind to mind, intermingling times and associations, that strange other Thought-world reared up phantasmally. Perhaps there had been before some dull eye at gaze, learning for itself to see; perhaps there had been at times a solitary flash of the meaning of things into some heart, but it was only a flash. Creation had been; the eternal beauty of the Universe was there, already displayed in its full form and symmetry. Already the stars were glistening by night and the forests sweet with bird music. There was no longer a chaos without. All the phenomena of the world were moving in harmony with the eternal laws. Yet for man the day had not dawned, because Thought had not come. For him the darkness of mystery was hovering still over these unknown things, these things at his hands, below his feet, and in his gaze; there lay the mystery, drifting like a night of storm. But he knew nothing. The world revealed to him in lightning flashes was weird beyond thought. Forms were moving there, vague in outline, their very presence never guessed till then, the question of their Being still unsolved. And here and there the light glimmered, faintly, fitfully.

So flashed and darkened and drifted the long *Walpurgis Nacht*. So the wild dance of the ages reeled away, and the lost beauty of the pristine world faded and passed forever, without a comprehending mind—save One. Such was man, and such his vision before he knew to communicate feeling or to receive another's impression. It was Speech that banished Chaos. The light upon that darkness became more steady, and brighter as the gleam upon a thousand eyes gave one experience to all, and slowly the brooding mystery fell back, and the day remained. Not only had the darkness gone, but the dome-structure of Thought swelled up above us pure, changeless and symmetrical. This was a strange fact. Nothing so evanescent, nothing so frail, yet it stands out at the last, when the material world fails and its changing ages pass, strong and beautiful forever.

When the Egyptian sculptor carved the hieroglyph, literature was begun. If the thought hitherto had been phantom-like, flashing momentarily from mind to mind, now it was crystallized into a form as lasting as the earth itself, and Thought had asserted its eternal powers. The human minds might come and go, the ages drag their dark trail of mortality; it spoke to the centuries one voice. Impulses and ideas, once the most evanescent part of Being, were proving themselves the masterpart, and, when the creature in whom they had been was mere dust once more in the earth, their expression lay in the outline of stone, still speaking as with the voice that spoke no longer.

We shall not follow in detail the evolution of Literature from Cadmus and the Runic forms of expression to the completion of modern time. The strange fact that as each part became meaningless the whole became fraught with a deeper meaning must remain without examination here. Thought had begun in exclamation points; so did its expression. But, as the possibilities of connected and



discursive thinking came, with them advanced the wider literature, with its histories to record the past, poetry for its passion, philosophy for its speculation.

The literature of the world is so common, so much a matter of course, that few, if any, turn from its pages to think what it is, and how shadowy, yet eternal, is its existence.

What is literature? Is it a collection of books? Let me ask of you a task of your imagination. We are told that when someone, who has been confined from the open nature-world, has gone back to the places with which he was once familiar, those things which were so common before as not to be noticed at all are as strange as, even stranger, than other things. The hills were not so rugged in those early days, the road winds with forgotten turns, the garden is too narrow, everything is changed. It is because everything has to be measured by new standards, and many things are thus brought into observation that were never noticed before. In such a way let us imagine we have come again to the old haunts of literature, re-exploring with an eye for the strangeness of the common things, and a perception of those we take to be its axioms. Perhaps the axioms of life are after all its greatest puzzles, and the seat of its darkest mystery.

Here is a mat of thin, white sheets. Around them is stretched the skin of a dead animal, or perhaps the web of plant fibres. There are black marks in certain lines on each sheet within—nothing more. This is a book! Yet look at those black ink marks again. Unconsciously your eye follows from symbol to symbol. I see you forget what it is you hold, the plant fibre and matting. For a spell is falling over you from those cabalistic signs, the white page contains ink marks no longer, but it has turned to a splendid picture, human voices are in your ears speaking from silence, you feel the presence of other spirits with your own. Is there magic in these modern days? The mystery of the books is the strangest thing we have, and yet it lies not in them but in us. It is along the mysterious lines of the spirit life that we find the solution to it all.

Then books are more than mere material; they are presences of Thought. And how they sport with Time and Space! The lights are thrown across the shifting ages. We can hear the English skylark in twilight heaven, and watch the conquering Roman legions shout the wild pæan of victory. We can wander with Jason into those silent, undiscovered seas, or stand in the roar of modern London. Here is Fingal among his northern warriors; there is the sublimity of Shakespeare. Dynasties of forgotten states dance out for a moment in their long gibbering line. A phantom Troy glimmers on the desolate Asian hills. These are the ivory keys—pass your finger-tips along and in revelations of life and truth the answer comes from that mysterious, silent, outer world into the silent mystery of a living mind.

There can be no boundary here. It is the Infinite and the Eternal. Time cannot hold us. We may be 3,000 years old, or even older. Away far "out of Time and out of Space" we watch the stars whirl out of their red cloud-vapors and the universe unroll and spread its glittering frame. Chaos is ended, earth begun. Listen with Milton or Goethe and you hear the jubilation of the angelic choirs, see glimpses of that light whose beauty pervades the universe. A flash, and all is over! The stars grow dim, the cold, gray twilight of creation falls from world to world, drifts from sun to sun. The shadows deepen—darkness covers all, and the dead orbs are whirling into the eternal night.

This is Literature, and this is the range of a scholar's vision. From such a one should we not expect great things? and yet, strange as it may seem, we find that his mind is not always cultivated in wisdom, nor has that harmonious development which bestows the greatest

power. Many a scholar with an experience as wide as history, and a knowledge of the most intricate questions of thought, mistakes the true object of life, and lives as far from the ideal as those in the more simple walks of life. For learning is not culture nor wisdom.

The greatest man in the world, the one whose influence will extend farthest on the long future years of history, is the man, be he learned or unlearned in the classics of our race, whose life is at one with nature.

Do not let the recluse imagine that he has the only way of studying that exists. So long as he studies man and the mysteries of his environment by researches in the archives of the Past, follows his history with the aim before him of a more thorough understanding of himself and his fellows, works in the past for the present—so long as he works with that end in view he is doing his duty and accomplishing the highest good. But let the scholar never despise one who has not looked down the ages to learn from the experiences of history. Just as there was at first for the first thinker of the primal age, so now there must be other means of culture, other ways of getting into the heart of things than by living in the dust of a classic past.

Turn from the pages of your book to-night as the twilight closes in and the shadows steal around the room, spare a moment before the lamp is lighted, and look out at the sunset. What is that to you? Is it a gray, western cloud with red daubed on it like some sorry attempt at a 5 cent chromo? Are you thinking, while you look away into that infinite expanse of a forgotten tense of some forgotten verb in a forgotten language? Now you can test yourself, how much harmony there is between you and the rest of nature, for if you cannot *feel* the beauty of that sunset, *feel* the solemn power that is shut behind those flood-gates of the day—and the deep of the universe asleep beyond—if you cannot *feel that* in your heart, the dust of the past has obscured your view and narrowed the powers of your soul's expansion.

There can be gained from classical literary study much of great benefit by a widening of the knowledge of human actions in different times and under different circumstances. If as the student reads he sees unfold before him the changing arena where the heroes of old time are in actual life, if he follows their doings mindful of the sources of action in ourselves, if he sees them transferred into the present by the power of thought, by every experience of the man he contemplates, he adds to his own. For him there is less to say. But yet he is widening his vision by one method; there are others left. Should he be content with those truths that other minds have drawn from a source that still lies open? Should he be satisfied merely with applying and realizing these truths? Beyond, around, within him lie the same eternally inexhaustible fields from which Homer, Dante, Shakespeare drew, and from which the future Homers and the future Shakespeares must draw.

And now with all the widened scope of knowledge drawn from such study, you cannot create one single idea, give to the world one single thought which shall "shine as a star forever in the firmament of life," except by the establishment of a harmony between your soul and the oversoul of Nature, a condition to which everyone can attain, but the scholar, by his broadened capacity and greater ability to receive, it will baptize with a greater measure of power. With this thought before us it would be well to think twice before casting contempt on those in the ordinary walks of life, who have never had the opportunity of studying things beyond the scope of personal experience, while we may be privileged to scour the universe. But let us not pause through sympathy for an inferior type, pause because we may meet someone there who is wiser and therefore knows more than we, who has reached unassisted into the heart of things, it may be in part blindly, but effectively.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.



## THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DINNER.

The first Annual Dinner of the President, Faculty, and Undergraduates of University College was held last night in the Gymnasium Building, and was a gratifying and brilliant success from beginning to end. The students turned out well, as tickets were bought up rapidly all day yesterday. The committee are to be congratulated upon the happy outcome to their inauguration of the first College dinner. At eight o'clock the vast assemblage sat down to do justice to the daintiest viands which Harry Webb could furnish. Covers were laid for 200 on three long tables running the length of the great hall, with a cross table at the eastern end for the distinguished guests of the evening. A number of ladies attended in the gallery.

The following were the committee, to whom the success of the affair is due. President: Pres. Loudon; First Vice-President, J. L. Counsell, '97; Second Vice-President, H. Boulton, '97; Third Vice-President, J. T. Inkster, '98; Secretary, W. H. Greenwood, '97; Treasurer, F. H. Barron, '97; Councillors, F. A. Cleland, '98; W. G. Fitzgerald, '98; W. A. Sadler, '99; F. H. Smith, '99; and J. Kay, 1900.

Those who were invited: His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada; Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario; J. P. Whitney, M.P., leader of the Opposition; Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Hon. Mr. Mulock, Postmaster-General; Dr. John Hoskin, Q.C., Dr. Harper, President of the Chicago University; Dr. Patton, President of Princeton University; Dr. Schurmann, Principal of Cornell University; Dr. Angel, President of Ann Arbor University; Prof. W. J. Ashley, M.A., of Harvard University; Dr. Peterson, President of McGill University; Dr. G. M. Grant, Principal of Queen's University; The Father Superior of Ottawa College, Ottawa; Dr. Welch, Provost of Trinity University; Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University; Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University; Rev. J. R. Teefy, M.A., Superior of St. Michael's College; Rev. W. Caven, D.D., Principal of Knox College; Rev. J. P. Sheraton, M.A., D.D., Principal of Wycliffe College; Dr. Galbraith, Principal of S. P. S.; Dr. Reeve, Toronto Medical Faculty; Provost Watkins, of the Western University, London, Ont.; Dr. Parkin, of Upper Canada.

Representatives from sister colleges—Osgoode, Mr. R. E. Gagen; Dents., Mr. G. G. Hume; Wycliffe, Mr. McNamara; Tor. Meds.—J. H. Elliott; S. P. S., G. E. Stacey; McGill, Mr. H. Kerr; Queen's, Andy Morrison.

The following is an incomplete list of the members of the Faculty of the University who attended: Pres. Loudon, Professors Hutton, Baker, Wright, McCallum, Van der Smitten, McCurdy, Hume, Squair, Mavor, Wrong, Fletcher, Fraser, Milne, Robertson, Dr. Smale, Dr. Miller, Dr. Coleman, Dr. Needler, Messrs. Keys, Cameron, Caruthers, Jeffrey, W. J. Loudon, McLay (McMaster), Rusk, McLennan, Moore, Gould, Barr, Mr. Maclean, M.P., of the *World*, Mr. Willison, of the *Globe*, and Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, also attended. We are unable to give a list of the students.

The students took fully two hours to do ample justice to the good things of the menu card; and about 10 o'clock, through wreaths of smoke, the President called upon Prof. Fletcher, who read letters of regret at their inability to attend, from the Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prof. Goldwin Smith, LL.D., Rev. Dr. Sheraton, of Wycliffe, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Provost Welch, Pres. Harper, of Chicago, Pres. Patton, of Princeton, and others.

Then Pres. Loudon, the chairman of the dinner, proposed the toast of the Queen in flattering and enthusiastic

terms. He quoted the famous words of Thomas Carlyle, referring to the great task undertaken by so young a sovereign, on her ascending the throne. He spoke of the loyalty to the Queen and to the Empire manifested at all times by the undergraduates and alumni of the University. The toast was enthusiastically received by singing of the National Anthem. Professor Hutton proposed the toast to "Canada, our Country." He humorously remarked that patriotism was the best refuge of the after-dinner speaker, and that there was a time when it went hand in hand on the curriculum with temperance and agriculture. He referred, in glowing terms, to the University as a type of Canada, where every man was judged by what he is and not by what he has. The University mediated between knowledge and democracy, and prevented both from becoming supercilious.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, of the *World*, responded to this toast, and apologized for not having the eloquence to reply to so important a toast. But one thing was certain—that we were on this continent to stay. Our position here was assured, and our unification was becoming strengthened. He also spoke of the similarity between the University and the national life. The local government, he said, should endow the State University. If it had a strong mining policy we might have our Canadian Rockefellers and Stanfords ultimately. He was glad to see so many of the graduates of this year, seven, occupying prominent positions on the Faculty staff.

Dr. Parkin, of Upper Canada College, followed, and was greeted with a rousing reception from the "old boys." He was gratified with their maintenance of college spirit, and with the opportunities so seldom offered for such pleasant reunions. Canadians had much to reflect upon, and the young men must become in time the controlling forces of this country. After all his travels he always returned to Canada with great feelings of pride, when he compared his native country with others. He found no such material in Australia, for the development of strong and influential men as he recognized here. Canada was the place to make men, though Australia was the place to make money. But men would draw money to them. This was a critical period in Canada in reference to her political system. We had not the class distinctions of the old country, nor the wild democracy of others. The hope of Canada was in keeping her mental poise and intellectual position. We had much to learn from Italy, Greece, England and France, and should not be self-satisfied as in refinement in art, and even in learning, we lagged behind. He encouraged the young men to go abroad and call the best which was afforded by foreign lands. He directed the young men to pay more attention to the manners, refinements and forms of older countries in all respects, and we would become a great power in the world. We are the premier colony in the British Empire, and were the cynosure of every eye in the world. We had enormous responsibilities morally, and he appealed to the young men to be individually strong in moral qualities, as rigid as the Scotch, and to lift the heart of the world higher. With eloquence and strength he closed a powerful speech.

At this juncture Mr. W. S. MacKay, president of the Glee Club, accompanied by Glionna's orchestra, favored the assemblage with a solo.

Prof. McCurdy proposed the toast of the Local Legislature and referred to the opportunity.

We were ahead of other countries in the way we had achieved state control of our University. We had reason to be proud of the record and career of our undergraduates in the Local Legislature. The Minister of Education had reason to be proud of the growth of our University—in the increase of our numbers and the magnificence of her buildings. He emphasized the need of a post-graduate course and a better equipped library, without which no great



academic advancement could be made. He coupled with the toast the name of Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., of Toronto University. The honorable gentleman was received with the singing of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow." It was the duty, he said, of the Local Legislature to foster his "Alma Mater" and all other educational institutions of the Province. He referred to the prosperity of the secondary schools as evidenced by the fact that now and then the University captured one of the older teachers as lecturers or professors. He congratulated Mr. Maclean on anticipating the policy of the Local Government. It was pleasing that the University was not ungrateful for what was done for her advancement by the Government. The number of the faculty had been doubled and the number of the students trebled in twenty years. The Legislature expected the University in return to foster a high standard of scholarship. It was so far doing its work well. So long as this continues the University will contribute much to direct and control the destiny of the Dominion.

Walter H. Robinson then rendered, with fine effect, a solo, which was enthusiastically encored.

Mr. A. B. Watt, in eloquent terms, proposed the toast of "Alma Mater." The fervent devotion of her undergraduates testifies her ability to impart a broad and vigorous culture. The University had grown up with the country, and had always remained in touch with her best interests, and in the Fenian Raid had sent forth a company to defend her territory. The undergraduates should labor with a twofold aim, to widen her influence and become one of her distinguished sons.

The President replied briefly to this toast, and was followed by John G. Inkster. He was not the father nor yet the mother of the University, but a son and the representative of the daughters. John was humorous and advised the Faculty that they should "spare the sups. and not spoil the sports." Becoming serious, he advocated the cultivation of a strong University spirit and pointed out many ways in which this would conduce to the honor and glory of the undergraduates and of the University to which they belonged.

Prof. Alexander, in proposing the toast of "Sister Universities," made pleasing reference to the kindly rivalry between McGill and Toronto.

Dr. Peterson, of McGill, replied. He gave us the intimation that McGill was all right. He reciprocated the kindly feelings which Toronto always cherished for McGill. He was glad of the solidarity of interests which prevailed among universities of this and other countries.

Provost Watkins, of Western University, followed. In his short speech he expressed his pleasure at the recognition of this young university. It was a great tribute to Toronto that two of her distinguished graduates occupied positions on the staff of the Western University. Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria, also responded to this toast, and spoke feelingly of the friendly relations which had existed always between the federated Colleges.

Mr. W. D. Love gave a solo, and to an encore sang "The Whistling Girl." The toast of University Societies was proposed by Mr. J. C. McLennan, and responded to by Don Ross, '98, T. J. McNeece, '97, and G. C. Selby, '97, each of whom delivered themselves of brilliant speeches.

Mr. A. F. Barr, B.A., proposed the toast of Athletics in an appreciable manner, and was responded to by J. L. Counsell and Mr. T. Gibson. Both of these gentlemen excelled as after-dinner speakers.

Mr. B. K. Sandwell, '97, proposed the toast of The Press, which was responded to by Mr. Cecil H. Clegg.

"The Ladies" was proposed by Mr. Mitchell, and responded to eloquently by Mr. James Little.

This brought the happy gathering to a close. Some of the students, loth to go, remained, and entertained the

representatives from the Colleges in sleepy songs and weary stories. Veritably it was a great night, with great guns, great grub and great gab.

### STRANGE!

'Tis worthy the note of all.

—A strange and marv'lous thing—  
Our "freshettes" come in the fall,  
Instead of in the spring.

### STUDENTS' SOCIETIES.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Philosophical Society held a regular meeting on Friday 1st. Mr. T. H. Robinson, B.A., read an interesting paper on the "Metaphysical Proof of God," which was ably discussed by Prof. Kirschmann.

At the next meeting to be held in the Students' Union, on Friday, 11th inst., at 4 p.m., Prof. Alexander will give an address on "Some Principles of Æsthetics and their application to Literature." A cordial invitation is extended to all students and their friends.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The last regular meeting for the Michaelmas Term was held on Monday in room 4. The papers read were of a high order, and the whole meeting made a creditable finish to a very successful term's work. The programme was as follows: Wm. Morris, H. J. O'Higgins; Matthew Arnold, J. T. Shotwell; Swinburne, Miss Mills. Prof. Mavor delighted the audience with personal reminiscences of William Morris. It is probable that the Public Lecture announced for December 14th, will be held on Saturday, December 12th, in the Biological Building. Further notice will be given elsewhere. The subject of the lecture is "Mediæval Life in Germany," and Prof. Vander Smitten's well-founded reputation for the treatment of such subjects is sure to give him a large audience. Those desiring to hear this treat should come early.

### VARSIITY GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club are holding their few final practices this week for their Concert next Friday evening in the Massey Hall, which they confidently expect will be a record breaker. The boys have got their music in splendid shape, and undoubtedly will shed additional lustre on their already great musical reputation. The Banjo and Guitar Club have especially catchy music this year, which will appeal very strongly to their friends in the top gallery. Their new descriptive piece, imitating plantation life, is said to far eclipse all former compositions of this kind, will be played by the combined Banjo, Guitar, and Mandolin Clubs. The Concert is under the distinguished patronage of Sir Casimir Gzowski, Administrator, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, besides that of several well-known society ladies, and will as usual be one of the society events of the season. It is hoped also that the students will turn out in large numbers to show their appreciation of the efforts of the boys to make this organization, the leading College Glee Club in America, and to spread abroad the musical fame of our Alma Mater.

From the first, the attendance and enthusiasm at the Mulock Cup series has been unusually large. The games in the first round, at least, were not of a very high class, but a marked improvement can be seen in those played lately.



# The Varsity

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IN an unscrupulous yet vain attempt to regale its readers with something flavoring of the sensational, the *Evening Star* recently published a garbled account of the proceedings at the last meeting of the Woman's Literary Society. We would be content with merely pointing out that the article in question was not only indiscreet and immodest in tone, but also in many respects exaggerated and in some respects false in point of fact, could we reconcile ourselves to overlook the outrage upon personal friendship and social conventionalities committed by the writer. It is one of the great misfortunes of journalism that papers like the *Star* will keep upon their staff members skilled in all the arts of deception, without the slightest appreciation of social propriety, but with a vulgar pretence of wisdom and a facility for words.

The *Star* would have the public suppose that the article was written by a representative, who attended in disguise, but the representative is not to be credited even with this much cleverness. The fact of the matter is, and the public ought to know this, that he did not attend in person but obtained his information by hearsay. He happened to have ingratiated himself into the friendship and good-will of some of the members who were discussing the programme of the evening privately. Immediately he got the conceit of a "scoop" into his head, and in the idea that he might accomplish something grand his common sense evaporated. The meagre particulars he had obtained he filled out with his own "idle imaginings," and ran home to dream that when he awoke Monday morning he would find himself famous. It seems never to have occurred to this young upstart that his conduct was a violation of faith, or that it would lead to a severe reflection upon those whose company and confidence he neither hesitated to enjoy nor scrupled to betray. It seems never to have dawned upon him that deception is bad, but that when it is blended with wilful misrepresentation it is infinitely

worse. Deceit is one of the worst traits of human character, and those who are unfortunate enough to find it practised by their friends should spurn them as they would a man tainted with a deadly infectious disease. The article we have referred to is unworthy of the *Star*, and is about the most impudent manifestation of ignorance and bad-breeding that has come under our notice.

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It is not to be supposed that the women undergraduates preserve the same dignity and decorum when they meet at the Literary Society, as they do in the "lecture rooms, the college halls or at receptions." It is not to be supposed either that a farce can be presented by First Year students of a University, with such seriousness and success as press reporters may see when they occupy free seats at a down-town opera house. The girls may not know how to escape incongruous features in the make-up of a stage character, and could doubtless receive with profit some pointers about the dressing of a stage. But these are not things which it is incumbent upon them to know. They are obliged to know, however, and most of them do know, how to avoid incongruities and correct deficiencies in their own characters, and we are thankful that they have reached considerable perfection in the art of dressing themselves. This is about the first time that the women undergraduates have been held up to public ridicule, but there is scarcely a paper in this city that, in the attempt to pander to the popular opinion, has not had its fling at University students in general. The strange thing about it is that they are seldom portrayed when they are quietly engaged at their work, but the pictures exhibited to the public are generally "snap-shots," taken when they are off duty. Insignificant as these may seem, they have a most mischievous effect and prejudice the popular mind against the students. The attacks made upon the men describe them either as an indolent set of rowdies, at their best when in pursuit of a football, or as long haired and unpractical specimens of attenuated humanity like bum actors out of a job. To incite further that contempt of the people which is freely accorded all men who do not live by the sweat of their own brow, they are said to be spending other people's money in "educating themselves to be gentlemen."

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We have been plagued to death with these periodical misrepresentations and false accusations, as with a festering sore. We have not exactly held the undergraduate as a species under a glass, but we have had the experience of an association with undergraduates now extending into its fourth year. We have mingled freely with them in every form of their society. We have caught them in their more serious moods and known them in moods of lighter vein. We have seen them at study, at play, and at work in the sense of toil. It may not appear presumption on our part in undertaking to vindicate their character and set it right with the public. We may say that we never yet ran across any one who was taking a University education for the glory of the thing, but because it was recognized to be a good way of acquiring a necessary equipment for a useful and successful life. But a University career may, and has, spoiled young men



who did not know enough to discriminate between things transient or ephemeral and things permanent or enduring, and who would have been spoiled in any case. We have never seen a student win the esteem of his fellow-students by a reputation for indolence, or by his fame as a football player alone. This is because a man must be well-balanced to meet the approval of the students. To be appreciated he must have some stronger recommendation. It matters not in what form, but intellectual ability must manifest itself somehow. We are at a loss to understand why the practice of wearing their hair long should excite the animosity of the press against the students. Personal appearance, and not society, generally prescribes whether men shall wear their beards long or short, or whether they shall wear beards at all or not. University students should be allowed the same arbiter to decide the manner of wearing their hair.

The statement that students are spending other people's money is only partly true. For a large proportion of students earn or have earned their own money or most of it, and are self-dependent. They may often find themselves in the inconvenient position of being "strapped," but this is no obstacle in the way of their success. Occasionally one forgets that it is prosperity and not adversity that ruins men, and, rather than undergo privation, relinquishes the idea of completing one's course. But the most of them have sand enough in them to "stay with the job," in the belief that they are making a paying investment by spending their money to get a liberal education. We could easily stand to have more money invested in this way. It would be much better for humanity if that part of the world's wealth which is annually invested in horse flesh were invested in the improvement and development of the human intellect.

It is a sad reproach upon the morals and manners of Canadian communities if it is true that the money spent on a University education is spent in educating young men to become gentlemen. We had expected this part of their education to have been acquired at home, and we believe it generally is, and that where it has not been obtained there, it is rarely got by a University training. For we have both gentlemen and educated persons in our acquaintance, and a number of the gentlemen are not educated and a number of the educated persons are not gentlemen.

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With these remarks, according to a well-established precedent, the present editor ends his editorial duties. We have been impressed more than ever, during our term of office, by the fertility and resource of the student mind. We have enjoyed immensely the close relationship with the students and hope to profit greatly thereby. To our successor we hope to see given the same sympathy, encouragement and assistance which has been granted to us; and to the undergraduates, one and all, we extend, with the compliments of the season, the hope of an honorable, a prosperous, and a distinguished career.

The theory that a subject when hypnotized has lost all powers of reason, was proved to be absolutely false last Wednesday evening when the subject showed such excellent taste and discrimination in presenting his bouquet.

## LETTERS.

*To the Editor of VARSITY:*

DEAR SIR,—In view of the approaching concert of the Glee Club next Friday night and recognizing the fact that there will be a large attendance of students, may I be permitted, as conductor of the club, to respectfully offer a suggestion. To my mind the audience that attends this annual event comes for two principal reasons, viz.:—to hear the programme and to listen to the students in the top gallery. But the difficulty is that they hear them both at the same time, and so do not enjoy the concert as much as they otherwise would. Now, I would suggest to the students in the audience that while any number is being given from the platform that they preserve order, but between numbers indulge their own musical tastes as they like. I hope this suggestion will be taken in the kindly spirit that is intended. Thanking you for your valuable space.

Yours truly,

WALTER H. ROBINSON.

\* \*

*To the Editor of VARSITY:*

DEAR SIR,—In reply to the letter which appeared in your columns last week from "One of The Boys," I wish to say that the suggestion has been discussed by the Musical Committee of the Glee Club, and has, to a certain extent, appeared feasible. Of course at this late date it would be impossible to entirely disarrange our programme, and give songs out of the old song book, as encores to all our numbers, but two or three of these could be sung, and if this idea commends itself to the students at large, the arrangement can be definitely fixed. The Club will practise at the Massey Hall on Thursday afternoon, at 4.30, and on Friday morning at 10. It is requested that all students who are interested be present, and practise the College songs that have been selected. Needless to say, the club will not think of entering into any such arrangement unless after a combined practice, but if this is attended to, they are quite willing to give the experiment a trial.

Yours truly,

J. L. R. PARSONS,  
Sec'y Glee Club.

## QUESTION DRAWER.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIFF, S.P.S.—You can obtain drawing materials, ink, pencils, rubbers, etc., at the Art Metropole, 141 Yonge Street.

CIRCLE.—You need not feel abashed over your slip in grammar. We have known several fourth year men to lapse into solecisms occasionally.

INNAMORATO.—Many thanks for the photograph that you have submitted for our inspection. We agree with you that she is charming; so much so, in fact, that we have determined to keep the photo, and have duly installed it upon our dressing-case.

L. AND S. COLLECTOR.—Three studs in the shirt front will be sufficient for the occasion you mention. A yellow, blue and white necktie will be most appropriate, but will be out of sight if you wear your napkin as usual. On this occasion we would advise you to wear it a little lower, placing the two upper corners in the lower vest pockets.

I. C. U. R. A. J.—No, there is no University lecturer in that subject, but many of the students study under Prof. Davis. (You will find his ad. in the VARSITY columns.) Before starting to study the subject it would be well for you to master the principles of sliding friction, centre of gravity, momentum, rythm and curvilinear geometry. If you apply yourself we think you could get a fair knowledge of the subject by the time of the Conversat.



## THE INTER-YEAR RUGBY CONTESTS.

For the past week a lively interest has been manifest in the various matches which have been played in competition for the Mulock Cup. With the final game in the series, football takes its departure again for another year. On Monday the Freshmen Class met the Sophomores, to meet defeat by the score of 27—12. The same day the two upper years of the Medical School succeeded in defeating their juniors, the two lower, after a hard fought game, ending 8—6. On Tuesday '97 defeated '98 by 22—12, and the Dentals won from Knox by 21—1. This ended the first round, so that next day when the School of Science, which obtained the bye, met the Senior Meds., a large crowd assembled, expecting to see more hotly contested matches as the series went on. In this case they were not disappointed. For a large part of the game the men from the direction of the Don held the lead, but a try in time brought the victory to their opponents by 10—6. The S. P. S. team included players of such prominence as Boyd, Morrison and Perry, while the Meds had Campbell and White.

On Thursday afternoon a great surprise took place. The Senior Arts Team was supposed to be particularly strong, certainly the strongest in the College, and judging from their showing of last year, and the presence among them of such men as Counsell, Jackson, Barron, Sellery, Bradley, Scott and Dodds, of the first and second teams, seemed to almost assure them of the ultimate possession of the cup. However, when the '99 team was met, the latter, well balanced at every point, were able to defeat them by 7—1. For the winners Armour, Gooderham and Mullin played well, while the brilliant work, both offensive and defensive, of the whole back division, McMordie, Cameron, Waldie, Benson and Ross, practically won the game.

## LACROSSE.

## INTER-COLLEGE LACROSSE LEAGUE.

An inter-college lacrosse association is one of the possibilities of next spring. As at present defined it will consist of Varsity, Osgoode Hall and McGill, but other colleges may be induced to enter teams, and in time there is every prospect that it will assume to as much importance as the Football Association. The matter was broached at the annual meeting of the Varsity Lacrosse Club, Friday, in the Gymnasium, and received the enthusiastic endorsement of all the members. That Osgoode Hall is favorable to the project is evident, as the suggestion emanated from Mr. C. Cross, who will play with the legalites next year, as will Courtney Kingston, Charlie Moss and Ernie Burns.

There was a good turn-out at the meeting and an excellent list of officers was elected. They are: Hon. President, W. J. Loudon, B.A.; President, Captain A. F. Barr, B.A.; Vice-President, C. G. Bryan, B.A.; Captain, W. A. MacKinnon; Committee, Messrs. F. A. Cleland, A. E. Snell, G. Cooper and W. Morrison. It was decided to defer the election of a manager.

At the close of the meeting the captain elect said a few words regarding the prospects for next season, regretting the loss of men still eligible for the team, who will owe their services to Osgoode's new club; but expressing the hope that the many players who are attending Varsity for the first time will make up a team which will keep unbroken the long succession of victories for the blue and white.

M. Auguste Van Beine, the great 'cellist, will appear at the Grand Opera House next week in his musical drama, "The Broken Melody." Speaking of the famous 'cellist and his play, a London journal says: "The strains of 'The Broken Melody' were heard for the first time within the walls of the Grand Theatre last evening.

That they touched a tender chord and awakened a responsive echo was at once apparent. It tells a tale of woman's intrigue—the cause, the love of a man devotedly attached to his wife; the effect, their separation. In style it now and then suggests Sardou. There are few 'cello players in the world, who can equal—certainly none to out-rival—his claims to rank as a great instrumentalist."

## TORONTO MEDICAL DINNER.

The Medical Faculty and Medicos held their tenth annual dinner at the Rossin House on Wednesday evening last. An illustrious gathering sat down to partake of the good things provided about 9 o'clock. The number in attendance was so large that the members of the Dinner Committee had to accommodate themselves in an ante-room adjoining the main dining hall. The menu-card, besides containing the items of an exquisite bill of fare, also was profusely decorated with local sketches and apt quotations. Everything had a "saw-bone" flavor, which was novel and interesting to an Arts man. Some of those present were: Sir W. R. Meredith, President Loudon, Dr. Parkin, Dr. J. H. Cameron, Dr. McPherson, Dr. Primrose, Dr. Peters, Dr. Reeve, Dr. Dwyer, Dr. O'Reilly, Profs. Baker, McCallum, Richardson, Ross, and many other disciples of Esculapius. The president of the dinner was A. J. MacNamara, '97, who occupied his position with becoming dignity and efficiency.

A great many of 4th year Arts men were present also, as there are a number taking their first year in medicine along with their final year. We noticed C. A. Campbell, J. L. R. Parsons, W. H. Graham, C. Currie. W. A. MacKinnon and Secretary Jackson represented the Athletic Association, and Cecil H. Clegg, the Varsity. J. W. Baird, '97, represented Victoria.

The toast of the University of Toronto was responded to by President Loudon and Prof. Reynor (Victoria). Mr. W. S. Mackay, president of the Glee Club, rendered a few pleasing solos, which broke the monotony of the numerous speeches.

In response to the toast of the Faculty, Dr. J. H. Cameron and Professor McCallum made two of the happiest speeches of the evening, though the listeners had decreased considerably in number on account of the lateness of the hour.

Mr. J. W. Baird was one of the speakers to reply to Sister Institutions. There were representatives from Osgoode, Dentals, Pharmacy, McGill Medical College and Bishops College. Of these, Osgoode sent the best speaker in the person of J. W. Barnum, '94, for Osgoode. Mr. J. H. Jackson replied to the toast of Athletics and C. H. Clegg to the toast of the Press. The affair ended about 4 a.m.



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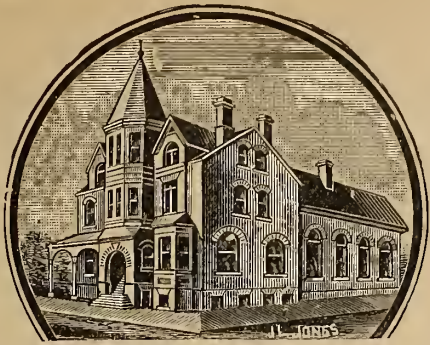
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## THE LADIES' GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

It was a decidedly unlucky move on the part of the men to divorce the women from their Glee Club. The event has had a result which was very easy to anticipate, very hard to prevent, and will be very much harder to combat. Instead of "wearing the willow" in privacy and seclusion, the women have rejoiced at their return to a state, veritably, of "single blessedness." No longer allowed to be the helpmeet and companions of the men, they have dared to become their rivals. With what success may be judged from the attendance and the reception accorded them at their first annual concert on Thursday last. We doubt very much if the indications of prosperity have been so favorable for any organization around the University, as were those at their first public appearance. We came a little late, but upon representing to one of the obliging girl censors that we were going to report for VARSITY, we were directed to a delightful seat in the "gods," where the male students, led by a Residence faction, were already in possession, and from this position of eminence we were enabled to see and hear everything that transpired during the evening. A bevy of sweet girls from the Presbyterian Ladies' College occupied seats in the east end of the hall, and drew down upon themselves the frequent salutations of admiration, mingled with their own college yell of the "gods."

The platform on which the members of the Glee Club sat arrayed in pretty garments of black and white, with bright ribbons showing here and there, was decorated with blue and white, and was very pleasing in appearance. A sparkle of excitement was always to be expected in the event of one of those sitting on either end tumbling off, but fortunately this did not occur. The choruses by the club were exceedingly well rendered. The volume of sound and sweetness of expression was delightful. The best number given was the March song by Becher, which elicited an enthusiastic encore. The assistance of the Mendelssohn Trio, refreshing as a variety, contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The solos given by Mrs. Lee were equally good, and the solos on the 'cello by Miss Massie were delightful. The audience in the "gods" were captivated by the appearance and the smiles of Mrs. Adele Strauss Youngheart, who wore a gown of soft blue with white lace trimmings. She was instructed to sing "Au Revoir but Not Good-bye," but declined with a bow. Miss Mabel de Geer was heard to fine advantage in her encore to her solo "For all Eternity," as well as in her duet with Mr. Walter H. Robinson, which was the best number of the evening. Mr. C. Frank King received a well-merited encore to "Trankadillo."

The accompanist for the Glee Club was Miss Rosentadt, who deserves great praise for the manner in which

she performed her exacting duties. Mrs. Fred Lee acted in the same capacity for the Trio and with equal success. A great deal of the credit belongs to Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the talented conductor of the Club, for the brilliant success of its first concert.

## NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY SINCE OCT. 22, 1896.

Dickenson, Emily—Poems, 1st and 2nd series. Presented by H. H. Langton, Esq.

Flint, R.—Theism, Baird Lecture for 1876. Published by Blackwood.

Gow, James—Companion to School Classes. Published by Macmillan.

Helprecht, (Ed.)—University of Pennsylvania Babylonian Expedition, Ser. A. Cuneiform Texts. Published in Trans. Amer. Philos. Society.

Hubert, P. G.—Inventors. Published by Scribners.

Markow—Russische Chrestomathie. Presented by H. H. Langton, Esq.

Martineau, J.—A Study of Spinoza. Published by Macmillan.

Muller, Max von—Asien und Europa. Published by Engelmann.

McAulay, A.—Utility of Quaternions in Physics. Published by Macmillan.

McCaig, D.—Milestone Moods and Memories. Presented by H. H. Langton, Esq.

Pushkin, A. S.—Complete Works, Vol. 4. Presented by H. H. Langton, Esq.

Prowse, O. W.—History of Newfoundland, (Macmillan). The Author.

Riola, H.—Graduated Russian Reader (Kegan Paul). Presented by H. H. Langton.

Riola, H.—How to Learn Russian (Kegan Paul). Presented by H. H. Langton.

Runeberg, J. L.—Faurik Stals Sagner. Presented by H. H. Langton.

Sidgwick, H.—Methods of Ethics. Published by Macmillan.

Siepmann, Otto—Public School German Primer. Presented by Copp, Clark Co.

Socink, Dr. A.—Arabic Grammar and Glossary. Published by Reuther.

Smith, Benjamin E.—Century Cyclopaedia of Names. Published by Century Company.

Sophomore's logic (up to date)—Some men buy tickets, but don't intend going to the dinner. Some men intend going to the dinner, but don't buy tickets.

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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Don't forget the Glee Club concert on Friday night.

The Xmas number of VARSITY will appear next week, illustrated and enlarged.

The Athletic Association will have a rink this winter at thenorth-west end of the campus.

Mr. Lyman Brown has been appointed Classical Master in the Leamington High School.

As a result of a recent decision of the Supreme Court, the University of Colorado has come in for \$20,000.

In the Departmental Library in the Parliament Buildings there can always be found half a dozen Arts men reading.

The Editorial Board will meet on Thursday, at 5 p.m., for the purpose of electing the Editor for the second term.

Last Friday night was a night of collegiate celebration. Jarvis Collegiate entertained, the School of Science

dined, Knox College debated, and Victoria conversated.

We regret to learn that Miss F. E. Kirkwood, '98, of the Business Board, has been compelled to give up her work for this term and return home on account of ill health.

Mrs. (Prof.) Fraser held an At-Home on Friday afternoon last from 5 to 7, and gave a large number of the students the opportunity of meeting the members of the Y. W. C. A.

A west-end tonsorialist complains that there were in his parlors last week, at one time, two ex-mayors of Toronto, and no less than three members of VARSITY Editorial and Business Boards. Cheer up, good friend; remember "Some have greatness thrust upon them," when they will advertise in VARSITY.

The sale of periodicals took place last Wednesday in the Reading Room. Don. Ross manipulated the hammer, and Fides Nicol held the slate. Every two or three minutes the hammer came down with "c'est bien vu; bien attendu; adjugez," and some unfortunate bought in a magazine for 15 or 20 cents beyond the regular price.

The Seniors of University College and Victoria held a union reception on Saturday evening last from 7 to 10, in Victoria College. The Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash were present. At 8.30 guests were still winding their way up to the college, but on arriving found

all the programmes had long since been appropriated and some fifty or sixty stragglers were compelled to make a card serve this purpose. All the people we know, and a lot we did not know, were there to indulge in the enjoyment of the occasion. Victoria's large hall proved a delightful place for promenading, and the numerous class rooms, which were thrown open, served equally well for sitting out. The refreshment room was opened about 8.30, and things were made somewhat uncomfortable and unedifying by the unanimous wish of the assemblage to sit down together. But as all were bent on enjoying themselves, a little discomfort of this kind did not cause much serious inconvenience. The joint committees are to be congratulated upon the success of the affair, and are extended the suggestion to hold their next reception in the Pavilion.

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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 10.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16TH, 1896.

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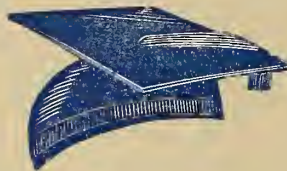
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

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## MUSIC AND TEARS.

We sat where the yellow moonlight  
Streamed thro' the August trees  
And fell in leafy shadows  
Over the ivory keys.

Sweet was the night and languid,  
Gently the curtains swayed,  
And oh! the warmth and passion  
Of the soft airs she played.

The music throbbed and floated,  
And filled the shadowy room,  
And the roses at the casement  
Breathed forth their sweet perfume;

But something strange and tender  
Had smote upon my heart,  
And the strains of that lovely music  
Made burning tear-drops start.

And in that passionate moment  
I knew that life was sore,  
And felt its pain and longing  
As I'd never felt before.

Ah, strange that the peace serenest  
Should stir man's soul most deep,  
And strange that the highest beauty  
Is that which makes us weep.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

## GLIMPSES OF OXFORD.

### III.

The vast majority of the Great Ungowned forms its conception of Oxford from reminiscences of youthful readings of Verdant Green, Pendennis, and Tom Brown. These good books, in their own day, may, or may not, have portrayed Oxford as it once existed. They certainly portray neither Oxford nor Oxford life as it exists at the present time. Outside of this source of information, the world gets an occasional glimpse of Oxford life from facts which come out in the periodic London divorce-suit of the English nobleman. All of these English noblemen, it seems, have been at Oxford; and all of them, it likewise seems, have, some time or other, been "sent down" (that is, expelled) from that University. In fact, it is forced on one that every nobleman in England, from Lord Rosebery to the husband of Consuelo Vanderbilt, has stepped into his broader sphere of social life by being "sent down" from the University of Oxford—where expulsion is an unfailing token of aristocracy. We, in America, see little of that Oxford literature, so popular in England, whose creators deal with University life in somewhat the same spirit as Colonel Richardson\* dealt with early Canadian life, or as the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne and Fenimore Cooper dealt with our own poor, distorted, idealized Red Indian. So,

\* You will remember in his "Wacousta" how the Indians stopped the English boats by felling trees across the St. Clair River—trees, I might add, at least one-half mile in height.

beyond these first-mentioned sources of information, our knowledge of Oxford ceases.

From the University itself, and the University authorities, you will find that you can learn nothing. As your letters ply across the wide Atlantic, the innumerable times you are referred from one academic official to another, reminds you very much of Mark Twain's Great Beef Contract, and the shortness of human life. Here, in the land of Principal Grant, it is only those who have attempted to glean a few facts relating to this University and its ways who know how absolutely, maddeningly impossible it is to gather in one enlightening word. You go to those graduates of Oxford who hold professorial positions in our midst, or perhaps to an English clergyman in some neighboring parish (they are always Oxford men), and, with true Oxonian courtesy, they load you down with information: but with information of an Oxford of sixty years ago. Then, to your joy, you hear, perhaps, that there is an Oxford man just come out to learn gentleman-farming with some honest husbandman back on the ninth concession, in the township of Lone Swamp. You search him out, and find him feeding the stock, in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. He, too, with true Oxonian courtesy, will tell you, as he leans on his pitch-fork, all he knows of Oxford. He talks of "Torpids," and "Rugger," and "Wines," and "Soccer," and "Bump-Suppers," and "Rags," and "Divvers," and "Leckers," and even Baccarat. And, leaning pensively on his pitch-fork, he will tell you, with a look of melancholy regret in his eyes, that Oxford is a jolly old place. You thank him, and go away wondering what it all means. For you have not yet learned that Oxford men are of many kinds, and that the Oxford student is known by his Oxford slang, just as a German student is known by the scars on his face.†

So it is quite natural that graduates of our own Universities should so seldom look toward Oxford when in search for higher academic standing, or when casting about them for a congenial place wherein to carry on the study of those early rudiments of a long education—an education, indeed, for which we find our lives so disappointingly short.

To the American college man who contemplates a post-graduate course for the study of some specialty alone, the German universities would certainly offer more inducements than either of the two great English seats of learning. But if his object is not so much the possession of mere scholarship and a "Doctor of Philosophy," as the search for sweetness and light, for culture in its deepest and broadest sense, with a corresponding elimination of the provincial, it would be well for him, perhaps, not to overlook Oxford. For, as Professor Bryce has said, the English universities avowedly were in the last century,

† Which is the more barbarous practice it would be hard to say. The most striking form of Oxford slang is the curtailing of a word and the addition of "er." Thus "Rugger" means Rugby, "Lecker," Lecture, "Father Ignagger," Father Ignatius, and so forth *ad nauseum*. As for the German scars, they are, of course, duelling scars. Students are inordinately proud of these atrocious marks; one university graduate I met in Germany last summer having no less than twenty-seven distinct scars on his face and head. He was a more envied man, I believe, than the Emperor himself.



and to a great extent are still, primarily places for spending three or four pleasant years, and only incidentally places of instruction. Locke's definition of education still dominates their idea of a university. "I think it not much matter," said he to Lord Peterborough, "whether your son be any scholar or no; if he but understand Latin well, and have a general scheme of the sciences, I think that enough. But I would have him well-bred and well-tempered."

In our poor bones is bred a far different university sentiment, but here is no place to discuss so abstruse a question as the proper function and nature of a university. Nor dare I pause to venture an answer to the question whether there is not a slight touch of—shall we call it bigotry?—in Oxford's refusal to acknowledge the academic standing of the unhappy student who dwells without her own walls.\* Perhaps, when you have carried about with you for twenty years the hallowed dignity of a Master of Arts, and then go to Oxford and find yourself summarily converted into a freshmen—a poor little insignificant freshman once more—you will be able to answer this question for yourself. However that may be, it is certainly true you will find in Oxford many full brained Scotchmen and not a few Americans, already Bachelors and Masters of Arts, who are content to enter that university as freshmen, and fulfil Oxford's inexorable requirement of at least a three years' residence within one and one-half miles of Carfax (the centre of the city), that they may be permitted to enter into that keen competition for honors, fellowships, tutorships, and the inevitable successful career in after life to which these lead. For Oxford, until a very few years ago, made absolutely no provisions for any students except those who intended to go through one of the regular courses for a degree. Three times, however, of late, she has humbled and bowed herself before the stranger without her gates, and forgotten her old-time mediævalism. Yet each concession she has made, it seems, has been a sort of splendid failure.

One of these concessions was the establishment of a course of Special Study, or Research, for the degree of either Bachelor of Literature, or Bachelor of Science. The candidate for this course must be already the graduate of a university, or otherwise, must satisfy his Board of Examiners that he is a scholar worthy of being granted the privileges which they offer to those who enter into this two years of research study. He is permitted an apparently limitless choice of subjects—the study of a poet, if he wishes, from Homer to Tennyson, or any theme lying between Asexual Genesis and the enclitic  $\gamma\epsilon$ . But his work must be both exhaustive and original. His Board of Examiners, he will find, are not to be easily satisfied. And even here he does not escape either the inexorable residence-demand or tutorial supervision. In this course I have seen a Master of Arts of many years' standing having his weekly essay criticized and corrected by a boyish looking tutor, manifestly not many winters out of his teens. Yet, this concessive course, created through the alarming consciousness of the increasing number of degrees being "made in Germany," is still in a most unsatisfactorily tentative, experimental and unsettled state. The degree of Bachelor does not lead to a corresponding Doctorate. The Examiners, it seems, are repeatedly coming into rather violent collision with the discontented scholars.

Oxford's second concession to those who had clamored so long at her doors is the New English School. This

course, like that for the Research Degree, is still in its experimental state. It has, undoubtedly, been far from a success. Not long ago I noticed the *Westminster Gazette* commented on what it termed the failure of this new venture. "The School of English Language and Literature at Oxford," it remarks, "seems to inspire terror among students anxious to take the school. Originally there were three men and one woman student in for the examination. One of the men soon scratched; another scratched the day before; the woman student, too, scratched the day before; while the solitary male student who actually went through some of the papers and endeavored to give some sort of answers was driven in the end to scratch, too."

This brings us to the last point to be considered, Oxford's University Extension Movement. All along this movement has been regarded, more or less, as a sop of cheap culture thrown to the hungry Cereberus of Democracy, and since its first inception has been a target at which the Oxonian rural vicar and the more orthodox graduate have flung epigrams and smart speeches. They joked over the idea of an ambitious housemaid (in fact they worked that poor housemaid to death), who mingled her tears with the "soft droppings" of Euripides whilst she burnt her mistress's jam. They gleefully pictured her as puzzling over a choral ode whilst she polished up the family plate, and confused Sophocles with Sapolio. It was said the disciples of this new movement merely got an indigestible slice of chemistry placed between twin crusts of Gothic Architecture and the Reign of the Stuarts, with the whole seasoned by a sorry pinch of Hellenism. This is the language in which Mr. Charles Whibley describes the movement: "For three weeks at a time the Universities are invaded by a mob of intellectual debauchees, whose ambition is far greater than their stomach, and who sit them down to an orgy of information which is warranted to leave the stoutest with a mental dyspepsia. The learning of all the Ages is crammed into a fortnight. Browning is mixed with physiology; Plato served up with chemistry for a sauce. Tea and college beer complete the havoc wrought by ceaseless floods of facile eloquence, and the distended ones return to their homes battered beyond recognition, and firmly convinced that they have enjoyed in three weeks all the privileges of a University career."

We in America have not been in the habit of looking at University Extension as a sort of intellectual hot-gospel, since that movement in our country claims for itself the justification of success. In England it is different. Mr. Whibley is storming an empty fortress, since there, indeed, the movement is dying out of its own sweet will. Yet to us the epigrammatic Mr. Whibley's language calls up the never-to-be-quite-forgotten Fellow of Trinity, who piously remarked of other college men: "*Never let us forget that they, too, are God's creatures!*" For after all, the regular, orthodox undergraduate of Oxford is not such an intellectual creature as these academic Pecksniffs, who oppose what they contemptuously term the democratization of education, would lead one to suppose. Not that I wish to assert there is not great intellectual life at Oxford, or that its intellectuality is overrated; but rather that the intellectual element in the average Oxford undergraduate is overrated, and most ridiculously overrated. No one sins more in this respect than such mortar-boarded Pecksniffs as we have just noticed. The ordinary undergraduate you will be disappointed to find very ordinary—in intellectual aspirations at least. He does not go to the University for the intellectual life alone. Sports, or sporting, are quite as important to his mind. He goes, too, for the purpose of putting in three or four pleasant years amid pleasant associations and in congenial society. As a rule he is a sociable, honest, honorable, healthy-minded

\* Since this sketch was written it has been announced that Oxford has granted the University of Toronto special affiliation privileges. By this concession Toronto undergraduates of two years' standing will be admitted to Oxford without examination, and will be enabled to obtain their degrees two years after their admission. But then it must be remembered the Oxford pass course is one of three years only. Consequently this concession is not such a generous one as it appears.



young fellow, quite as eager to make friends and secure a position in his College Eight as to burn his midnight oil in attempting to formulate some new theory for the spiritual regeneration of the race. And when all is said and done, the difference between the wealthy college student (for the Oxford student must have wealth), with his four years of leizured learning, and the less fortunate extension student with his four busy weeks of mental over-feeding, is mainly one of degree. All human knowledge is incomplete and superficial. Even a Master of Balliol, who has devoted his entire life to the critical study of one school of literature, has to be forgiven for making amusing mistakes in passing judgment on a later school.

So perhaps I shall not err in saying, that if you go to Oxford, it will not be the immediate academic and scholastic influence which will leave its definite mould upon you, but the more indirect and mediate influences for which you pay your Board of Examiners no fee, and for which you burn no midnight oil. You will dwell in a beautiful old city, in more beautiful old college-buildings with secluded walks, shady lawns and Arcadian-like gardens. Morning and evening, in your college-chapel, you will hear the most beautiful sacred music and the sweetest autiphonal singing you can ever hope to hear in all your life. You will go in for those manlier sports which make the sound body wherein may dwell the sound mind. You will come in touch with men who lead the world of thought, you will mingle with students, each of whom is taught by his college traditions to be "an affable and courteous gentleman." For, "Manners Maketh Man," says the arms of New College. Among these students you will find the inevitable percentage of brilliant and intellectual men. You will find them, perhaps, possessing the English coldness, yet the redeeming Oxford courtliness, of manner and the unavoidable geniality which youthfulness finds it so hard to forget. Merely to live in Oxford is no little education. We, of the New World, whose busy, ambitious, practical, matter-of-fact ways of life all tend to make us forget our debt to the past, will find in such a place a new and a strange spiritual birth. ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

#### BRYN MAWR GIRLS AND TORONTO GIRLS.

It is said that comparisons are odious, but in what other way can we possibly find out how much more attractive we are than other people? For instance, I always knew that Varsity men were the nicest in Toronto, and that Toronto was the finest city in Canada; and now I know that Canada is the best country in the world, and therefore—

With the girls of Toronto University it is different. In some ways they have the advantage over Bryn Mawr, in others the latter are far ahead of Toronto. This is the unpleasant but true conclusion drawn from an impartial comparsion of life at Toronto and life here. In society, the Toronto girl is vastly more attractive and well-bred, at least according to Canadian ideas. This is partly because Bryn Mawr is not co-educational, partly because she is just far enough out of the city to have a wholly self-centred, and therefore narrow life of her own, and partly because there is a large element of *nouveaux riches*, who think it smart to do and say rude things. So if you can succeed in turning a Bryn Mawr girl's mind off the all-absorbing topic of "shop," her conversation is apt to be almost as entertaining as that of a gawky ten-year-old school girl. In Toronto, for some years, spasmodic efforts have been made to cultivate college spirit, but if the growth of college spirit means, as it does mean here, the decay of interest in the great world outside, let us Varsity people be content with what we have already. The intensity of it here is very far indeed from atoning for the

indifference to greater things. Then also, the Bryn Mawr girls suffers from those common defects of the American girl, a loud shrill voice, and a bad complexion, the latter being made worse by the amazing quantity of tea, coffee and "fudge," consumed at all hours of the day and night, for each girl has her own five o'clock tea-table in her study.

Now, while you are feeling good over this dark side of the shield and saying that you could never be so, just let me show you the bright side, and then, "Go thou, and do likewise." The first thing I noticed here was the magnificent hair possessed by the Bryn Mawr girls. It is a perfect dream of luxurious, silky softness, and is never banged, but worn in simple, unwaved, Madonna-like bands, which coiffure gives the girls a *distingué* air seldom seen at home. Again, the most casual observer cannot fail to note the large percentage of splendidly developed young women, the average height and weight, appearing about the same as that of the average Toronto man. The round-shouldered girl is conspicuous by her absence. On the basket-ball field one finds muscle that would do credit to any football team, and, combined with it, the greatest lightness and agility of motion. All this is due, of course, to the splendid athletic facilities here. Besides a well-equipped gymnasium with a swimming pool and running track, there are eight tennis courts, two basket-ball fields, golf links and, in course of preparation, a bicycle track and cricket grounds. The Athletic Association is also considering plans for putting a boat on the Delaware River. It must be remembered, however, that Bryn Mawr, though far from rich, is a Quaker College, and, as such, receives generous aid from wealthy Friends. Two weeks ago Mr. Justus Strawbridge paid Ian Maclaren five hundred dollars to come out from the city and lecture for us. But, as Samantha Allen would say, "I am a-episodin'," and to resoom and continuo,"—

There is no reason in the world why Toronto girls should not have more of the inexpensive out-door sports, such as golf or basket-ball. The ground north of Hoskin Avenue is grand for golf, while the quadrangle was designed specially for basket-ball. Still the great drawback is the lack of a gymnasium. Only by this can a perfectly symmetrical development be obtained, or the evil effects of constantly poring over books, be avoided. For instance, after taking the gymnasium examination here, I learned the edifying fact that my spine was crooked. This deformity, common among students, is said to be caused by the vast amount of writing done in careless attitudes. In considering the various sources from which aid might come, two plans suggest themselves, the first being the old one of sharing in the gymnasium already built. This plan works very well here and in other colleges. The comedy of it here is that it is the meek young gentlemen of the Faculty who are permitted to use it one hour daily, with the gracious permission of the haughty damsels who hold the reins of power. The second plan is in connection with the Women's Residence Association. If obliged to have a separate building, what better use could be made of the six thousand dollars already collected towards the Residence, than by investing it in a gymnasium, which, by the way, was the bait held out to us, when Freshettes, to arouse enthusiasm over a Residence? This enthusiasm I must confess, has died out very rapidly since I have had my first experience of dormitory life.

Are we going to let the American girl at college out-strip us, as a sort of compensation for the way the sons of dear old Varsity have out-stripped their American brothers? In all that goes to make up the knight of the nineteenth century, the vigorous, chivalrous, cultured gentleman, Canada's sons are far ahead. Can we say the same of her daughters? Time alone will show, and it



seems to me that by the principle of the survival of the strongest we are running a handicapped race.

E. MAUD GRAHAM, '96.

### OSSIAN—THE GAELIC HOMER.

In these latter days, when the spirit of evolution is in the air, and everything must be considered in its origin and growth, we cannot wonder that Literature has met the common fate. Each new literary work is eagerly seized by the critics, and its pedigree is closely examined. We are told that the form is taken from one quarter, and the style from another, while the matter is gathered from various sources. And in the end we find that the new author, who has so captivated our hearts, has but the least shred of original genius—is a mere satellite shining with borrowed light. Our early enthusiasm for him is chilled by the damaging revelations of these cold-blooded literary evolutionists, and we can only turn away sadly with the old complaint of the Preacher on our lips: "There is no new thing under the sun."

And to us who are sometimes weary of studying books with the swell of the lamp upon them—books which are the products of dry scholarship, and each the offspring of many earlier works—it is inexpressibly refreshing to take up some form that has sprung fresh from the heart of the singer. Of such a kind are the simple heart-felt lyrics of Robert Burns, who was not a school man; only a plain peasant singing, as Nature prompted, the music of his own heart, as he followed the plough along the furrows of his native Lowland farm. But if the Lowlands of Scotland can claim the honor of giving Robert Burns to the world, there remains for the Celtic dwellers in the Highlands, the honor of giving to their country many centuries before, its first great Nature-poet, Ossian.

It was not until the middle of the last century that the poems of Ossian were brought to the notice of the literary world. James McPherson, a Scotchman of literary tastes, made a tour of the Highlands about 1760, for the purpose of securing any Ossianic remains that were still available. He then wrote a book purporting to be an English translation of the poems of Ossian. At once a heated controversy arose as to the authenticity of these translations, and to the present time that matter has remained a bone of contention for the critics. This is no place, even were we able, to discuss the merits of the dispute. But it was most natural that such a dispute should have arisen. McPherson did not publish his Gaelic originals along with the translations, and this fact naturally caused suspicions. Dr. Johnson was one of the bitterest critics. "Produce the manuscripts," he would roar, "and if they are proved authentic that will end the matter." Finally, the Gaelic poems were produced, and McPherson was then accused of forging them to match the translations. The best opinion now seems to be that McPherson did actually find many fragments in his journeys; that he wove them together in a rather free English translation, filling in the gaps with his own invention in order to make a complete epic poem; and that, when pressed for the originals, he bound his Gaelic fragments together in the same way. It is generally agreed now that the great body of his work is quite as ancient as he claimed it was.

But, McPherson aside, there is no doubt as to a great mass of Gaelic poetry of very great antiquity. Scotland has always been a land of song. And it has ever been a favorite pastime of the Gael, on the mountain-side in summer, and around the bright peat fire in winter, to recite or sing the ancient songs of their fathers. As a race they have lived, even as they do to-day, very much in the past, and they can find nothing of modern times to equal the old songs and legends that have come down from almost pre-historic times. Men have been known who

could recite Gaelic poetry for several successive evenings without repeating a single line the second time. Thus the old ballads have been preserved—not in books or mouldy parchment—but cherished lovingly in the heart by each generation, and carried down through the ages on the lips of men. It were surely then no unprofitable thing to glance at this ancient poetry which has lived so many centuries, and which has become specially interesting in our own time on account of the part it played in the revival of German literature in the last century.

Who then was this Ossian? Unfortunately, we know nothing about him that can be called historically certain. Like Homer, he is shrouded in the dim shadows of antiquity, and like Homer too, his very existence as a living personality has been doubted. Nothing but tradition and his own songs remain to tell us anything of his life. There are many legends concerning him—all differing widely in detail—but agreeing strangely in their general character. He is uniformly represented as an old man, bereft of all his kindred, seeking solace from his loneliness in song. According to one legend he was lulled to sleep by the sweet strains of invisible singers, and awoke, after a hundred years, to find himself alone among a race of strangers. The most general story is that Ossian lived in the third century, when the Celts were still Heathen, and long before Christianity had begun to gain any foothold in Britain. He is the son of Finn or Fingal, the great war king of the Fenians, and himself a warrior as well as bard, goes out with the valiant peers of his father to battle against the invading hosts of Lochlan. At last, in his extreme old age, he is left alone. All his friends have passed away, and, saddest of all, he is bereaved of his young hero son Oscar, the sole comfort and hope of his declining years. Only the beautiful Malvina, the betrothed of Oscar, is left to him, and she seeks to console him with her song. And thus, with no interest in the present, and with all the ties which bound him to the past ruthlessly broken, the sightless old bard sits in the mist, in which he imagines according to his heathen fancy his friends come again to visit him. And as he communes with these, and meditates upon the past, he sings a plaintive song of other years,

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

To illustrate the style of Ossian, let us take this battle-picture from the first book of "Fingal," and let us remind the charitable reader that, as the music and language-beauty of Homer cannot be reproduced in translation, so it is probable, as all the critics agree, that McPherson has fallen far short of the Gaelic original.

"Like autumn's dark storms, pouring from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes. Like two deep streams from high rocks meeting, mixing, roaring on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle, meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixes his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, sounds on steel. Helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smokes around. Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light, which gild the face of night. As the noise of the troubled ocean, when roll the waves on high. As the last peal of thunder in heaven, such is the din of war! Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to give the fight to song; feeble was the voice of a hundred bards to send the deaths to future times! For many were the deaths of heroes; wide poured the blood of the brave!"

And, in contrast, let us quote from the sixth book this passage of a more peaceful character:—

"The clouds of night came rolling down. Darkness rests on the steep of Cromla. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of Erin's waves; they show their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood. Silent and dark is the plain



of death! Still on the dusky Lena arose in my ears the voice of Carril. He sang of the friends of our youth, the days of former years, when we met on the banks of Lego, when we sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla answered to his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling winds. They were seen to bend with joy towards the sound of their praise!

"Be thy soul blest, O Carril! in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou would'st come to my hall, when I am alone by night! And thou dost come, my friend. I hear often thy light hand on my harp; when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast; the wind whistles through the grey hair of Ossian!"

These are fair samples, taken almost at random, of what Ossian is like in McPherson's translation. It is not the poetry of the schools, but of Nature—and of Nature as she presents herself in the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland.

Lewes in his "Life of Goethe," quotes Gervinus as saying that Goethe had "turned from truth to poetry, and in poetry, from the clear world of Homer to the formless world of Ossian." "Very characteristic of the epoch," continues Mr. Lewes, "is the boundless enthusiasm inspired by Ossian, whose rhetorical trash the Germans hailed as the finest expression of Nature's poetry. Old Samuel Johnson's stern, clear sense saw into the very heart of this subject when he said, 'Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would but *abandon* his mind to it.' But poetry that has held its place in the hearts of all classes for so long a time, cannot be killed by the meer abuse of hostile critics. Granted that Homer's world is "clear," and Ossian's, in a sense, "formless," does that not prove the truthfulness of the poetry of each? Homer gave expression to the mind of a people living under a clear, warm sky, in a pleasant fruitful land, free from great disturbances of Nature. Ossian, on the other hand, voiced the thought of another people, living in a land of mists and shadows, and rain—of rugged mountains and barren heaths—of bleak winds and wild storms. And it is one of the peculiar charms of Ossian, with his keen Celtic susceptibility to the influences of Nature, that his poems reflect so perfectly his country and his age.

This exquisite sensibility of the Gael, so noticeable in Ossian, has been remarked by some as the basis of Celtic character. Nature in her various moods has great power over him. Ossian, in his poetry, sees her on her bright side, in the "faint beam of the morning," in "the streams from the mountain," in the "bright sunshine after the rain." But Nature to the Gael had usually, in those days, a malign aspect, and this darker side is still more frequently touched in his song. He sees it in the raging of the stormy sea, in the moaning of the wind, in the pine tops, in "the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal." Perhaps the high-water mark of this old Gaelic poetry is reached in Ossian's Hymn to the Sun—a poem of undoubted antiquity—said by one critic to be only slightly below the description of the sun in the nineteenth Psalm. Dr. Clerk's literal translation is as follows:—

"O thou that travellest on high,  
Round as the warrior's hard full shield,  
Whence thy brightness without gloom,  
Thy light that is lasting, O Sun!  
Thou comest forth strong in thy beauty,  
And the stars conceal their path;  
The moon, all pale, forsakes the sky,  
To hide herself in the western wave;  
Thou in thy journey, art alone;  
Who will dare draw nigh to thee?  
The oak falls from the lofty crag;

The rock falls in crumbling decay;  
Ebbs and flows the ocean;  
The moon is lost aloft in the heaven;  
Thou alone dost triumph evermore,  
In gladness of light all thine own.  
When tempest blackens round the world,  
In fierce thunder and dreadful lightning,  
Thou, in thy beauty, lookest forth on the storm,  
Laughing mid the uproar of the skies  
To me thy light is vain,  
Never more shall I see thy face,  
Spreading thy waving golden-yellow hair,  
In the east on the face of the clouds,  
Nor when thou tremblest in the west,  
At thy dusky doors on the ocean.  
And perchance thou art even as I,  
At seasons strong, at seasons without strength,  
Our years, descending from the sky,  
Together hasting to their close.  
Joy be upon thee then, O Sun!  
Since, in thy youth, thou art strong, O Chief!"

Many more quotations might be given from these poems, showing the Gaelic love of home and kindred, the veneration for their heroes, the dark presentiment ever before them, that their race would be scattered over the earth—a prophecy that has been largely fulfilled even in our own times—and the burning desire to have their deeds immortalised by song.

"Such were the words of the bards, in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, a they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!"

Some there may be trained in the conventional schools, to whom this poetry will never yield any pleasure. But to those whose hearts are open to the simple strains of human joy and sorrow, to those who are wearied by the heated turmoil of modern life and delight sometimes to refresh themselves in this cool morning air of the world, Ossian can never grow old.

JOHN M. GUNN.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

The second meeting of the Club was held on Thursday afternoon in University College and was largely attended. The various subjects of the Political Science Course were up for criticism and definition. Short papers were read by the following: A. H. Birmingham, '99; G. F. Poole, '97; Don. Ross, '98; A. M. Fulton, '97; M. N. Clarke, '97; H. Boulton, '97; F. C. Harper, '98, and G. W. Goodwin, '97.

Yesterday the Club met again, and heard interesting and instructive papers read by W. H. Moore, B.A., on "The Woollen Industry of Canada," and by M. G. V. Gould, on "The Influence of Organized Labor on Wages in Canada," both of which papers we hope will find a place in the *University Quarterly*.

The next meeting is for Historical Study and will be held on January 14th, 1897.



## THE MELANCHOLY YOUTH.

(A Translation.)

Oh, sight the festal joy to chill!  
 Yon stripling's grief-imprinted face,  
 Wherein deep-graven lines of sorrow  
 The brief year's mournful story trace!  
 His brow the breeze in pity fans  
 And gently stirs his tangled hair;  
 The maidens, too, sweet pity moves,  
 Their hearts unite for him in prayer.  
 From joys for which he has no heart  
 He turns, and to the forest flees;  
 There he will share in Nature's gladness,  
 Hear Nature's music fill the breeze.

\* \*  
 But suddenly the bird-songs fail,  
 A mournful murmur all he hears,  
 When, amid the forest whispers  
 The Melancholy Youth appears.

## Moral.

Methinks (as sentimental Tommy would have it), the spring of happiness hath its hidden source in the heart; if that source be polluted, all the pure waters of heaven will not purify the flow, but will rather themselves be tainted by mingling with it.

SYNONYMOUS.

## ANOTHER FREE TRADE FAILURE.

We didn't get any ducks that morning. The length and breadth of the *Rond Eau* gave us only one shot. That was a big black drake; as the Commodore, Cyprien and myself each gave it a barrel, it was unequal to the task of coming to the top again. After that we punted about among the rushes and let Cyprien talk. Silence was always painful to him. We had not long to wait. After squirming about for a time he asked tentatively: "W'at you tink of free tret, dat w'at dey talk in 'lection?"

Knowing he was leading up to something we did not venture an opinion, but asked him what he thought of it himself.

He promptly burst out: "He's de mos' gret fraud I'll ev' hear, dat free tret. 'Ave I ev' tail you of de 'lection seex sev'n year 'go? No? Ver' wail, I tail you now."

"Dat time hol Cooan he run in Essex, an' he meck ver' gret speech 'bout free tret. He say: 'Dat w'at you hall want, he'll be free tret,' an' we say: 'Dis free tret, w'at is he?' An' hol Cooan, he say: 'Sometime w'en you good *Canadiens* go at Weensor for go 'cross to D'troah, you can' get dere widout pay money if you teck any hay or cheeken or buttr' or anyting.' An' we say: 'Dat de true,' an' he say: 'He'll be ver' gret shame to teck de money from good *Canadiens* for geeve heem to de *Haméricains*.' An' dat ver' true too. An' he go on for say dat free tret, he mean we don' got to geeve no more money to de *Haméricains* for teck ting at D'troah. By gare we tink free tret is de mos' bes' ting we ev' hear.' Hol' Cooan, he feenish to say: 'You vote for me if you want free tret. De odder fell', he don' like free tret 'tall.'

"We go to *m'sieu le curé*, an' he say, 'Hol' Cooan he tail de true;' an' aft' dat he say some odder tings, but we don' care for dem. De 'lection day he come 'long an' we *Canadiens*, we hall vote for Cooan, an' bagosh Cooan he's 'lect'! We near go houtside ourself for de joy, an' my cousin, B'teest Dorval, w'at de mos' reech man of hour village, he say: 'T'morr' we teck hall de hay an' buttr' an' cheeken an' haigs we can carr', an' we go at Weensor an' den 'cross to D'troah, an' for dat we don' got notin' to pay an' more, w'en you sail you' load you come at the market, an' I'm goin' for meck de mos' gran' *fête* you ev' see. We're hall prett' glad, but B'teest he get so dat he don' want hees braikfas' de nex' day; an' keep sayin': 'You wait for see dat *fête*,'

"Wail, we hall go in togedder. *Mon dieu*, dey nev' be so many wagons go from hour village. W'en we come at Weensor we feel de whole ferr', an' some peop' say: 'W'at de rack' wid de Frainchees?' An' we don' say notin', but hall smile so dat we can' meck de mout' to close.

"Bime by we get 'cross, an' leave de ferr'. B'teest, he go hoff de firs'. *Mais*, by gare who is at de shore but dat same hol' *Haméricain*, who meck us geeve de money. We hall laugh for tink at hees misteck, an' B'teest, he's on hees load hay, he kees hees han' to heem, an' crack de whip *bien gai* an' start hoff. Bagosh, dat *Haméricain* he make grab for de horse' haid, an' we hall got to meck stop. *Mais* B'teest, he don' get mad, no. He just near to die for laugh, an' call hout: 'I tink you don' know dat hol' Cooan be 'lect', *hein*? We don' got to pay no money an' more. But de *Haméricain*, he hony smile like we don' like, an speet hon de groun' ver qui't, an' say: 'I tink for yase.'

"Den we cry hall togedder: 'See in de journals, de pepaires, an' you'll be know it's de true.' An' B'teesh, he say: 'You teck de hand hoff my horse,' an' swear at heem ver' leetl', but dat's in Frainch. I'll holl' hout: 'Hol Cooan, he free tret, ain' he be 'lect'?' An' dat *Haméricain*, he say: 'To ail wid hol Cooan.' He ver' bad man, dat.

"Xavier Blanc, he cry: 'You read de journals. You don' know notin' bout free tret.' An' he hony shake hees feest, an' say yet one time: 'To ail wid free tret.'

"Dat meck us hall like for bust hourself, for he so fierce hinside, an' B'teest, he jomp hup, an' holl': 'Free tret, he mean we don' got to pay notin'. *M'sieu le curé*, he say dat heemself.' De horse' keep to pool and keek, and dat *Haméricain* get more red dan de turk', an' shake hees feest some more, an' shout: 'To ail wid de *curé*!' By gare, I nev' hear notin' so bad like dat.

"B'teest, he trow heemself hoff hees load like flash of tunner, an' he sprung to de naik of dat *Haméricain*. *Mon dieu*, 'ow he tear heem! He geeve heem tousan' keeks! He keel heem for sure 'nough, but de odders, dey be pool heem hoff. An' B'teest, he chew hees teet' togedder, an' for dat he don' know w'at he say, he swear '*tabernacle*.' Dat's de mos' bad swear for *Canadien*. Once dere's a man leeve at Hool, an' he go hup at de shanty for work in de winter. W'en he come at home he fin' hees wooman she run hoff wid nodder man, an' teck hall she can carr' 'way; an' hees chil'n dey weep beside de floor, hall togedder. He fall down an' eat hees moustache, an' keek hees laigs, an' before he tink, he say '*Tabernacle*!' He stop prett' quick den, an' tink he see de devil come at the door; an' he nev' stop to run till he get to de *curé* for ve confess'! Dat's how bad word is *tabernacle*.

"Wail w'en B'teest, he swear like dat, we don' do notin'. We look for see heem be dead w'ere he rest. *Mais*, de poliss, dey don' geeve heem time. He be grab on bot' side, an' de peop' shout, an' I tink we'll hall be keel'. We run aft' de odder, an' I don' know how he come, but prett' soon I'm in de poliss-court wid B'teest. I'll not be 'rest', me, but I'll feel more worse like I was. Some fell' near me, he keep sayin'—he say—"Cypriene pulled off his grey felt and swept it about in the boat—"How you call it w'en de ch'loupe feel hup an' you teck de water out? It's ver' strenge word."

"D'you mean 'bail'?" asked the Commodore.

"'Beel', baeel', dat's heem. He say dat word. Bagosh, he'll tink he 'ave some joke at us. I nev' know 'ow he fin' hout dat B'teest don' teck no braikfas' an' 'ave notin' in heem. But, hall same, he keep sayin': "Baeel heem hout."

"Baeel heem hout," till I want to weep for be so fierce.

"Wail, B'teest he got to rest in preeson tree, four weeks. W'en he come at home, an' we say free tret at heem he swear ten, twent' tousan' sacrés. Bagosh, we '*Canadiens* nev' vote free tret no more."

A. E. MCFARLANE.  
 (Feste.)



## SONNETS.

## I.

Star of the Night, that shinest now to me,  
 Into these eyes of weariness, O raise  
 My drooping spirit with the uplifted gaze  
 To thy pure altitude! Lo, like a sea,  
 There surge upon my heart tumultuously  
 Passion and pain! But far above Earth's ways  
 Art thou, O star; and from our changeful days  
 And all things that oppress us, thou art free.

I watch thee, thinking where thou rollest now,—  
 By what hushed strand,—perchance by heaven's brink!  
 And in my ears the noises fainter grow,  
 And passion's wild pulsations in me cease.  
 Leave me a solemn hour, O Life, to think;  
 For I am strong and steadfast in thy peace.

## II.

Art pure? What man is pure? Thou canst not press  
 Thy foot within the freshly fallen snow,  
 That glimmers fair and white around, but lo,  
 A shadow creeps across the shadowless,  
 And, resting there, doth mutely so profess  
 That thou midst Nature's purity dost go  
 Polluting where thou touchest, yet canst know  
 Infinite things, whereof thou didst not guess!

Hark to the voice of winds, the roll of seas;  
 Look at the clouds, the mountain-steep, the stars,  
 The flowers that sweeten all the hill and plain,  
 Then meditative turn from such as these  
 To thine own heart, O then behold its scars,  
 The soilure of its beauty, and the stain.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

## AN ADVANCE IN BOTANY.

The results of scientific research during the closing quarter of this eventful century are demanding the attention of the thinking world. Advancement has been made in every department. The geologist reads with clearer eye the history of the life of past ages graver in stone. The chemist has acquired a firmer grasp of the intimate constitution of matter. The physicist can better state the laws that govern the energies of nature. The psychologist can more clearly define the border line between the numena and phenomena, and the biologist has arrived closer to the processes associated with the existence of life.

In this gradual development Toronto University has contributed its share. We have noted in the past some important original work in geology, biology, physiology and physics by members of the faculty. The latest worker in the field of original research is E. C. Jeffrey, B.A., lecturer in botany, who for some months past has been studying the reproduction of ferns.

In the life history of these interesting plants there is an alternation of generations. The common well-known plant is the asexual generation. The other, the sexual generation, is very small and inconspicuous, hence is difficult to study. It has been likened to the liverwort, a plant associated with the mosses. But to prove their relationship a missing link has been sought for many years by several eminent botanists.

In the Island of Java in 1884, Treub, director of the botanical gardens established by the Dutch government, discovered this inconspicuous sexual phase in a fern like plant called the ground pine, which is used for festooning pictures at Xmas time. He noted for the first time that its sexual organs were identical with those of liverworts. He noticed also that these structures were subterranean, tuber-like organisms, dependent for their nourishment on

a fungus which attaches itself to the part or prothallium that bears the organs, while the latter are very young.

The moon ferns have also a small subterranean sexual phase or prothallium. In 1856 the director of the botanical garden at Leipsic discovered these organs, but not in sufficient numbers to work out their structure. In the following year Wilhelm Hofmeister, the father of modern botany, discovered similar forms in another part of Saxony. Here again the material was scarce and the point was not cleared up. In 1894, Prof. Douglas Campbell, of Leland Stanford University, discovered the sexual phase of the common Virginian moon fern. This he exhibited at a meeting of the British Association at Oxford during the same year. But he also was unable to discover sufficient specimens to make a satisfactory examination of their structure.

Thus the investigation stood when Mr. Jeffrey's investigation commenced. He was botanizing near Little Metis in Quebec. While passing along a corduroy road one hot afternoon, he turned aside to rest on the thick peat. Near by he noticed several peculiar green leaves, shooting up among the moss. On closer examination they appeared to be the seed leaves of the young moon fern. On digging up the plants such was found to be the case. This was verified by examination of a large number of prothallium in every stage of development. They were discovered in a patch not ten feet in diameter, where fully a thousand specimens were found by the delighted botanist. These Mr. Jeffrey investigated, according to the usual methods, and found every phase in the development of the long-looked-for organs that constituted the missing link, thus establishing their relationship to the liverworts.

These ferns resemble in their reproductive organs a primitive group of ferns, the Marattiaceæ of the coal period. In accordance with this discovery they stand nearer the ferns than the mosses. An interesting fact is that it appears to be the same fungus that supplies with nourishment both this prothallium and that of the ground pine in Java.

Mr. Jeffrey has been highly complimented on the result of his researches by the President of the Canadian Institute and others. There is no doubt but that his name will be associated with this discovery in future botanical history.

'97.

## PERSONAL.

A meeting of the Editorial Board of Varsity on Friday last elected unanimously Mr. A. B. Watt as Editor-in-chief for the spring term.

Notice of the Cabot Calendar, a clever, artistic production by Misses Mickle and Fitzgerald, is unfortunately crowded out of this issue.

Some time ago Tom Gibson made a motion in the Literary Society, appointing a Secretary for a fund to be raised for Freshman Rutherford, who was injured in the hustle. As a result, the sum of twenty dollars has been collected by H. M. Little, '97, and E. Carter, '99, and can be obtained by Mr. Rutherford by calling on the editor, into whose hands the amount has been placed.

Mr. B. Morley Wickett, B.A., who graduated in the Political Science Department in 1894, and who has since been studying political economy in Vienna, Berlin, and Leipzig, has recently had the degree of Ph.D. conferred upon him by the University of Leipzig. Mr. Wickett was some time ago entrusted by Professor Bucher, of that University, with the translation into English of his work on Political Economy. Mr. Wickett intends to continue his studies in Paris, and afterwards at the University of Cambridge. During the past two years he has published several articles on economic subjects in the German scientific periodicals, and has otherwise shown his aptitude for economic research.



# The Varsity

TORONTO, December 16th, 1896.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.

That nothing is more uncertain than the luck of a football team is becoming more and more verified as seasons come and go. This season was no exception to the rule.



CAPT. GLEESON.

Seven teams, Hamilton, T. A. C., R. M. C., Queen's, Kingston and Varsity declared their intention of competing for the cup, but it was soon found that, despite the rule of the Association regarding college players, but one team, Queen's, would represent Queen's College and Kingston.

Hamilton was probably the only team of which reliable information could be obtained. The men who had promised to don the Tiger uniform were men who in previous years had shown no small ability to play the game.

As usual, Manager Barker of the T.A.C. had a good team—on paper; these, with the four college teams, formed the union.

When it was found for certain that Kingston would amalgamate with Queen's, "knowing ones" predicted that Queen's and Hamilton would fight in the finals. Results show how greatly they erred. Queen's and Varsity had byes in the first round, but T.A.C. succeeded in easily defeating Hamilton, and R.M.C. won from Trinity by default.

The second round saw Queen's pitted against Varsity, and T.A.C. against R.M.C. Little interest was taken in the latter series, as T.A.C. were accounted easy winners, and, though they fell victims to over confidence in the first game, they redeemed themselves in the second, winning by a margin of 41 points. The first Inter-Collegiate game, played at Kingston, October 24th, was probably the hardest fought and most interesting game of the season. Both teams were in fine condition, though Varsity had rather an advantage in having played practice games with Hamilton and Ottawa. The result, 18 to 16 in favor of Varsity, is a good indication of the closeness of the play.

The following Saturday the largest crowd ever seen at Varsity assembled to witness what proved one of the finest exhibitions of Rugby ever given in Toronto. Curtis, Queen's old stand-by, was again on their half-back line, and high hopes were entertained by the visitors that the defeat of the previous Saturday would be wiped out by a glorious victory. In this they reckoned without their hosts, for Varsity won by 13 to 1, the score rather belieing the closeness of the game.

This left Varsity and T.A.C. to fight for the championship, and though the College street club was not without its admirers, Varsity's chances were considered very good.

The first game played at Rosedale, November 7th, was won by Varsity by a score of 43 to 6, though it must be admitted that T.A.C. played in very hard luck, having during the second half to contend with a strong gale of wind which had sprung up at the end of the first half.

This victory practically conceded the championship to Varsity, but the Athletic Club pluckily decided to play the remaining game. Their chances moreover appeared good, in view of the fact that Counsell had been so injured in the previous game that he was considered unfit to play.

The game was played Saturday, November 14th, before a small crowd of enthusiasts, and proved a most enjoyable one from a spectator's standpoint.

The Athletic Club started off well, soon had a considerable lead, and gave promise of winning the game, if not the round. Unfortunately for them, the appearance of Counsell to take the place of Burnside, who was disabled, put new heart into the College men, and after a hard struggle they won, 18 to 17.

The result of the Canadian Championship is but too well known. Varsity met Ottawa College, the winners of the Quebec Championship. In this game the men from the east showed the benefit of close training, and though lighter in every respect than our men, won quite easily by 12 to 8. The Varsity team took defeat gracefully and are determined to profit by their experience.

Turning to our engravings we have Captains Gleeson of Ottawa, Ross of Queen's, and Barr of Varsity. We regret exceedingly that an expected photograph of Capt. MacDougall, Varsity, did not arrive in time for the engraver, and our gallery is so far incomplete.

Capt. Gleeson, who is twenty-two years of age, was born at Ottawa, and educated in Ottawa College, where his splendid running and punting abilities soon brought him into prominence as a football player. For five successive seasons he has played centre half for the College, each year with greater brilliancy. Like all the others, he declares that this is his last year as a player, but VARSITY hopes that he will long continue in the game, for it is honest, gentlemanly players as Capt. Gleeson that tend to elevate the game and encourage its popularity.

Capt. Ross is known as a hard, steady player, who is capable of playing a losing as well as a winning game. He has played for several seasons with Queen's and was instrumental in winning them the championship in 1893-4.

Capt. "Biddy" Barr we all know is, like Capt. Ross, a hard, steady wing player who is always "on the ball." Against him halves have but little chance to shine.

As captain of Varsity he has been a great success, as indicated by the fact that during his captaincy Varsity has had two championships.

Of "Joe" MacDougall too much cannot be said as player or as general. Disabled early last fall (1895), he missed his chance of playing with Osgoode, and when Varsity were in a rather helpless condition he cast his lot with them. His ability was soon recognized, and to him was entrusted the management of the game in Kingston, where Varsity were only saved from doubt by his generalship. After Capt. Barr's accident he took complete



CAPT. A. F. BARR.



control of the team, and to him is due in a large measure last year's championship of Canada. This year, though not the official head of the team, it was to him the team looked for guidance in emergency, and it is to his efforts and conscientious training that our success this season is in no small measure due.

H. M. LITTLE.

Mr. Walter S. W. McLay, B.A., whose photogravure we publish in this number, is President of the Inter-College Football Association. During his undergraduate course "Doc" McLay, as he was familiarly known, was a well-known figure around Old Varsity. He was closely connected with the movement that led to the resuscitation of THE VARSITY as a purely student publication, and was its first editor-in-chief under the new régime. In his fourth year he was President of the Modern Language Club and a member of the Executive Committee of the Literary and Scientific Society. For several years he was a member of the Varsity Champion Association Football team, and played left wing on one of those dashing forward lines, light, but swift as lightning, for which Varsity has always been famous.



WALTER S. W. McLAY, B.A.,  
President, Inter-College Football Association.

Upon graduation he was appointed Fellow in Italian and Spanish in the University, and then went abroad to study in England and Germany for a couple of years. For the last two years he has been lecturer in English in McMaster University, and is a popular and efficient member of the staff of that young but flourishing institution. Though in another university, he is still in close touch with the life of his Alma Mater. He is President of the "Class of '91," and still actively connected with football around the colleges. He has lately been chosen as Managing Editor of the *McMaster University Monthly*. We congratulate both the *Monthly* and Mr. McLay upon the appointment, and trust that he may have the same success as when he had charge of THE VARSITY. McLay was one of the most brilliant scholars the University ever had and was a loss to the staff when he left for Europe. His success as an all-round man was remarkable, being one of the foremost football players, a splendid student, and a successful literary man.

#### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL REVIEW.

In spite of counter attractions the past season has been a particularly interesting one for devotees of Association football. There has been a widespread and growing interest in the game, and the quality of the play has been steadily improving. The Inter-College Association was obliged to organize an intermediate series in addition to the senior series, and was thereby able to begin the season with eight senior and six intermediate teams. I shall be surprised if the facts do not bear me out, when I say that never before in the history of football in Toronto has any Association been so flourishing as to boast of so many teams engaged in a championship competition. One gratifying circumstance was the willingness with which the Western Association gave us recognition and agreed

to play with our representative team in the fall for the Caledonian Cup. The first match was played on the Campus on Thanksgiving Day, and was witnessed by a large crowd. The game was exceedingly fast and characterized by many brilliant plays. The result was a draw, though even the Western men were free to admit that had it not been for the marvellous goal-keeping of Sims our team would in all probability have won. As it is the cup will remain in Toronto until the spring.

The competition in both our senior and intermediate series was exceedingly keen, and the final result in doubt to the very end. The Varsity teams won in both series, however. In the senior series Varsity repeated their victory of last year, and thereby won the handsome Faculty trophy a second time. The second Varsity team emulated the prowess of their seniors and triumphantly carried off the intermediate championship. Their play showed that in them the first team have an excellent reserve upon which to draw to fill vacancies. There will be no one to begrudge the two Varsity teams their victory, for both played a strong, clean game, and showed that they were not only good footballers but also true sportsmen. They exhibited a praiseworthy generosity in the willingness with which they, often to their own inconvenience and to the detriment of their practice, placed their grounds at the disposal of other teams for both practice and matches. The Association owes them a debt of gratitude for their sacrifices in this respect. We are also grateful to the Athletic Association for many favors, and for these, as President of the Inter-College Association, I make this public acknowledgment.

With regard to the other teams a few words will not be out of place in this hurried review of the season. The Osgoode Hall team were the opponents of Varsity in the final game, and they are to be congratulated upon the excellent showing they made. With one exception their team was composed of players of average ability, but by dint of hard and regular practice (at 7 o'clock in the morning, too, be it known) they succeeded in coming in at the finish with great credit to themselves. Their team will probably be strengthened next year by the addition of several men from the present Varsity champions, and one need not be much of a prophet to foretell that they will make a strong bid for the championship.

Knox College and the Dentals were the runners-up in the semi-finals. Knox as usual put up a strong game, and in fact gave the Varsity men the hardest tussle of the season. The Dentals were looked upon as very strong competitors, and they certainly demonstrated their ability to play a strong, swift game. They were weakened in the semi-final match by the loss of one of their strongest men who, on the only occasion of a clashing of dates, elected to play with another team. McMaster and the School of Pedagogy both played a game of which they have no reason to be ashamed. Even at the risk of being accused of "puffing" the University with which I am now most closely connected, I cannot refrain from commending the

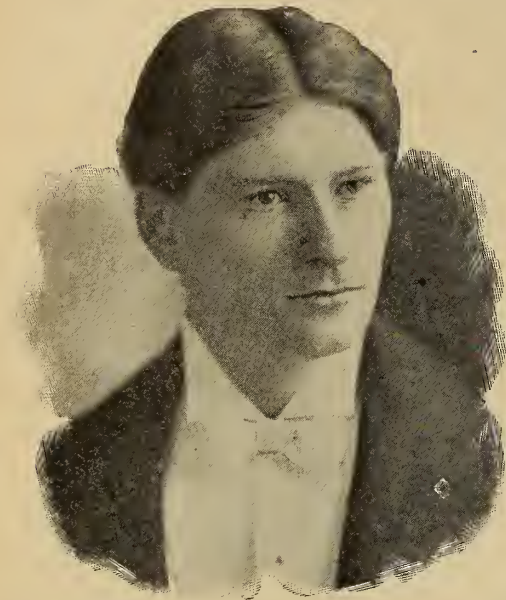


CAPT. ROSS,  
Queen's Rugby Team.



spirit animating the students of McMaster University. I can honestly say that never in my experience have I anywhere seen a greater interest taken in football than our students have shown during the past season. As proof of this statement let me say that, in spite of comparative fewness in numbers and almost absolute absence of even moderately rich students, they have gladly subscribed over sixty dollars for football during the season, thirty of which have been devoted to rent for grounds upon which to practise. Such a spirit is worthy of note and is an encouraging circumstance for all footballers. The Medicals and School of Science proved that they had good materials, but labored under the disadvantage of lack of practice and organization.

With regard to the intermediate competition and teams I have space to say but little. The School of Pharmacy won in their section, and succumbed only to the superior play of the Varsity II. This was Pharmacy's first season and they



J. A. JACKSON.

deserve congratulations upon their success. McMaster and Knox both put intermediate teams in the field and both won two out of three games.

To sum up, the season has been very successful. An excellent spirit has prevailed and splendid football played. If I were asked for a general criticism on the season's football I should say that in almost every case the half-backs and backs were superior to the forwards in front of them. The result has been that the forwards have relied too much upon their defence to save their team from defeat, and in consequence the games have been characterized by heavy kicking rather than by fast and brilliant passing and shooting. But in spite of that several of the best teams have given splendid exhibitions of the noble game, and as an old player I am glad to recognize the ability displayed and to pay a generous tribute to the present generation of footballers. They are worthy successors of the old-time players, than which I can give no higher commendation

W. S. W. McLAY, '91.

## MUSIC.

A PHANTASY.

[There is an old legend that Hermes (Mercury) was the inventor of the lyre, having made it from a shell that he found on the shore—a story that has philological evidence in the fact that the Latin word *testudo* and the Greek word *χελύς* mean both shell and harp.]

Wandering in idle mood along the lone sea shore, Hermes, winged messenger of the gods, happened on a shell whose beauty charmed his fancy. Through long ages it had lain there, just as fair but all unnoticed, listening to the multitudinous voice of Nature.

The breezes had come to it and whispered their gentle messages of love, and had sought its sympathy as they sighed over their sorrows. For years this shell had listened to the playful dance of the pebbles and the slow

thoughtful chafing of the sands. For years the smooth-flowing waves had now laughed in merriment, now lisped their troubles in its pearly ear. It had heard the ragings of the elements, the moan of the deep, the angry plungings of the waters, the dismal rumble of far distant thunder. The harmony of the spheres, too delicate for human ears, was sweetest music for this child of Nature. It hearkened to the ocean sobbing for this great world's woe, while the pitying winds bore to it faint fragments of the heavenly melodies that floated over the waters from the Islands of the Blest.

In wonderment the god placed the shell to his ear. What rapture of delight! Like the sound of chimes from a distant spire on a summer's evening, there came to him the dim, softened notes of Nature's harmony. As sweet, weird voices in a dream, he heard the mingled music of a thousand passions.

Across its face he drew seven magic chords. Then, with touch divine, he wooed from their pearly retreats the secrets gathered through the long ages of the world's youth. Heaven and earth were mingled at the sound. There came in fancy to his ear the piteous cries of souls in Erebus, blended with the glorious ecstasies of the Blessed. Sweeter, grander melodies never were than when Hermes, divine page, first revealed the wells of music, and brought to earth that soulful message, Heaven's greatest gift to man.

BURRISS GAHAN,  
(Brian Boru)

## LACROSSE.

Mr. A. Courtney Kingstone, who is so well known to all his fellow students at Varsity, appears in this number as Captain of the Varsity Lacrosse Team. His athletic career has been a marked one. During his last two years at Bishop Ridley College he captained both the Cricket and Rugby teams. On coming to Varsity he at once won for himself a position upon the Varsity Rugby Team, and has played with the team for five successive seasons. He also played with the Varsity Cricket Club when it was in existence.

He has always taken a great interest in lacrosse and for the last two seasons has played on both the Varsity and Toronto teams. He finished the last of this season with the Tecumsehs. He captained the Lacrosse Club during the last year's season, and a great deal of its success was due to his hard play and skilful captaincy. We are exceedingly sorry to lose this one of our foremost athletes, for as he will probably play with Osgoode Hall during the coming lacrosse season, he will probably not be seen again as a wearer of the blue and white.

The Club had a most successful season, winning every game but one against the renowned Tecumsehs. In their first match against the Elms they commenced the season auspiciously, defeating them 4-1. The following week they drew 2-2 with the Tecumsehs. During their tour in the States they rapidly defeated the following teams: Lehigh, 9-6; Stevens, 9-0; Crescents, of Brooklyn, 8-5, and Harvard, 8-4. Thus they can fully claim the title of Collegiate Champions of the World.



A. COURTNEY KINGSTONE.



## SAPPHICS.

— —  
A METRICAL EXPERIMENT.

Lo, my love is gone, she, the girl that loved me,  
 She with hair red gold that the gods wrought finely,  
 She with lips of rose that the gods kissed never,  
 Yet would fain kiss them.

Mine they were to kiss, little lips of roses,  
 Yea, and to kiss me, from the morn till even,  
 Mine to speak soft words for my soul's rejoicing,  
 Once in the old time.

And the fair white neck with the fleece of tresses,  
 Heavy, hanging soft to be touched and kissed on,  
 Golden hair on ivory flesh that glistened  
 Chryselephantine.

And the glorious voice of her lips was mine too,—  
 Sound of dreaming wind in the trees of summer,  
 Sound of laughing brooks that the woodland heareth—  
 All this was mine then.

And her heart, I thought that my fingers held it,  
 Thought to find and bind it to me for ever,—  
 Who hath held a heart of a woman safely,  
 But for an hour's space?

She is gone far hence, and another hath her,  
 Hath her lips to kiss and her hair to play with,  
 Hath her lips' soft voice for his soul's rejoicing,  
 Hath her for ever.

But her heart, that I, having all these, had not,  
 Hath he it, I wonder, that now hath won her,—  
 Nay, hath she a heart—and suppose she had one,  
 Were it worth loving?

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

## THE FALL OF JOHN McNAIRN.

— —  
AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

On the evening of last Thanksgiving Day I was reading, alone, in my room. I call it *my* room, though of course I am only a transitory guest in it (a boarder, I mean), but I have slept here now for two years or more, and have acquired in that way a sort of "squatter's right." At any rate, no one would be likely to object to my title to the place, for it is a mere attic; walls unpapered; roof low; cold, and unfurnished except for a single chair and table—and a bed. I speak of the aggregation as "my study." One studies in bed when it is too cold to sit up, you know; and Madame the Proprietress generally cuts off the hot air supply from my room about eight o'clock, to save it for more paying boarders, so that the bed is really a very important and necessary part of my equipment.

My studies are two—the Classics, and how to make my tutor's fees pay my board bill. Together they form a splendid training for a man's mind.

Well, as I started to say, I was sitting in my study Thanksgiving Day-reading. It was after eight o'clock, but knowing that the heat would be left to me a little later on account of the festival, I had not yet retired. Moreover, I was expecting one of my pupils, young Malcolm, to call on me. He generally does when he knows that I am likely to be alone—especially on holidays—being good-hearted enough, though a trifle mischievous.

I was sitting so, reading, as I said before, when I heard footsteps on the sidewalk below. Our street is rather deserted usually. I laid down my book to listen if it might be Malcolm. He stopped before the house, and I knew he was looking up at my window to see if I were in. I tilted the shade of my lamp to throw the light strong on the window blind. Then I heard the bell ring and the doors slam, and settled back in my chair to receive him.

He had three flights of stairs to come up, the first one padded and carpeted, the second carpeted but with no substrata of padding, the third neither padded nor carpeted—nor indeed painted, except in the corners where the old color had not yet been scrubbed away. Malcolm once made a joke of that. He said it reminded him of that gradual disappearance of vegetation which accompanies an ascent of the Alps.

I was listening to him lazily now as he stumbled up towards the bald summit. Now he could see the light under my door. Now he had knocked. "Come in," I said sleepily.

He opened the door with considerable vivacity. "Hello, Mac!" he said. (I forgot to say he calls me "Mac." He is rather too familiar in his manner, sometimes, I think.) "What are you doing in here to-night?" he asked. I motioned him to a seat on the bed. "Come on out," he said, sprawling out on the coverlet. I said "No." "Come on," he repeated; "Come on, you old hierogriph, come on out." "Where shall we go?" I asked, yielding a little to his enthusiasm. He is really irresistible at times, you know.

He thought for a moment. "Why, I know," he cried, jumping up. "I know where we'll go! I have an invitation to call on my cousin, Miss Bennett—and say! there's a peach of a girl there now! Her name's Marjorie something. She's a stunner, by Jove. Hurry up and get dressed, and we'll go! Come on!"

I shook my head languidly. "No use," I said, "I haven't spoken to a young lady in three years. I wouldn't know what to say to one now. And besides," I said, looking down at my clothes, "I couldn't go in these!" They were somewhat "attenuated"—one can buy so many books with the price of a new coat, I find.

"Anything more to say?" asked young Malcolm. I said "No." "Well," said he, "you're dead easy." Come along with me. I know a place where they'll fix you up like a duke. Come on—Talk? Why, you couldn't get a word in edgeways with Miss What's-her-name. All you have to do is to sit still and smile; she'll do the rest—and say, she does it up to the limit, too!"

"Donald," I protested, "you musn't use so much slang. It's horrible."—

"Oh come off," he interrupted, picking up his hat. "Hurry up—we're wasting time. You'll be dead in love with Marjorie when you meet her—brown eyes, and all that! Come on; don't make me late."

I demurred about the clothes. He swept away all objections. We could hire dress suits. It would be his treat. He went into an ecstasy over "Marjorie." I must admit I rather liked the idea of calling upon some good-looking young lady again. I used to be quite a society man, you know (before I settled down to Classics)—at the picnics and skating parties.

I surrendered at last, though I confess I felt a peculiar trembling in my kness, as I blew out my lamp, and knew I had committed myself to the harum-scarum guidance of young Malcolm.

But he gave me no time to reconsider. He hurried me over to his home immediately. (He lives in town, by the way.) He had enough dress suits, he said, to fit up a negro minstrel show. I am afraid I got a little excited, but his manner is irresistible at times. He kept talking Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie, all the while we were dressing, until I began to be afraid that he was playing a joke on me—especially when he told me he that I looked like Chauncey Depew in my evening dress. (Really, though I didn't look half bad—sort of *distingué*, if I may be permitted to say so. I felt "done over," so to speak.)

He had me in the street again, before I knew exactly where I was, but when he turned into the grounds about a large, luxurious-looking residence, I woke up very suddenly. "Hold on, Donald," I said excitedly; "where are you



going?" "We are going to call on my cousin," he answered without slackening his pace. "I'm not going to call on anyone in that house" I said hotly. (Not that the place was so very palatial—but I had been thinking of making a quiet little visit at some homelike place, you know—and all that sort of thing.) "Say you old crustacean," he said brutally, "you're not afraid of a pair of live girls are you?"

I fear I got rather angry. I called him "an impertinent young pup." "Come on, then" he repeated. "I'll go," said I, "if it's only to make a fool of you." I marched stiffly up to the door. That young idiot was laughing so he could scarcely find the button of the door-bell. Finally he got it, and my anger began to congeal into a different feeling as some one opened the inside doors. "Why it's cousin Kate herself," I heard him say. There was no turning back now. I summoned all my faculties.

Exactly what happened after that I do not remember clearly. I was introduced, of course, and young Malcolm must have opened conversation with his cousin Kate, for I discovered myself, eventually, chatting with the young lady whom I had heard spoken of as "Marjorie." She made some remark about the weather—if I recollect aright—but I would not be sure of that. However, when I finally came upon myself she had said, "You are a Varsity student, are you not?"

"Yes," said I, calling up the ghost of a smile. "I am a Varsity student." "How nice," she murmured, and contemplated the toe of her slipper intently. I looked at the slipper, too. It was very dainty.

"Are you a friend of Donald's?" she went on. "Yes," I replied, banishing the memory of the insults which I had just endured—"I think we are really very good friends." "Indeed?" she sympathized, "and what are you studying at Varsity?" She looked at me with her head just tilted a little to one side—as it were, admiringly. I must say she was a remarkably handsome girl. Her manner was rather reassuring. At least I felt it that way.

"I am studying the classics," I answered. "Oh! I just adore the classics," she exclaimed with some impetuosity. "Plato, you know—and, Mr. McNairn, now what do you think of Platonic love?" I was a little nonplussed though I flatter myself I kept my countenance. "Well," said I, reflectively, "I prefer the more ordinary species."

"You evidently speak from experience," she smiled. I wish you could see Marjorie smile. (I like to call her "Marjorie"—just to myself, of course. It is such a pretty name.) But, as I was about to say, she has such an engaging smile. Really it is very catching. I laughed in spite of myself.

"Do you read Plato in the Greek?" I asked. "No, indeed," she replied, "in Emerson." "It is the same thing," said I—at least to most people. I prefer it in Emerson myself. "Isn't that nice," said Marjorie; "which Essay do you like best?"

I returned the question. "Really," she said, smiling again, "that is very ungallant of you. You should give me a lead, you know—as they do in hunting." "Well, then," I replied desperately, "I prefer his Essay on Love."

(Now I didn't, actually, you know. I preferred that on Self-reliance, but I was guessing at Marjorie's predilections. It was an unusually clever guess.)

"On Love?" Marjorie cried. "Oh, isn't that strange. Why, that was always my favorite." "That and 'Friendship,'" said I. "Yes, and 'Friendship,'" repeated Marjorie, beaming upon me. Really she is a wonderfully pretty girl.

"One does not often meet young men who appreciate Emerson, you know," she continued, lowering her eyes. "Oh, I suppose not," I said apologetically. "They do not get time to read him, perhaps." "But *you* find time," she insisted. Of course I had to explain how it was that I did find time—having no friends, or anything like that, in

town, and not caring for amusements. In fact we grew quite friendly. Miss Bennett began to play the piano, so Marjorie invited me to sit beside her on the sofa, where we could converse more easily. We talked on all sorts of subjects, especially Shakespeare. We found out that we both were very fond of *Romeo and Juliet*, and both thought Hamlet behaved himself barbarously towards Ophelia. Really I enjoyed myself very much. She is such a charming girl. I was quite loath to leave.

"Well," said Donald, when we got outside, "aren't you glad you came?" I confessed that I was. "And isn't Miss Hare a stunner!" he exclaimed. "Her governor's worth a quarter of a million, too, by Jove" he continued. I was wondering how much a man would have to be worth to marry a girl like that.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Donald has just been up to see me again. He has an invitation from his cousin to repeat our call. Miss Hare thought I was "very unusual."

I wonder how long it would take a man to get really rich. Not more than two or three years, I should think, if he applied himself. Marjorie can't be more than twenty.

—H. J. O'HIGGINS.

## STUDENTS' SOCIETIES.

### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Natural Science Association met on Tuesday, the 8th, and two excellent papers were read. The first, by C. M. Fraser, '98, on "Saltworks of Ontario," contained a condensed and valuable account of the writer's researches during the past summer. The salt areas were described, their geological nature, and methods of pumping, evaporating and purifying were interestingly treated. The second paper, by J. H. Faull, '98, was also of great value, dealing with perhaps the most interesting mineralogical area in America, the Hastings district. The thinning out of the paleozoic strata, the appearance of the underlying Laurentian were noted. Almost every mineral from building-stone to gold has been discovered, as lithographic stones, marbles, micas, iron in abundance, corundum very lately, and large quantities of gold. An English company is undertaking to free the gold from the arsenic, that bugbear of the past, by some chemical method.

L. H. GRAHAM, *Secretary*.

### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A ladies' meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held on Friday in Room 16.

Miss Mason, '00, in an essay on the Life of Newton, ably sustained the reputation already achieved by the Century Class. Newton's early life was vividly portrayed, and the gradual growth of his reputation as scholar clearly set forth. A sketch of his character and eccentricities closed one of the best papers of this term.

Miss Moore, '98, inspired the freshmen with a zeal for original research, by describing several advances which had lately been made in Science. The use of X rays in partially restoring sight, the production of electricity direct from coal, and Prof. Lowell's observation on planet Mars, were successively treated.

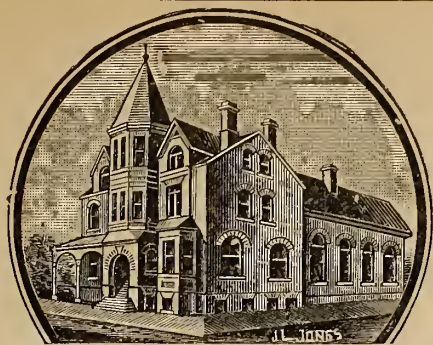
Miss Hills and Miss Reid, '97, after illustrating by several successful experiments the phenomenon of interference in sound, showed a new and very sensitive Photometer which was lately made in the Physical Laboratory.

### THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of this term of the Women's Literary Society was well attended on Saturday evening, Dec. 12th, in the Students' Union.

A report of the meeting is unavoidably held over until next issue.





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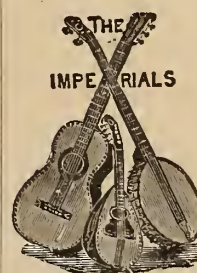
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## A SONG.

The organ murmurs down the aisles  
In harmony divine;  
A solemn joy uplifts my soul;  
My adoration's thine.

Over the water's midnight black,  
The silver stepping-stones  
Lead to a gate of pure delight;  
My heart thy image owns.

All beauty, sweetness, light and love  
To me breathe but of thee;  
O, Guardian Angel, leave me not:  
Thou art the good in me.

## S. P. S. NOTES.

[NOTE.—The Editor regrets that these notes were omitted from last week's issue.]

The eighth annual dinner of the S. P. S. was held at the Bodega on Friday, Dec. 4th, and was, like all the S. P. S. undertakings, a great success. The school was honored by the presence at the dinner of President Loudon. This is the first occasion, we believe, on which the President of the University has been present at our annual dinner, and we all hope that it may not be the last. Such occasions serve to strengthen among us that already prominent characteristic, love of our larger Alma Mater. In reply to the toast to "The University of Toronto," President Loudon made an interesting speech, reviewing the history of the School of Science and its relation to the University.

Prof. Coleman replied to the toast to "Canada" in his usual humorous manner, while at the same time his speech contained much sound wisdom regarding the part engineers have to play in the welfare of Canada.

The toast to "The Ontario Legislature" was replied to by Mr. Blue, of the Department of Mines. In his able speech Mr. Blue referred to the prominent position which engineers must take in the development of Canada's mineral wealth. The toast to "The Professors" was replied to by John Galt, C.E. and F. B. Nichols, president Nat. Elec. Light Assn. Mr. Galt gave some good advice to young engineers with regard to making themselves familiar with the financial side of engineering. Mr. Nichols made a very happy speech, in which he referred to the enormous growth of electric street railways in the last five years.

Prof. Galbraith and Mr. C. H. C. Wright replied to the toast of "The Faculty." Prof. Galbraith thought that after a man had made after-dinner speeches for seven or eight years he should be allowed to graduate and let some

one else, the freshmen for instance, do the speaking. Mr. Wright's speech was received with enthusiasm as usual, and both Prof. Galbraith's and Mr. Wright's speeches closed amid the strains of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow."

"Our Guests" was responded to by Mr. Gordon, of the Ontario Association of Architects, who did not fail to get in the usual joke about the beautiful architecture of the S. P. S., and by Mr. Foster, of the O. L. S., who instituted a pleasing variety in the speech-making by consenting to sing a song.

"Sister Institutions" was replied to by Mr. Yorstor. of McGill, Mr. McDonald, of the Dental College and Mr. Jackson, representing the undergrads. of Varsity.

The toast to "Athletics" was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and Mr. McIntosh's reply was almost drowned by the cheers for the plucky man who won for us the mile and half mile.

"The Graduates and Graduating Class" was responded to by Mr. Minty and Mr. Stacey.

Mr. Piper did honor to the "Ladies," "the greatest problem with which engineers have to deal," and Mr. Yates responded to the toast, "The Freshmen."

The proceedings were very agreeably varied with songs by Messrs. Stovel, Boyd, Andrewes and Yates.

Altogether the dinner was one of the most successful that was ever held, and President King and the Dinner Committee deserve great credit for the labor.

The game with the <sup>\* \* \*</sup>Dentals was a comparative cinch. The game was never in doubt and the school ites showed the tooth-pullers a thing or two about the game of Rugby.

Morrison at half put up a brilliant game his run down the field for a try being the feature of the day.

Andrews, Harris and Burnside, on the wings, were particularly noticeable, and took splendid care of Caldwell and White.

"What's the score?" asked a school man. "16 to 1," came back the answer. "Go and fill your teeth with that you Dentals," yelled out the aforementioned enthusiast

Mr. C. H. C. Wright, B.A.Sc., has been elected honorary president of the University Hockey Club. Mr. Wright has always been interested in all Varsity sports, and his experience will be of great benefit to the hockey players.

S. P. S. have won the Inter-College Rugby championship, and are now the proud possessors of the Mulock Cup.

We are unable to publish this week an account of the last Mock Parliament which was held on Monday evening.



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## GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

It was 'Varsity's night at Massey Music Hall last Friday evening, when a fine programme was rendered by the Glee Club, under the able leadership of Mr Walter H. Robinson, assisted by the Banjo and Guitar Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club, under Mr. George F. Smedley, and Mr. C. Frank King, '97, baritone; Mr. W. S. Mackay, '97, basso; Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, '97, clarinet soloist; Mr. J. S. Martin, assistant conductor, and Mr. W. D. Love, '97, accompanist. The Glee Club programme was a good one, and included among the numbers: March, "Comrades, we March" (Sterns), the part songs, "Dear Old Town" (Silcher), "They Kissed, I Saw Them do it" (Hawley), "The Sea Hath its Pearls" (Camp), "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep" (Wiske), "Where are you Going my Pretty Maid?" (Caldicott), and "The Tar's Farewell" (Stephen Adams). All of these selections were well given, and showed evidence of Mr. Robinson's careful training. "Dear Old Town" and "The Tar's Farewell" were particularly well rendered, the phrasing and general ensemble being excellent. Of course these numbers were encored; in fact nearly everything on the programme was encored, the students in the upper gallery demanding that citizens should hear their Glee Club to the best advantage, even though the heavens should fall. Mr. Smedley's musicians gave a varied and interesting programme, among which a "Traviata" number, a selection from "Il Trovatore" (given as a recall), and the march "Rugby" (Mr Elmer H. Smith, '99), by the Mandolin and Guitar Club, and a "March Militaire" (Armstrong), "Valse Chevalier"

(Groves), and a characteristic conglomeration, descriptive of life on the plantation during slavery time, all of which were given with a vim and finish and a fair adherence to time. Mr. Smedley also played three fine mandolin selections with piano accompaniment, but the pleasing effects of the instrument were almost entirely lost in that large hall. Mr. Walter Robinson sang in his usual pleasing style the well known Balfe song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud." Mr. King, in his selection, "The King of the Main," displayed his fine baritone voice to advantage, while Mr. Mackay, '97, sang Stuart's "Bandolero," and was fain to return over and over again to bow his acknowledgments to the ovation tendered him. The students in the gallery were unwilling to take advantage of the opportunity given them of joining in the choruses of some of the songs given by the Glee Club. The annual concert may be numbered among the long list of successes of the club, and augers well for the success of their tour.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held on Wednesday last. There was a large number of players and members present. It was decided to play on the rink which the Athletic Association is going to prepare on the campus. It was also decided to have an Inter-College series, the same as exists in football. The election of officers resulted: Hon. President, C. H. C. Wright, B.A.Sc.; President, A. A. Shepard; Manager, M. C. Cameron; Secretary Treasurer, F. H. Scott; Committee, Messrs. Morrison, Snell, Hobbs, Bradley, Blackwood. Mr. R. G. Fitzgibbons was elected captain of the team for this year by the members of last year's team.

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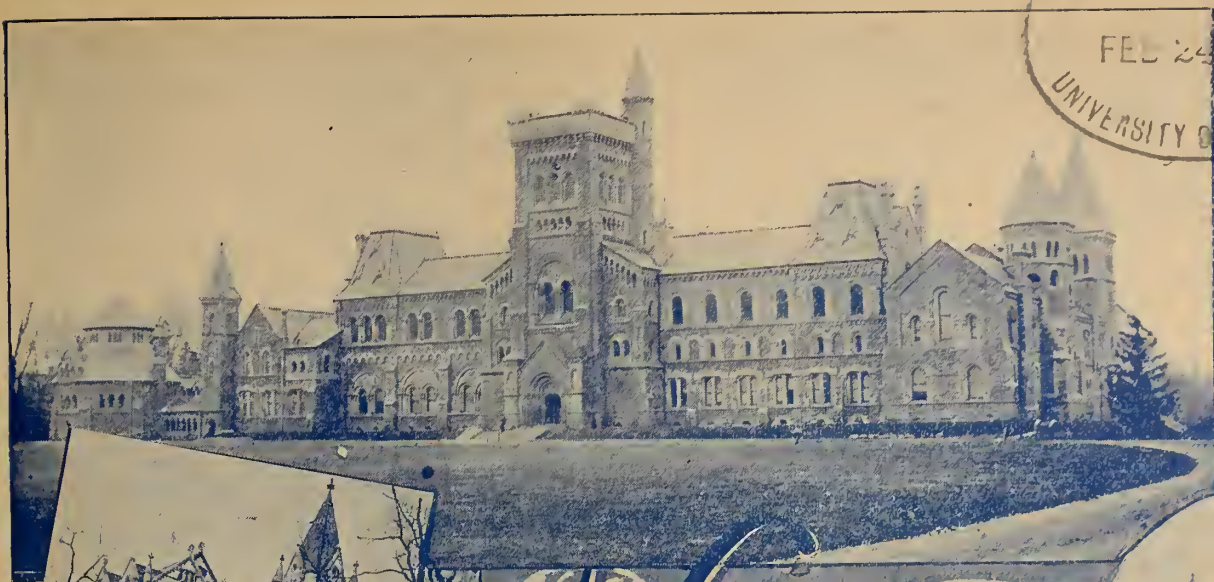
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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

FEB 24 1897  
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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 11.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13TH, 1897.

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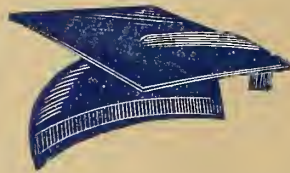


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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1897.

No. 11

## • NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Did ever mortal of our modern times  
  Regard this day with an indifferent air?  
Did ever soul, upon whose ear the chimes  
  Of old year out and new year in,  
  Of battles won and those to win,  
Remain untouched in heart, and free from care?  
  I trow that would be sin—  
Remain untouched, as that most solemn peal  
  Rings out across the midnight air so clear,  
All unconcernèd whether woe or weal  
  Has, since the dying year began,  
  And all throughout its twelve-month span,  
Been prone to purge with grief, or bless with cheer,  
  As months their courses ran!  
This is the day from which we count our time:  
  The look-out point from which we view the past,  
The higher we with care and trouble climb  
  By thoughtful gathering-up of mind  
  Each "cabinet in the brain" to find,  
The better we can estimate how vast  
  The year we leave behind.  
A year is vast, for when we ask its worth,  
  As of a friend who dies, a dear one gone,  
We learn that from the moment of its birth,  
  Its happenings both oft and rare,  
  Diffused throughout it here and there,  
Speak mighty volumes to the minds that con  
  O'er all their train with care.  
Ought not each one with sober sadness then  
  Take thoughtful leave of a departing year,  
To call its weeks and months to mind again,  
  And with a calm and careful view,  
  Note what was false and what was true,  
What wrought in love, and what performed thro' fear?  
  This ought each one to do.  
To some, perchance, the dying year would tell  
  Of love that long had lingered in the heart,  
But which, within the twelve-month 'gan to well,  
  And joyed to find the responsive love  
  As pure as that which dwells above,  
Had learned contentment and will ne'er depart  
  From one—a gentle dove.  
To some the year would sadly speak of grief;  
  Of moments when the heart was sorely tried;  
When slowly passing days gave no relief,  
  And it was hard midst the unrest  
  To see all working for the best,  
And yet thro' all, the true and faithful Guide  
  Was making each life blest.  
For every mortal, time now past and gone  
  Has stores of knowledge and of warnings too;  
By which those profit, as the days go on,  
  Who, o'er the book traced by each age,  
  Turn slowly backward page by page,  
To learn some lessons, even tho' but few,  
  Their future course to gage.

This is not all a retrospective day,  
  We turn our thoughts upon the new-born span,  
With firmly fixed resolve that all the way  
  Our mode of life shall ever be  
  So worthy, that each one may see  
The noble spirit of that Perfect Man,  
  Whose gospel makes us free.

CLARE READE, '97.

University College, Jan., 1897.

## 1896—A RETROSPECT.

[A paper read before the Women's Literary Society, at the request of the members of which it is published.]

Ill-omened has been the beginning of the year that is now passing away. Scarcely had the Christmastide, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," been sung, than war showed its hideous face, and even such kindred nations as the English and the American, displayed unchristian and unseasonable hostility. For on January 1st, 1896, the famous "Dr. Jim," having on December 29—Mr. Gladstone's birthday by the way—with his 500 followers, crossed the Transvaal borders to aid the Uitlanders against the Boers, fought at Krügersdorf. You know the sequel—the defeat and capture of Jameson; the period of wild excitement in England, made wilder by the congratulatory message of William, "the witless," cartoonist and Kaiser, to President Krüger; the putting into commission of the Royal Squadron, with a speed which caused as much admiration as alarm among the nations, who had thought the Queen of the Seas had lost her old-time vigor. The now historic phrase, "splendid isolation," described her position. For Britain, always unpopular in Europe, had added America to the list of her enemies. On the same day as Jameson's attack on the Boers, President Cleveland appointed his commission to investigate the boundary question between England and Venezuela. It looked as if England might have to face a world in arms against her. Did England's courage fail? We are told that never in the memory of man had there been such an eagerness shown by Englishmen, of all ages, sorts and conditions, to enlist. Cowardice is not one of the national characteristics.

Happily, however, in the interests of humanity and of the civilization of which we hear so much talk in such tiresome superlatives, war was averted. In the Transvaal President Krüger showed his good sense and justice in sending Jameson to England for trial; and, in spite of popular demonstrations in Jameson's favor, British justice condemned him to fifteen months' imprisonment. Only the other day, however, he was released, a physical wreck apparently. Poor Dr. Jim! In his case, valor, lacking its better part, discretion, bore its natural, if bitter fruits. And his failure brought with it the fall of him who has been not inaptly termed the uncrowned king of South Africa—Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony. His place as Premier has been filled by Sir George Sprigg, but Rhodes has since then shown that, after all, he is the only Englishman that can be trusted to deal with the turbulent



natives there, and his eminent services in bringing to a close the recent notable rebellion will, no doubt, be recognized in his restoration to a post of trust, by his country.

More happily, if possible, has ended the controversy between England and Venezuela, or rather, between England and the United States. After much diplomatic manœuvring, the terms of a treaty have been agreed upon, by which the question is to be submitted to arbitration, with a proviso that a fifty years' occupation shall constitute a right of possession—a most sensible arrangement everyone thinks, except the people of Venezuela, who regard it with suspicion. The Venezuelan Cabinet have, however, accepted the arbitration treaty, and it is likely that, when they refer the matter to their Assembly, that body will confirm the action of its leaders.

Memorable in another way, was that first day of January, 1896. Another of those brutal massacres that have heated the blood of peoples, though apparently not of politicians, to the boiling point, occurred in hapless Armenia. Would that I were able to record, as I have of the two former issues, a happy outcome. Nothing, at least that is comprehensible to us who are not politicians or diplomats, has yet been done to put a stop to those unnameable horrors. Have we indeed emerged from the savage state? Is this the year of grace 1896? One is tempted gravely to doubt the fact, and to wonder if the clock of time has not been turned back. Week after week, throughout the year, our newspapers have cheerfully chronicled gruesome details of repeated butcheries, but, though just at present the Great Assassin stays his hand—I have not read of a massacre for a fortnight or more—no one can tell how soon he may be at his horrible work again. Mr. Gladstone—grandest of "Grand Old Men" that he is—lifted up his voice in behalf of hapless Armenia in that great Liverpool meeting of last September; but Mr. Gladstone is now helpless. His words, in fact, had a result that probably surprised him, for they brought about the resignation of the man whom he had recommended as his successor in the leadership of the Liberal party—Lord Rosebery, and this added to the already sufficiently sad disorganization of that once united and formidable phalanx. Meantime, nothing has been done for Armenia, and in President Cleveland's message to Congress on Monday last, he deplored the "still hideous aspect of Asiatic Turkey." The sonnet which the impassioned young poet, Mr. William Watson, composed last Christmas Day—"A Birthday"—is likely to be as applicable to the coming Christmas:

It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace:  
Full long ago He lay with steeds in stall,  
And universal nature knew through all  
Her borders that the reign of Pan must cease.  
The fatness of the land, the earth's increase,  
Cumbers the board; the holly hangs in hall;  
Somewhat of her abundance wealth lets fall;  
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.  
The dead rot by the wayside; the unblest  
Who live, in caves and desert mountains lurk,  
Trembling; this foldless flock, shorn of their fleece.  
Women in travail, babes that suck the breast  
Are spared not. Famine hurries to her work.  
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

But I must hurry over other issues of the year. It has not only been marked by rumors of wars which did not materialize, but of wars real enough. Italy has had her struggle with Abyssinia, and has been most emphatically beaten by Menelik, proud descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Italy's struggle brought about the English expedition to Dongola—an expedition where success means the further English advance upon Khar-

toum. For it was only the other day we read that Commander Kitchener had received orders from the British war office to prepare for the greater exploit. Just a week ago England paid over cheerfully the £500,000 into the Egyptian treasury demanded by the Court of Appeal. The world seemed at first to regard the Court's decision as adverse to England; but John Bull is quite complacent over the matter. "It is all right," he chuckles, "those who pay the piper call the time." In the plainer language of the *St. James Gazette*: "The judgment has thrown Egypt into our arms; we can never go now."

Still another war must be referred to—nearer home, and more interesting to us—as a struggle not for accession of territory, but for liberty. The knell of Spain's greatness has been long ringing. The beginning of the end was the memorable week's fight in the English channel when Elizabeth of England said to Philip of Spain in a way so plain and impressive as to be understood even by the slow-going Philip, "Thus far, no farther." Since then Spain has seen her empire slowly but surely fall to pieces. At the last she has become desperate, and the Spanish people, with a patriotism worthy of a better cause, are paying over \$1,000,000 a week for keeping sufficient forces in Cuba. Sufficient, did I say? Scarcely. For though, according to the reports of the Spanish commander, the rebels are always surrounded, the end seems no nearer than before. Early in the year the more humane Campos was recalled, but the brutal ferocity of his successor seems no more successful. This week's reports have contained accounts, verified two or three times, of the death of the insurgent leader, Maceo, and great has been the rejoicing in Madrid thereat. Yesterday's newspapers had heavy headlines "Maceo Still Alive!" and great, in Canada and the United States, has been the rejoicing thereat. Among the many details which from time to time have come to us of that heroic struggle, one incident should, I think, be especially interesting to a society like this. You know, of course, that many Cuban women have been fighting in the ranks, and in spite of traditions to the contrary, they are apparently good shots. One of these women the Spanish were trying to capture, and they did finally secure her, but not until she had shot down 17 Spaniards who attempted to seize her. She died with the words "Libre Cuba," on her lips.

I have not time to speak of other issues of the year: of the British expedition to Ashantee, successful of course; of the usual turmoil in French politics, though this year has been calmer than usual; of the change of leadership in the Irish party consequent on the resignation of Mr. McCarthy; of the big Dublin convention; of the passing away of great men, such as Leighton, Millais and Morris; of the Nicaraguan rebellion; of the re-election of that most remarkable man, President Diaz, of Mexico, of the triumph of sound money and McKinleyism in the United States; nor even of the exciting events of the year in Canada. The year has seen three Premiers in office; has witnessed the most exciting—I believe, an unprecedented—session of the Canadian House of Commons, when for a whole week, night and day, the House was in continuous session, and engaged in the discussion of the clauses of the Remedial Bill—may it rest in peace! Startling discoveries of gold and other less precious metals have been made, and the boom is gloriously high just now. Canada's outlook is brighter, as is the outlook of the whole empire. And in striking contrast to the condition of Spain, the last of whose colonies are slipping from her, Britain is making closer and stronger the bonds which connect her great trans Atlantic and trans-Pacific colonies to her. Schemes of federation are being discussed with a seriousness that never before marked them; the plan is no longer considered Utopian, but eminently practical, and the arrangement for



a permanent arbitration tribunal between Britain and the United States—an arrangement, nearly complete, said President Cleveland in his message the other day—will in a sense, at least, link together the two great British nations. Who can tell whether it may not be a first step towards a return on the part of the erring child to his father's house? England will, no doubt, be ready, when the hour comes, to welcome back the wanderer, and to kill the fatted calf. Everything points to a greater consolidation, rather than to a disintegration of the British race. In Canada there exists, indeed, an Independence Club, but it is quite insignificant. Meanwhile, England looks after us pretty satisfactorily, and incidents are constantly occurring to illustrate the advantages of British connection. The other day, for example, news was flashed from this land to England that two Canadians had been taken prisoners in Cuba by the Spaniards and sentenced to death. A reassuring cable was returned almost immediately, and England proceeded to look after those two insignificant Canadians. Have they been put to death? By no means. It pays to be a British subject. Federation, not separation, is the order of the day, and by federation we shall have a still greater future, a greater share in the glories of Imperial Britain,—that “blue-cinctured isle,” which has been

“—————not to-day, but this long while  
In the front of nations.”

NELLIE SPENCE.

### HYPNOTISM.

An interesting demonstration was given in the Students' Union under the sanction of some of the University staff, hence is legitimately open to criticism from the scholastic side. The subject was Hypnotism, and the operator a Mr. Hodgson. He was assisted chiefly by Dr. Tracy, who introduced the hypnotist in a preliminary address. Naturally the subject drew a large audience of both faculty and students. The Union was packed to the doors. Judging from the hearty applause the performance was a success. But as levity and scientific instruction do not go hand in hand, it is safe to conclude that there was but little of the latter. Judging of the performance as a scientific demonstration, it was to me, as well as a large number of those present, far from satisfactory.

Previous arrangements had been made, so claims the hypnotist, for several to come, as subjects, to the platform on the first call. Only one responded, and this person apparently a total stranger. Here is the point where the thin wedge of criticism should enter. Who or what was this so-called stranger, who became so willing a victim, so easily controlled and so clever under suggestion during the entire evening? I ask, because he appeared to be no novice, did the right thing in the right place, his remarks were pert and witty, and his entire conduct displayed the peculiar staginess well-known to those who have seen many such performances. Hence, I with many others, doubt the genuineness of his various odd antics as being those of a tyro. If real they were marvellous, and too fraught with meaning to produce mere laughter in such a presumably educated audience.

Many points might be noted, but space forbids the mention of all but a few. How can a suggestion that, as the hypnotist claimed, was given by word of mouth completely obliterate the form of a person, leaving only certain of his garments, as his hat, visible to the person hypnotized? No power of the will can make one part of the retina perform its physiological function and an adjacent part not. With the subject's back to the operator, why did he twice dodge round the vanished party? Was this latter transparent? What color was the wall beyond if no image lay between the subject's eye and the wall?

As regards judging time, the hypnotist claimed that the person under suggestion would act precisely on the given moment. This was irrational to expect, and was not demonstrated.

As regards the pin through the arm, this for a remuneration has hundreds of times been endured, and is comparatively harmless, and not seriously painful. Besides muscles can be numbed by various drugs, as cocaine. The pricking of the two hands demonstrated nothing more than the foregoing experiment.

Mr. Hodgson's claim to be able to control hemorrhage I cannot believe, as this is not governed by the will in either subject or operator, but by the physiological action of bloodclot. As regards the pepper on the tongue, if deception were present it would not be difficult to suggest a method. What was the scientific meaning of the operator's wand like spiriting movements? Was it not to inspire the audience with a sense of awe or mystery? To the critical mind the question would arise as to whether or not this subject was a professional assistant. I am of the opinion that he was, and perhaps came from a distance for the purpose of being present by some unknown arrangement. Was his acting merely by Mr. Hodgson's suggestion, or was he acting a purely conscious part? A satisfactory answer could not be drawn from the demonstration. Numerous and almost indescribable “give aways” were seen during the experiments. Nothing was done but could be accounted for by perfectly conscious action. It seemed like such, but the privilege is denied to any individual to cross the threshold into the consciousness of another and investigate. This area of seclusion has been in all ages the lurking place of double dealing and imposture. I do not say that the demonstration consisted of such, but the contrary was not proven.

It was a matter of regret that the operation on our own students did not give us some little confirmatory evidence regarding the occult problem. Considering the demonstration as a whole it lacked the keystones of proof that convince a critical searcher after truth. It did nothing to raise hypnotism from the ranks of such pseudosciences as mind-reading, clairvoyance, spiritualism and Christian science, in which various parts are deftly played by psychological magicians who in the light of modern criticism are gradually retiring to the more shadowy realms of mental life where the threads of solution are readily lost in the intricacy of the processes.

But there must be more than was demonstrated in this new science. I cannot believe that so many eminent philosophers, scientists and medical men have misjudged phenomena. Yet history tells us plainly that a man's eminence is no criterion by which to assert the infallibility of his judgment. Since the dawn of civilization all theories that have obtained a foothold in human life have been propagated by eminent men, as Pythagorus, Epicurus, Mahomet, Confucius and Ptolemy. Many eminent men of our own time, for example, Alfred Russell Wallace, believe in spiritualism whose initial stage is the joining of hands around a table; soon the table may move, proving that a medium is present who can answer all manner of queries. Of a kindred nature is the foolish planchette, to which I have heard sensible people pin their faith. This must be akin to the turning of a key in the Bible, and blood charms, which are firmly believed in by many of our older population of to-day. But I refer especially to the more refined of these beliefs, and hold that those who promulgate many of them are the lineal descendants of the soothsayers, necromancers and astrologers of early and mediæval times. We all remember the wisdom of Shakespeare when he says that there was no “error, but some saintly brow would approve and bless it with a text.”

How much of this applies to the fundamental facts of hypnotism I am not prepared to say. It is certain that as



yet we must write guardedly concerning it. There is little doubt of the value of suggestive therapeutics, as every physician is aware. We know that mental states and bodily states interact on each other, that dwelling in thought on a diseased part may cause pain. But this is explained by the irritation that nerves carrying impulses, set up in the affected region. But such influence has its limitation; but to decide just where is one of the greatest of problems. The extreme idea is that of Christian Science, which holds that all diseases are mental, and, with a certain degree of religious faith, are under mental control. Just where hypnotism stands is difficult to define, as it introduces the huge factors of a foreign mind influencing in minute details the mental phenomena of another, and the total submission of the will-power of the latter to that of the former. At my present stage of study I cannot grasp the relations of any natural laws that accurately cover the whole of each case, and so must wait for more light.

However, in explanation of such phenomena we must be specially guarded against being deceived by a species of psychological legerdemain that I believe permeates many of the theological, metaphysical and even scientific theories of the age. Telepathy was, and is yet a fad of this nature in psychological circles, but it is losing ground, and we may expect soon to find it among the debris of undemonstrated theories. I am convinced at the present stage of my study that human mental phenomena can take place in no other region than in the confines of the nervous system, and consequently can find no evidence whatever for telepathy, spiritualism, and mind-reading, where there is no external thread of suggestion or sense communication, except the coincidence of some of the thoughts which, with great rapidity and in marvellous numbers, pass through the mind of the subject, coupled with the emphasis due to the mere fact of coincidence, which is always more or less striking. Also there is in the subject often a strong and apparently innate desire to wrap such a coincidence with circumstances that render an explanation difficult, by eliminating all possible clues to its solution. How often have we seen this subtle failing in our friends! Perhaps it is an evidence of the doctrine of total depravity. It appears to be governed by our feelings of prepossession or prejudice, and leads us to cherish that which we will to choose.

In conclusion, I quote a passage from the *Nineteenth Century* of a few years ago, which bears on some of the points at issue in which there are some dogmatic remarks that may apply in part to hypnotism as I have seen it from many platforms, but more especially to other later day psychological fads.

#### " TELEPATHY.

"Telepathy sounds better to modern ears than mesmeric trance or clairvoyance; it has no more substantial foundation. It is an attempt to discover whether it is possible to see without eyes, to hear without ears, to receive or convey impressions without the aid of the special senses. The spirit-rappers, the Davenportes, the Bishops, the thought readers, the animal magnetizers, have dropped into darkness and are buried in the mud. Telepathy is a silly attempt to revive in a pseudo-scientific form, such as self-deception of this kind has always assumed, but in a very feeble form, and with very futile and inane results, the failures and impostures of the past. Happily, it is confined to a few, and those, I am ashamed to say, chiefly in this country. It has a feeble and lingering existence, and is undoubtedly destined to die immaturely.

"To conclude, then, these delusions, this miracle-mongering, these disordered visions and hysteric hallucinations, this exploitation of the love of the mysterious, these pseudo-magnetic attractions, these sham scientific floatings in the air, these fixations of the body, these thought-readings and foretellings, these vain pro-

nouncements concerning unseen worlds and invisible planes of being, these playings on the fears, the hopes, the feeble senses, the eager imaginations, and the ill-balanced reason of the masses, are as old as—nay, apparently older than—history. Sometimes in this, as in other things, we are tempted to ask, 'Does the world make any progress, or are we still moving on the same planes and in the same grooves of ignorance and superstition, knavery, folly, and self-deception?' "

ALPHA.

#### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The postponed meeting of the Literary Society was held Monday evening. After waiting in vain for the arrival of the customary crowd, Vice-President Hancock, in the absence of Mr. McLennan, took the chair.

The small audience quickly came to order, and the son of Venus and Zeno read the minutes. Mr. Scarfe read a communication from the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society inviting a representative to their annual dinner. Mr. Shotwell was presented with the enclosed tickets.

A list of the conveners and officers of the Conversat Committee was then read, and Messrs. Little and Munroe immediately raised various objections to one name on the list, because he was a third year man. The little unpleasantness which threatened to disturb the meeting was quelled by a motion to refer the matter back to the Executive. Fault was also found with the committee in choosing a Mathematical, a Natural Science, and a Psychological Committee for the Conversat. Mr. Little said it was customary for these societies to select their own men. On a motion being put, it was decided to follow the custom.

The question whether the ladies should be asked to the meeting of the Mock Parliament after Christmas was now brought forward. After a long discussion as to who should have the honor of bringing in a motion to the effect that they be admitted, Mr. Sandwell won the coveted prize. On a vote, the motion was lost, and most of the ladies' men departed.

The meeting was now resolved into a Mock Parliament. Mr. Johnston was elected Speaker.

The Hon. Mr. Boulton moved that Messrs. Sandwell, Hancock and the mover be a committee to draft a reply to the Speech from the Throne. Mr. Hancock, in seconding this motion, made one of the most brilliant speeches of the session. The Opposition occasionally interrupted, and the Speaker was forced to make Mr. Hancock retract several of his statements, by proving conclusively by Bourinot, in the hands of Clerk Creighton, that they were entirely out of order, but the bulk of his voluminous speech was listened to with great attention.

The member for Spodunk moved in amendment that the discussion of the Speech from the Throne be continued. The original motion was carried.

The Hon. Mr. Sandwell now appeared from the devastated ranks of the Government, to deliver the best Budget Speech it has been the pleasure of the Mock Parliament to listen to for some sessions.

He assured the members of the Opposition that he would judge their actions, when in power, solely from the report of the blue book, and if they did not "blush a flaring red it was because their prospects of return to power were blue indeed." Someone said Mr. Little tried to make a joke here, but this is not vouched for.

Mr. Sandwell proceeding told of a deficit of \$7,000,000 in the Finance Minister's report, the year previous. Small though the amount, the Honorable gentleman, and various members of both sides dwelt long and laboriously in trying to explain where it had gone.



In speaking of the economical policy of the present Government, Mr. Sandwell said "that the wasteful and extravagant appropriations of the late ministry for the encouragement of the statutory burglary industry has been abolished. The deficit, left as a legacy from our predecessors, will be met by various measures, for example, the levy of a stamp tax in the library, of 25 cts. per stamp; the levy of a North Pole tax upon persons leaving the door open when they come in; of a high license fee for men who sing flat in the Glee Club, and for those who dance at Class Receptions (and who do not)."

It was suggested to impose a tax to discourage the habit of attending the Glee Club concert with a person of the opposite sex, but the Government decided that this needed no further discouragement.

Mr. Sandwell said it was the intention of the Government to buy out certain great monopolies which were growing fat out of the purse of the poor, such as the University Quarterly, and the Toronto Street Railway.

He estimated the expenditure for the current year at \$50,000,000, and closed with a long quotation from some latter-day Sanskrit writer, in the original tongue.

The members, feeling the effects of the long session, decided they had had enough, and adjourned indefinitely at seventeen minutes after ten.

COMUS.

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The first meeting of the Literary Society in the Easter term was not characterized by the usual large attendance of the students, but doubtless they are reserving themselves for the Mock Parliament next week. Indeed, when the President took the chair at half-past eight last Friday night, there were present few more than the Executive of the Society and those who were to assist in the evening's programme.

Mr. W. D. Love read the minutes of the last meeting—held before the holidays. When the President called for communications, Mr. Hancock said that the two men to represent Varsity in the Varsity-S. P. S. debate had not yet been selected. Nominations were called for, and half a dozen names were placed on the blackboard—too long a list to be given here. The next business was notices of motions. Mr. Hancock announced that at the next meeting of the Society he would move that ladies be admitted to the first meeting of the Mock Parliament. This was not greeted with as much applause as was Mr. Black's notice before Christmas—which does not augur well for the passage of the motion. But such is the persistence of the young ladies' friends that perhaps they may eventually be able to bring their "Henriettas" to the Mock Parliament.

The evening's programme then commenced. Mr. D. A. Ross gave a humorous recitation about life in the west in the days of '49, entitled "The Conversazione." Women were few; and respect for them was so great that a prospective marshal lost all chance of election by asking for Charlotte Rouge (russe), one man explaining that Charlotte was a school teacher in the glen. Mr. W. D. Love sang very acceptably the song "I Loves You, My Honey, Yes I Do," and for an encore gave "A Tom-tit Sat in a Tip Top Tree."

Then came the most important number on the programme—a debate between '97 and '98, the subject of which was, "Resolved, that the benefits arising from the party system of government are greater than the evils." The affirmative side was supported by Messrs. Bale and Clark, '97, while it was assailed by Messrs. Auld and Gahan, '98. The affirmative began by defining party government as government by a body of men who are responsible to the majority of the House of Commons. Now, the question arises, what is party? Burke defines

it as a group of men united together to enforce a principle. About every question two or more views can be taken, and on every question two or more parties can be formed. Each proposes to deal with it in a different way. Elections are thus held on definite issues. The elector knows what course each party will pursue if returned to power, and can give his vote to the party which will carry out the principles which he holds. Individual electors have no force in the state, but many joined in a party have great force. Again, the services of able men, who could have no personal following in a legislature, are not lost to the state if they join a party, for they are backed by that party's strength. Under the party system there is less corruption than under any other system. Parties are usually nearly balanced in numbers in the legislature (and if they are not, the state has practically one party or really none). They can watch each other, and easily detect corrupt practices; likewise the Opposition can scrutinize the expenditures of the Government and keep them down. Thirdly, the rivalry between the parties induces a greater interest in vital political issues. Men read the newspapers, listen to both sides of the question, and come to more rational conclusions than they otherwise would. Consequently, questions are solved in a way that brings greater benefits to the nation. Fourthly, many revolutions are avoided. Before the party system was introduced, it was often necessary to carry by force of arms what can now be done simply by marking the ballots in the right way. Again, the system is being gradually extended over the whole world, and has existed in England for two centuries. This in itself shows that the benefits must be greater than the evils.

The negative challenged the affirmative's definitions. A party, they said, was a group of men united for personal interests, with the object of getting into power and remaining in power. Party government is a government of the minority by the majority, for the majority—is, in fact, a case of coercion, a thing which is so odious to an Englishman. The affirmative had claimed that the party system originated in King William the Third's choosing his ministry from the dominant party in parliament. The negative disputed this. They maintained that King William wished certain principles carried out. He entrusted the government to certain men. They saw that they needed the support of the majority, and strove to obtain it. Two parties arose—the party supporting the government and the party opposing. If the party system does induce a greater interest in questions of the day, it is wrong in its essence and should be condemned. They claimed that men join parties, not from reason but prejudice: because their father belonged to the party and his father before him. The party system is a great evil, because it is introduced into municipal affairs, and men are defeated in municipal elections because they belong to a certain party. Secondly, independent candidates have no chance of election. Party men are suspicious of them, and unwilling to support them. Corruption increases under the party system. For party men who are guilty of corrupt practices are protected by a strong party and shielded from their just punishment. If the system was widely in use that was no plea for its existence, for crime is also widespread.

The reply of the affirmative was that while corrupt politicians did sometimes escape the punishment of ordinary criminals they are usually politically degraded. It is necessary to clearly prove a man guilty before he can be punished; and this is especially difficult in political offences. If men did join one party or another because their father belonged to it, that is a fault of human nature, not of the party system of government.

At the conclusion of the debate the President commented on the habit of referring to the speakers personally, saying that this had better be avoided. He gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. The meeting broke up at 9.45.



# The Varsity

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## THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

ONCE more has come around to us that holiday season, which constitutes the best remembrancer of our past, and through which our minds are most effectually brought to consider what the great, unknown future has in store for us. We, as students, may be said to have our New Year somewhat earlier than do the generality of mankind. To us, it comes with its proverbial good resolutions, its sense of a future, in which we may atone for the deficiencies of a past, not in the wake of Christmastide, but rather in the mellow days of Autumn, that time of new life and hope, while yet the dreaded spring time is but a painful recollection, or a dark foreboding. Then it is that, for the most part, we experience those feelings which come to people generally at this season. Strange is it not, that when the outside world assumes its gayest cloak, when all Nature receives a new life, we should be excluded from sharing in the general buoyancy of the re-awakened earth? And again, when things without are about to resume their wintry sleep, is it not anomalous, that we should then be entering upon our season of greatest activity and joy? But we must remember that a student to a great extent lives under peculiar conditions for the four years of his University course. Much that affects the rest of the world has only a passing interest for us. We do not live in the midst of the bustle of modern life; our sojourn here is but a preparation for a wider field of existence. Under the kindly nurture of college surroundings, the fair child of culture is reared, in his tenderer years unaffected by the worrying cares and blighting influences of ordinary life, as far as they can be warded off; but when virility is reached, he steps forth to take his place along with the great mass of humanity. As to the work which he then

does in raising his less fortunate brothers to a higher level of life and action, let those with experience tell.

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Yet we cannot escape from the general tendency to thoughtfulness and cheerfulness as well that a New Year's season inspires. It is at such times that we look around us and consider for what we, as University men, should be thankful, and what there is in our midst that still stands in the need of improvement. As we view at the present time the state of University affairs, we do not think that at any recent period has a feeling of hopefulness for the future of our Alma Mater been more justifiable than at present. In place of strife of teacher and taught, we have each body discharging its respective functions in the most amiable relations one with another. That far-away time, of which at present one is loth even to speak, when so much needless ill-feeling was engendered, with every influx of undergraduates is passing into the region of things soon to be forgotten. We have before us many and repeated evidences of the revival of that academic virtue, which we believe to have been in sad need of reviving, namely, college spirit. We need only refer to one of the many events of the Michaelmas term which has just gone by, the University College Dinner. Could anyone, who had the good fortune to be present on that occasion, fail to be impressed by the undoubted love of Alma Mater which that event manifested? Two years ago our *Conversazione* was held for the first time since the fire of 1890. Last year it was continued, and now we have the promise that that of the coming month is to far exceed its predecessors in all the qualities which go to make a successful event of its kind. Viewing the purely academic, the social, the athletic, every side of our life, it seems to us that the New Year should be to us one of particularly bright hopes.

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But is there not something that should be of a transcendent interest to us rather than the number and the success of the dinners, the conversaciones, the football matches, which go to make up the outward history of our University? At this New Year's season should we not most especially ask ourselves whether we are accomplishing that to which all these events are merely incident—the realization within ourselves of a higher ideal of intelligence and culture. We should ask ourselves if, in the past, we have availed ourselves of all the opportunities which have been given us of making ourselves more worthy of the training for life which has been given us, and of the influences for good with which we have been brought into contact. We must each remember that it is in University men themselves that the great public look for the results of a higher education. If any of us should fail to bear with us into life, on the completion of our course, evidences of our University training, then so much has the cause of higher education been impaired. So, when, in the coming year, a large class of graduates is once more flung upon the tender mercies of the world, may they be sufficiently impressed with the sense of the responsibility which thus rests upon them. And let those who still remain never forget the injunction to work while it is yet day. Seize the



rich fruit which lies at your hands to-day, for this is the hour of your opportunity.

Those who have passed out from these halls in days gone by have repeatedly assured us that the advantages of our life here are never half appreciated, until we have to relinquish it. Take the warning which they give, and, in the end, you will find that application to the work which is laid out for each of you will work to your own truest good, and will be the best way in which you can advance the welfare of the University, whose interests, we believe, practically all of our undergraduates have at heart.

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To take over the control of this college journal, at a season when everything seems so bright for our future, has certainly fallen as a very pleasant duty. We are quite aware of how the editorial chair of this paper has been filled in the past by many of the University's most gifted sons, in comparison with whom we cannot but feel our own unworthiness. But, after all, the editor's contributions comprise but a small part of the material out of which this paper is constructed, week by week. If he receives the earnest support of those who are interested in the journal's welfare, if the quality of the work which they send to him is good, whatever his own ability be, the general body of readers need have nothing to fear. In our various contributors we have eminent faith. The only fault which we have to find, is that they are not sufficiently numerous. To those whose work should be seen in these columns, but is not, we would appeal. It is the duty of every undergraduate to do what lies in his power to aid those who have been placed in control of the affairs of this journal, in maintaining the high position which it has always held among the college papers of this continent. If that loyal support is given us which is our due, then we need have no fear for a bright and prosperous New Year for ourselves.

#### THE GLEE CLUB TOUR.

The Glee Club tour is over! That annual event to which all members of the Glee Club—with the possible exception of some of the committee—had so fondly and joyfully looked, is now a thing of the past. Perhaps a brief account of the trip may not prove uninteresting.

Thursday morning, December the seventeenth, saw the boys of both clubs hastening to the Union Station, to our private car, carrying all manner of satchels, valises, etc., and banjo, mandolin and guitar cases. Despite the hurry and consequent confusion occasioned from the fact that the train left some time before eight, no one was left, although the cares of the librarian of the Glee Club prevented his leaving till the afternoon train.

Brantford was reached at about 11 o'clock, and after the billets had been apportioned, the boys wended their various ways to their dinners. The club rehearsed in the morning, and the Banjo and Guitar Club held a long practice in the afternoon, which they idly imagined would last them throughout the trip. The concert in the evening was fairly well attended, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. After the concert the entire club was entertained at the home of the genial vice-president, Mr. A. B. Watt, whither Brantford's fairest damsels—not forgetting the Ladies' College—were assembled to meet the men from the east. Here the devotees of Terpsichore disported themselves till about 2 a.m., and went home, having heartily enjoyed themselves, though physically exhausted.

Brantford was left at a reasonable hour and the club arrived at St. Thomas after 2 o'clock, dined at the Grand Central, rehearsed and amused itself as it liked till the concert. There being no 'function' afterwards, all were enabled to seek their chaste couches at an early hour.

On the afternoon of the arrival in London the tourists were royally entertained at the Hunt Club 'kennels'—to which we were driven in vans by Messrs. Love, Macbeth, W. R. Meredith, Hunt, Kerrigan and Abbott, the London members of the clubs. Dancing was indulged in, and all thanks are due to these gentlemen mentioned who spared no effort to give the other boys a good time while in London.

Several of the boys went to Chatham on Sunday, but the majority remained in this city of churches. In the afternoon several of those stopping over were present at an afternoon tea given by Mrs. Smallman, in her beautiful residence in South London. The rest of the boys attended the Cathedral—St. Paul's—in the evening.

In Chatham, the boys were accorded a most enthusiastic welcome. The concert was given under the auspices of the Bicycle Club, and was an unqualified success. Judging from the experience of the Glee Club, there seems to be no doubt that if those in power in the wheeling world held the C.W.A. meet in Chatham this year, it would be one of the best attended and most successful in Canadian cycling history.

We all journeyed west to Detroit, where the Business Manager had gone before, and stayed at the Saint Claire, a new and handsomely fitted-up hotel. After the rehearsal the boys spent the afternoon seeing the city. It can hardly be veraciously said that the Detroit Opera House was crowded in the evening, but the audience, if not large, was appreciative, and applauded the various numbers heartily. Some Varsity boys in the gallery were noticeable in this. After the concert every person went to bed fairly early—in the morning.

Before six o'clock on the same day everybody within hearing distance was awakened by a practice of the Banjo Club in one of the rooms. It was not well attended, there only being three instruments at the practice.

However, it had the effect of getting everyone up in time for the 7.55 train. From Detroit we proceeded to Sarnia by the American side, and crossed over from Port Huron. There was no rehearsal, and several of the fellows went over the river in the afternoon. At the concert, at which there was a large audience, the clubs distinguished themselves.

The Glee Club here, as at Detroit, sang without music,—in their hands—and never did better in the history of the club, and the instrumental part was not behindhand. After the concert a good many enjoyed themselves at an impromptu dance at Mrs. Symington's.

Here the club disbanded. Most of us left at 1.30 a.m. Some stayed till 6 and others till noon.

Thus ended the club tour for 1896.

S.

#### NOTES.

Mr. Elmer H. Smith captured the hearts of all the maidens at the places visited, by the captivating manner in which he played the two-step of his own composition. They all thought he was "perfectly lovely."

Mr. Snitcher Spinach Harris, by the combination of his pleasing young freshman ways and herculean stature, entwined himself in the affections of all the ladies who met him on the tour.

The bashful Cupid, that erstwhile confirmed woman-hater, thawed out completely on this tour, and left a small piece of his icy heart wherever the club went. It is rumored that he lost his nerve completely at Sarnia, and did not know what was expected of him!

Mr. George Black, despite his seeming susceptibility to the charms of the fair sex, came home with his heart



still unpunctured, but with a larger stock of photographs than any other man in the club. He is now heard daily warbling the favorite song "If I but knew." This no idle bar-room jest.

A good joke is being told about a youthful fourth year man, who was especially active on the trip. It is said that on the morning of his return home, he was indulging in a cold water bath in order to clear the cobwebs from his weary intellect, but overcome by the physical fatigue resulting from the many dances on the tour, he dropped off into a peaceful slumber, and occasioned considerable alarm to his anxious family who feared his sudden demise from heart disease.

Mr. Jew. Wallbridge, the gayest Lothario of '97, mysteriously disappeared during several dances at Chatham, and since then he wears that idle, dreaming, far-away, soulful look, which is so becoming to him.

The S.P.S. Camera fiend, Mr. H. R. Stovel, took a photograph of the club in all conceivable positions and attitudes. While taking a group of the boys at Chatham, the operator had the misfortune to tumble backwards off a large fence into the loving embrace of a snow-drift, whence he gracefully emerged some moments later. It is expected that the photograph will be slightly confused, as "someone moved."

Mr. Walter H. Robinson sang with all his usual brilliancy, and his beautiful lyric tenor aroused the greatest admiration everywhere throughout the tour. His rendering of the love song, "If I but Knew," was especially delightful, and many a feminine heart was deeply stirred by his caressing high notes.

Mr. C. Frank King's solos were sung in a very pleasing manner, and gained him everywhere a deservedly cordial reception.

Mr. W. D. Love made a very successful accompanist, and especially displayed his ability by his brilliant execution of the difficult accompaniment to Mr. Robinson's clarionet solo.

The tour this year was probably the most delightful one in the history of the organization, and much of its success is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. J. L. R. Parsons who worked indefatigably in the interests of the club.

Mr. Wallace Scott and Mr. Douglas Ruthven managed the business affairs of the club admirably. Mr. Ruthven deserves especially to be mentioned as one of the most capable treasurers that the club ever possessed. B.

### THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

True to their New Year's resolutions, that henceforth they would attend the meetings of the Women's Literary, a goodly number came to the first meeting of the term '97, in the Students' Union, on Saturday evening, Jan. 9th. They were not disappointed, for the meeting was a good one. The Vice-President, Miss Scott, after calling the meeting to order, asked the worthy secretary to read the minutes. There was, strange to say, no business to be discussed, and Miss Lapatnikoff, '99, gave the first number of the programme—a piano solo. The encore was not appreciated, for Miss Lapatnikoff did not respond to it. Miss Mullins, '98, recited in a very impressive way, "King Robert of Sicily." Miss G. H. Hunter read a comprehensive Literary Report of the last month. Just here a discussion was going on at the back of the room by representatives of '99 and '00 over some letters of the alphabet. I heard a good many O's, but I think the subject was a T. This must have been settled satisfactorily, for, when Misses Bapty, Webb, Roseburgh and Wegg arose to sing, the noise ceased. Miss Hamilton, B.A., read a Political Report, which was listened to very attentively. Miss F. Turner concluded the first part of the programme by a piano solo. A debate followed, on the subject: Re-

solved, that *Energy* has done more for the world than *Ability*. Energy was upheld by Miss Preston '99, and ability by Miss Hughes '00. Impromptu speeches were made supporting Miss Preston by Misses White, Benson and Andison, and, on the other side, by Misses Grant, Fleming and Mason. The century class won by one point.

Many graduates were present, among whom were Miss Hamilton, Miss Hillock, '95, Miss Laird, '96, and Miss Millar, '96.

A. W. P., '99, Cor. Sec.

### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

There was no meeting of the Association on Thursday of last week. This week the meeting will be held on Friday at 5 o'clock, and will be addressed by Mr. R. E. Lewis, Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Sunday, Jan. 17th, is the Day of Prayer for Colleges. At 3.30 o'clock, a special meeting will be held in Y.M.C.A. Hall, at which it is expected that Mr. Lewis will speak. Let every student plan in advance to attend this meeting. The Bible classes which have been resumed, will meet earlier than usual; that of the first year at 2.15 and the one for the senior years at 2.30.

The Mission Study class has just finished a study of Missionary Biography. The lives of Mackay of Uganda, Alexander Duff, Dr. Kenneth McKenzie and Adoniram Judson have been full, not only of interest, but of inspiration for the men who have studied them. The study of Missionary History is now to be taken up for a few weeks, and no more favorable time could be found for new men to join the class.

The morning prayer-meetings are going on again as usual. Topic cards may be had at the office.

A joint reunion of the members of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. was held last evening. An account of this will be given next week.

The monthly meeting of the Student Volunteer Union of Toronto will be held on Saturday, Jan. 16th, at 4.30 o'clock. Dr. A. B. Leonard, of New York, and Mr. R. E. Lewis, of Boston, will speak.

We would refer our readers to the announcement in the corridors of a series of three lectures on voice culture, by Mr. E. A. Hayes, an eminent New York teacher of vocal science. Two of these will be given in the Students' Union, next Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon, under the patronage of the Glee Club, to the conductor of which organization, Mr. W. H. Robinson, we are indebted for what will certainly be most profitable addresses.



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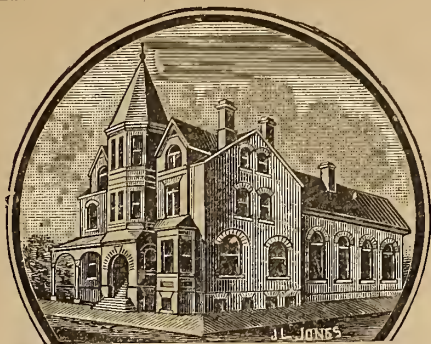
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## MEDIÆVAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

The above is the title of the public lecture delivered recently under the auspices of the Modern Language Club, by Prof. Vander Smissen, the Honorary President, in the Biological building. The lecture was illustrated by lime-light views, and the fair-sized audience present was delighted for the hour and a half, during which Prof. Vander Smissen sustained his high reputation as an interesting public lecturer.

The Middle Ages was a period characterized by courtesy, dignity and elegance of life. Not only on festive occasions did that love for display manifest itself, but, in the ordinary affairs of life, the great ladies were accustomed to wear their crown and coronets. There was no room among the upper classes for the boorish man, the *villain*, but the rules of etiquette were supreme. The spirit of chivalry, which was the natural accompaniment of such an age, showed itself either in the religious devotion, which culminated in the Crusades or in the quest of the knight for beautiful ladies. Too often it degenerated into mere sentimentality. The knight who would face every danger to show his devotion to a fair lady, often left his own wife and children at home starving. Yet examples are not wanting of noble self-sacrifice, of earnest devotion to a lofty ideal and of pure unselfish love, faithful unto death.

In Germany, in the Middle Ages, alongside of the decentralization of political life, was the centralization and authority of the ecclesiastical life. Service was the ideal of life. The individual was lost sight of in the struggle of society as a whole. The upper classes lived in the country. The duke built his castle on a high table-land, accessible only by a narrow path, which could easily be blocked against the invader. One of these fortified castles now exists as the Schlosz in Berlin, of which a picture was shown. The next illustration was that of the Wartburg, whose plan showed the Vorburg, the tilting yards, the chapel, the Hofburg, with its garden and cistern, the dungeon and the Kaminat, where the women lived, especially in the winter.

A picture of Martin Luther's room in the Wartburg, in which he had his encounter with the devil, was shown. The wall still showed traces of the ink-bottle, which Luther hurled at his adversary.

Next was shown a great hall, such as those in which the minstrels vied with each other in their performance at the banquets. These were uncomfortable rooms in winter. There were large open fire-places, but as window-glass was too scarce, the windows had to be boarded up in winter and the cracks stuffed with straw and rags to keep the cold out. Openings were cut in these boards and the

apertures covered with thin parchment. The best artificial light was from wax candles. Benches were arranged around the walls, while there were a few chairs which made your bones ache to look at them.

Prof. Vander Smissen then pointed out the mediæval character of the University building. The tower represented the same in the old castles, with its dungeon below; then there were the large halls. The eastern wing might be taken to represent the ladies' apartments; while the physical laboratory was like the kitchen, which was sometimes built as a round building, apart from the main structure. An illustration of the great fireplace in the hall of Frederick Barbarossa followed. A man of the Middle Ages in bed was the subject of the next view. The bedstead was handsomely carved, but the bed looked very uncomfortable, as it held the sleeper almost in a sitting posture. It was necessary to keep the head covered, on account of the cold, though a fire was kept going in the room.

How did people occupy their time in the Middle Ages? Boys were kept in the Kaminat until the age of seven. During this time they would play marbles, shoot birds or pummel each other, much like the boys of to-day. The end and aim of his education was to fit him for the court. Good manners were essential. Even at the age of ten he was taught to endure hunger, cold and fatigue. He served his apprenticeship at some distant court, under the supervision of some knight. He was trained in the use of arms in friendly encounters with blunt weapons, his first practical use of them being in the chase. Besides etiquette and bodily prowess, he received instruction in religion, music and languages, the Latin for religious, the French for secular purposes. Many of the men of the Middle Ages could neither read nor write, and a young man would often have to carry a love-letter around for perhaps ten days until he found a clerk who would read it and not divulge its secrets. Both sexes were taught singing and playing on the viol. The women were better educated than the men, most of them being able to read and write. The girls amused themselves in playing ball and sliding on the ice. Careful attention was given to their instruction in etiquette. They must not walk with long strides, nor sit with the knees crossed, nor address a gentleman first, nor talk with the mouth full, nor talk too much, which last admonition seemed to meet with the hearty approbation of the male members of the audience. The women were the tailors and weavers of the household. They were taught also to make simples, and dress wounds.

Dentistry in those days was relegated to the blacksmiths. Some half-dozen pictures of the costumes of the time were shown, as also one of a finger-bowl, so necessary in those days before forks were used. B.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. C. D. Allin, '97, has been compelled to go south for the winter on account of ill-health.

J. J. Carrick, '97, has returned to complete his course, after sojourning in the Eastern States.

SOPH.—What do you know Century?

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The management of the Cinematograph have arranged for a students' day next Saturday, at reduced prices. See posters in the corridor.

Messrs. A. W. Hendrick, '97, and D. D. Moshier, '96, were among the successful candidates at the recent exams. of the Ontario Normal College.

The Janitor will pay a reward of five dollars for information as to the thief who stole certain mail matter from his room during the Xmas vacation.

A meeting of the University of Toronto Baseball Club will be held in the

Gymnasium, on Thursday, Jan. 14th, at 4.30 o'clock, for the election of officers and other business.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association will be held in the Students' Union, a week from Friday, at 4.30 p.m. The Association is particularly active this winter, as is evidenced in the construction of the fine hockey rink on the campus.

The following is the complimentary way in which the Chicago University Weekly refers to a coming football match with the University of Michigan:

"Hark!

Hark!

The dogs do bark.

Ann Arbor is coming to town.

Some with flags,

And some with j-gs,

And some to be done up brown!"

Mr. T. A. Colclough, '97, familiarly known as "Tommy," has accepted a position on the staff of the Stratford Beacon. The VARSITY congratulates our genial friend on his appointment, and wishes him an abundance of prosperity, though his presence will be much

missed by a large number of undergraduates.

Remember Bengough's Concert under the auspices of Varsity Y. M. C. A., in Association Hall, on Tuesday, 19th inst. As usual, it will consist of chalk-talks and verse. A special poem is being prepared regarding the Rugby Club, and a number of sketches of special academic interest will be given. Tickets at Y. M. C. A.

Evidence of the success of the graduates of our University, in the various fields of activity in which they are engaged, is constantly being brought to our notice. We copy the following from the Cornwall Local, published at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.: Mr. Cram is a graduate of 1894. "On Tuesday, the students of the New York Military Academy presented a handsome pocketbook, containing twenty dollars in gold, to Mr. G. LaFayette Cram, B.A., the professor of French and German. The latter, to whose popularity the gift bears testimony, will leave about Christmas to assume his duties as master in French at the celebrated Woodbridge school, Madison avenue, New York city."

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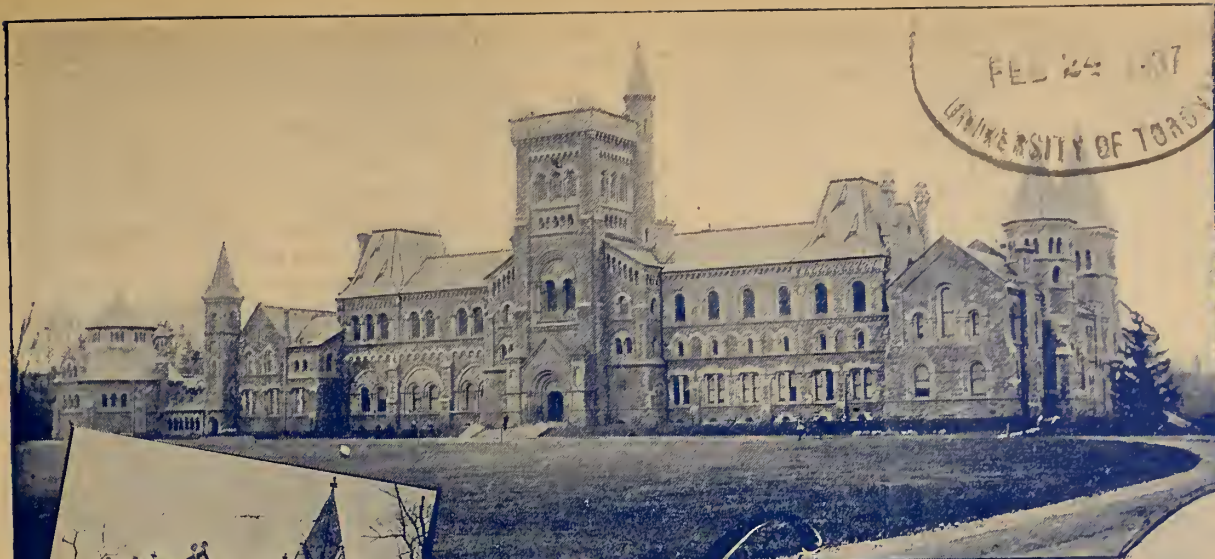
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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. [No. 12.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20TH, 1897.

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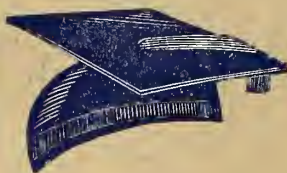
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1897.

No. 12

## THE MOURNING OF THE MARINERS.

Odyssey XII, vv. 14, 15.

The sea-wave smites down at the tall crag's base,  
Dashing far skyward flakes of snowy foam,  
Far out from shore the heaving billows race,  
Nor ever cease the ocean's path to roam ;  
Wild is the wind, dim in the earth's great dome  
The darkened sun, for that athwart his light  
A mantle of malignant mist is thrown,  
Hiding his welcome orb from mortal sight,  
Too soon, alas ! descend the shades of densest night.

O, comrade, brother toiler, where the wave  
Of hoary sea is surging evermore,  
Where there is sound of strife, where waters rave  
Against this battered peak of island shore,  
With bitter tears, with saddened hearts and sore  
We lay thee down to rest ; out on the main  
The sea-gull sings thy requiem, the roar  
Of rushing waters adds a hoarse refrain,—  
But where is solace found for souls enslaved in pain ?

W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

## THE DIARY OF A BACHELOR.

### I.—ON HIS LOVE AFFAIRS.

How well I remember the first time I fell in love ! She was my cousin, and had blue eyes and flaxen hair. We were both going home from church, and my mother and hers were leaning over the gate talking about a hat, and she was standing alone, and so was I, so I went up to her and said, "Who oo ? me Dodo." "Dottie," she said, and blushed. "Me luts oo Dottie," said I. We kissed good-bye with full parental approval, and I looked upon myself as married. They told me she cried when I went away next day, but I don't believe it. I haven't seen her since. Jerome says one *affaire de cœur* like that is the maximum ; maybe it is—for him—but he isn't me. I fell in love again at seven, and we eloped from a juvenile choir-practice, one Friday night, and got caught in a thunderstorm, and I've never been able to sing since. We wisely concluded we didn't know where we were going, so both went home, and I got strapped. I've had enough of elopements. Next time I elope I'm going to ask papa and marry in the regular way. I never wanted to see Adelia again after that memorable night. It had lasted a whole month, too, and cost me five cents a week for candies, and I only had ten. I always was a spendthrift, pa said. My diary contains no records of engagements for the next eight years, and so I think I must have been shy, for I never lost any time in coming to the point ; but after that comes a period of sensations. I was at a Collegiate and loved the janitor's daughter. I think it started because

she could get the key of the tennis closet when no one else could, and I always liked tennis. She had eyes that were afflicted with an unaccountable desire to gaze into one another's limpid depths and succeeded, to their mutual satisfaction, apparently, for they never seemed to look anywhere else. It lasted two weeks, and all would doubtless have been well only I forgot and let her see me walking with another woman—one of the teachers—and she said she hated fickle men and hit me with a broomstick on the head. I hated her after that.

When I was eighteen the pale, sweet face of a little gypsy maiden melted the quadruple growth of ice from off my heart, and brought me to her feet, but Papa Gypsy wasn't near as nice as Minnie Gypsy was, and he said I was a "fool of a boy." I wasn't. I know most men are boys when they are only eighteen, but I'm not most men—I'm me. I couldn't love a girl who had a relation with such a poor eye for a proper man, so I left. The manner of my leaving was somewhat hurried, to be sure, and there was a big, black dog in it somewhere, but that was the true reason why Minnie wasn't mine—very long.

And now the hardened man of forty-five, who pens these records for your delight, scarce can keep the tears from falling on the pages as he writes of the years that followed upon that last love of his youth—of the period of misfortune and of passion that was real. For I was only nineteen when I met her. Her beauty, her wit, her loftiness of soul and aspiration placed her far above me, yet from this pinnacle she deigned to stoop and love me. That summer passed in a blaze of glory to my eyes and hers, for we saw everything as one in all the abandon of a passion that was true and a devotion that was real. At the last we parted, and for me the glory of the year was gone, and ashes only of the summer's roses dwelt within my heart. Long letters kept the fires burning on the altars of our love for a year, and then, at last—my heart is breaking as I write of it—came a letter from her sister to tell me she was dead. She had been killed in the Alps, and my name fluttered on her lips in death. How coldly do I write of this, the crowning tragedy of life ! To feel again the pressure of her clinging fingers, to hear again the sweetness of her voice, to look again with mortal eyes upon the beauty of her features, to touch again her living lips with mine, what would I not dare and sacrifice ! All my hopes of future happiness I'd barter for an hour—but enough !—the pain is mine, and I alone can feel the bitterness of that living, hopeless death.

Since that day the Wings of Love have fluttered far from me, and I can only watch their transient gleams above the gloomy clouds that circle me around and hug to my empty heart the phantom Love that comes when eyes look into eyes they love not, and lying lips whisper of passion that they know not. Thus has it been for many creeping years with the writer of this exceedingly mournful record, and thus will it ever be until the gates of that great Nothing that lies beyond shall open once again, and all the story has been told.

The night grows cold and my head is drooping o'er the pen that writes, and darkness lies upon my soul ; and thus the tale is told.

C.



## RETROSPECTION.

We gaze through the balmy summer night,  
Far over the noisy, restless town,  
Into the East, where the moon pours down  
On the waters a golden path of light.

There is peace in the East, and 'tis peaceful here,  
While between there is turmoil and ceaseless riot,  
But the distant noises scarce pierce the quiet,  
That broods o'er the warm night atmosphere.

In life's dim twilight men turn their gaze  
Over long years of toil and strife,  
To the peaceful waters of childhood's life,  
That gleam in the brightness of happier days.

W. W. EDGAR.

## THE CABOT CALENDAR.\*

We have just received a copy of one of the most interesting of New Year publications. It is the Cabot Calendar, the work of Miss Fitzgerald and Miss Mickle, of this city. The Calendar is a gem of art being enriched by many drawings from the pens of Misses M. Cary McConnell and Agnes Fitzgerald. Its production marks the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Canada by John and Sebastian Cabot in 1497, and it is an historical record of all the principal occurrences in Canadian history. To each day of the month is attached some event bearing on the history of Canada, or connected with the life of its makers and it is illustrated with drawings of prominent Canadians and old Canadian implements of war and peace. There are also several beautiful lithographed full page portraits of the men who have moulded Canada's destiny and led her sons to battle. On the first or title card of the series we have a portrait of Sebastian Cabot who in 1496 was sent out with his father Giovanni under letters patent of Henry VII by the Merchant Venturers of Bristol. In 1497 they discovered the coasts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, being the first Europeans who had ever seen the shores of Canada. Above the portrait is a fac-simile of the signature of Henry VII. Its graceful and flowing capitals, when compared with the cramped and awkward forms of the others of his time which appear in the Calendar, suggest at once that Henry was of a much more artistic and graceful turn of mind than most of his contemporaries. This is particularly noticeable when we look from his signature to that of Sebastian Cabot—painful lines and feeble attempts at embellishment. On the next page appears a portrait of Champlain, the first Governor of the Colony. The man who looks straight at us from the page with his steady eyes and strongly marked features, set off by a great head of long curly hair, is easily recognized as a man of tremendous personal force, just the man to cope with the difficulties which beset the young and struggling colony. The large, childlike, labored, signature underneath bears out and strengthens his opinion. Following this is the January Calendar. On this page appears a drawing from an old print of the Merchant Venturers Hall in Bristol. This hall remained in existence until the beginning of the 18th century when it was replaced by the present one. Judging from the wrought iron work which abounds and the gorgeous crest over the door the Venturers must have been men of some wealth and power, and they were certainly men of daring to risk money and life in an adventurous voyage into the great unknown of the Western seas. On the same page appear drawings of the ships used by these early navigators—ships in which a man to-

day would hardly trust himself on the Muskoka Lakes, but which served the adventurous predecessors of our modern sea-captains and sailors to make voyages in the course of which they did not come in sight of land for many months together.

The full-page portraits are all interesting to Canadians, that of Frontenac with its firm lips, protruding chin, deep set eyes and prominent, perfectly formed aquiline nose, presents to us exactly the type of man we should expect in the stern, unbending soldier of history. Strength and power shows itself in every line of his face, but there is wanting those qualities of forbearance and patience which would have been so useful to the opponent of Bigot. Two strong, despotic characters brought into opposition and trouble is bound to follow unless one of them at least is willing to make allowance for the mistakes in policy and action of the other. James Wolfe is another of the great makers of Canadian history, and he may perhaps be said to be the greatest. Without him Canada might, probably would, never have become a British Colony. England was not very anxious for its possession, and at the peace seriously considered whether she would not prefer Guadeloupe as a strategic point than the uncultivated waste of Canada. If Canada had never come into the possession of England the Southern English Colonies with the perpetual menace of France to their indefensible North could never have revolted and the year 1897 might have seen a North America consisting of a French dependency to the North and an English one to the South instead of an English Canada destined to be one of the earth's greatest powers and the United States of America dreaming of one day owning the earth and manufacturing easily sinkable warships to that end. Wolfe does not look like a moulder of the destinies of nations. His features are the reverse of powerful. A weak-looking, receding chin, thick lips, a nose pointing to the clouds and a slanting forehead are the principal characteristics of his face. But yet it is noble in spite of these defects. There is there an aspiring ambition, high purpose and the eye seems to bespeak firm resolve. It is not the face one would look for in the darling of an army, a man whom men would follow to glory or the grave, but such he was and such we must believe him to have been, however much our poor judgment of God's image may be against such a belief. The other full page portrait in the Calendar is that of Sir Isaac Brock. It is sufficient to say of it that his countenance bears out the opinion one has formed of the taker of Detroit and the hero of Queenston Heights.

Among the many very interesting drawings are some which are specially so. We may mention that of an old Indian pipe which was found in Toronto and is believed to be one of the most perfect specimens in existence. Its narrow bowl has around it four carved animals all apparently climbing up to get a whiff of the sweet scented smoke. The squirrel, beaver and seal are not animals one would expect to find had acquired the vice of smoking, but they are here joined to the pipe for life. Another noticeable drawing is that of Gen. Williams, of Nova Scotia, who appears carrying the sword presented to him by the Legislature of his native Province in recognition of his bravery. Beside the drawing is a fac-simile of the message sent by Gen Williams from Kars, dated the 29th of September, 1855, with the words "This has been a glorious day for the Turkish arms. W. E. Williams." Other interesting autographs are those of the first and last Governors of Canada under the old and new régimes—Champlain, 1612; Vaudreuil, 1760; Murray, 1763; Aberdeen, 1897. A glance at these four signatures leads one to believe that there is much interesting matter to be gleaned from a close study of the science of graphology concerning not only individuals but races and generations also.

Space, however, forbids us even to enumerate all the interesting matter to be found in this beautiful Calendar.

\* The Cabot Calendar, by Mary Agnes Fitzgerald and Sara Mickle, with illustrations by M. Cary McConnell and Agnes Fitzgerald. Toronto Lithographing Co. 1896. Price 50 cents.



It is an epitome of Canadian history, unique in interest and beauty. It has been carefully compiled and the events attached to the dates make it useful as well as beautiful. It would well repay study and would be at the same time a constant delight to the eye and a mine of information for the student of Canadian history. One could not imagine anything better suited for a Christmas or New Year present and its low price combined with its usefulness, beauty and interest make it appeal particularly to the not over well filled pockets of the students. Canadians should feel proud that they possess the talent necessary for the inception and execution of such a work as this. Its compilers must have had great difficulty to contend with, but the result is up to all possible expectation, and they are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their work. The artists and lithographers are also to be congratulated on the excellence of their part in the production.

#### PROF. ALEXANDER'S LECTURE.

Of the many open meetings, by means of which the University public has been allowed an opportunity of listening to some very able essayists and lecturers during the recent term, none was looked forward to more eagerly, or enjoyed more thoroughly, than that of the Philosophical Society, on Dec. 11th, at which Prof. Alexander delivered his lecture upon "Some Principles of Æsthetics, with their Applications to Literature." For by no means the first time, the lecturer displayed that breadth of learning and power in holding his audience, which characterizes all his work as a University professor.

A beginning was made in the treatment of the subject, with the consideration of some philosophical generalizations. The end of man is activity, play for his faculties, not pleasure or happiness, as the utilitarian would have us think. In the lowest stages of his evolution, his energies are devoted exclusively to keeping himself alive, but, in time there comes a superfluous supply of activity. He has the means of accomplishing other ends than the purely practical. In this second division, the non-practical, it is that Æsthetics is found. But not everything giving pleasure, without a practical aim in view, is æsthetic; there must be more or less permanence in the pleasure given. Thus the beautiful consists in something without an ulterior end, and bringing an over-plus of pleasure, which does not vanish at the moment. Neither the satisfaction of hunger, nor the eating of plum pudding after hunger is satisfied, can be considered æsthetic. What is truly beautiful, is that which is beautiful to the most developed individuals of the race.

Beautiful objects are of two classes, those in nature and those created by man. It is those of the latter class, the artistic, that we wish to consider under the title of our lecture. Pleasure is an undoubted element in the beautiful; but lower and animal pleasures must be excluded by the artist. It is by a summation of pleasurable activities that pleasure is obtained; otherwise the faculties are tired, as in going through a picture gallery. A real source of enjoyment is thus found in a fine opera, a long continuous pleasure that is certainly æsthetic. But pain cannot always be excluded in a work of art; as for instance, in a tragedy, it is introduced to bring an ultimate over-plus of pleasure.

It is this æsthetic quality which gives to style and technique the importance which they hold in literature. The sense-pleasures, at the command of the literary artist, are much less than those at the command of the painter or musician, but his power of imagination is much greater. So the drama is considered the highest type of literary art; for how much less vivid is the description of a scene in a novel than in a drama. And, as the dramatist stands at the

head of literary workmen, so the tragedy stands above all other dramatic work.

Mr. R. J. Richardson, the President of the Society, occupied the chair. At the close of the lecture Mr. Muldrew moved a vote of thanks to Prof. Alexander, which Mr. Baird seconded. The lecturer replied expressing his large interest in the work of philosophy.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

The third regular meeting, the first of this term, of the Political Science Club was held on the 14th inst. in room 9. The President, Mr. W. H. Greenwood, occupied the chair, and in a few terse phrases, elegantly expressed, welcomed the students congregated. There were more than 75 present, of whom nearly two-thirds were ladies. Mr. J. R. Hewitt read an interesting paper upon "The Thirty Years' War." He succeeded, no easy task, in making a bright narrative out of a series of prosaic, homogeneous incidents. Miss Helen MacDougall's paper upon the life of "Sir Thomas More" was an excellent effort. Miss MacDougall has a keen and subtle sense of humor, and successfully used it in the composition of her paper. Our recollection of reading "Utopia" was that of reading a "dry-as-dust" book for examination purposes. But Miss Margaret Stovel in her paper upon this famous book threw so much light upon its *raison d'être*, and viewed it so intelligently in the light of present-day sociology, that it has, to our mind, taken on another garment. We will re-read it at our earliest opportunity. The meeting was slightly interrupted by the chairman's futile efforts to turn on the light, which was at last obtained just as the last paper was brought to a close. But the light shone upon the conclusion of the most successful meeting of the club for the year.

AEIT.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The first regular meeting of the Easter Term was held on Monday last in Room 4. It was a German meeting, the programme consisting of able papers as follows: "Faust and Goethe's Intellectual Development," Miss Allin; "Carlyle and Goethe," Miss Nichols; "Die Brant von Messina and the Fate Tragedies," R. B. Page. Next Monday the club will resume the study of the development of the French tragedy.

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. for 1897 was held on Wednesday, Jan. 13th, and it was gratifying to notice a decided increase in attendance. It took the form of a missionary meeting, and the minutes of the last missionary meeting of the old year were read by Miss McPhail. Miss Harrison read a practical and well expressed paper on the "Missionary Spirit," and this was followed by a paper by Miss Yemans on "South American Missions." After the collection of the usual missionary subscriptions the meeting adjourned.

ETHEL M. SEALEY.

#### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Classical Association held its first meeting for the Easter Term on Tuesday, the 12th, in room 3. The subjects before the society were "Greek Ideals of Womanhood," treated in an interesting manner by Miss E. E. Deroche, '98, and "The Authenticity of the Greek Legends" by P. W. Saunders, '98. An interesting discussion followed the reading of these papers, in which Prof. Hutton, who presided, Mr. Carruthers, and several of the members of the society took part.

The next meeting of the association will be held on the 26th, and it is hoped there will be a large attendance.



## I.

Now, every youth, in every clime,  
Must sometime serve a miss,  
And write to the queen of his heart in rhyme,  
And swear he will love to the end of time,  
And recklessly spend the immortal dime—  
I've also experienced this.

## II.

But that apprenticeship once o'er,  
The maiden's heart grown cold,  
When lips have parted to meet no more,  
When wounds have healed that once were sore,  
He'll find in flirting a sport galore,  
And bless the day he was sold.

## III.

No ever-loving maids for me,  
That foolishness is gone ;  
But give me the girl with laughter free,  
Who kisses others as well as me,  
And laughs at the thought of the fools that be,  
When all is said and done.

K., '97.

## BASEBALL.

The management of the Varsity Baseball Club are looking forward to a brilliant baseball season. '97 promises to be a red-letter one in the annals of baseball at Varsity. With one exception, all the members of last year's team will be available, and as there are many promising players, Varsity will surely be represented by a very strong team.

As this is the only game in which we can try conclusions with the best American colleges, for this reason alone we think it should be encouraged.

Again, in this age of advertising, we think that universities must advertise themselves, as advertising increases the number of undergraduates ; and since the strength of a university, to a certain extent, lies in the number of its undergraduates, every one who has the desire to advance the interests of the University should co-operate to increase its numbers. We think there is no more conspicuous way of advertising our University than by having it represented in athletics by teams which are capable of upholding the honor of the University against all-comers.

In order to have a successful team at Varsity, there must be co-operation between the students and faculty. In the past the faculty have always given the baseball club their heartiest co-operation, particularly in financial matters. We hope in the near future to see the club self-supporting, and in fact we believe that in a year or so all clubs will be, or should be, united under Athletic Association on a sound financial basis.

The management of the club are now arranging dates for the annual tour, which will be through western Canada and the Western States, as far as Chicago. Games will be played in the following places : Hamilton, Brantford, London, Chatham, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, Jackson, Flint, Durand, Olivet, Chicago, Beloit and Madison.

With regard to baseball, many people in Canada have an idea that there is a degrading tendency about the game, and are, therefore, not only unwilling to encourage it but they take pains to decry it. The majority of these people have usually never seen a game of baseball, or if so, it has probably been a professional game, in which they see the usual characteristics which are evident in any game wherein professionalism has been adopted.

In playing baseball with a university team, we think we are correct in stating that a young man receives all the advantages that accompany the playing of any legitimate game, and that in a game of baseball all those sports-

manlike qualities, which all Canadians admire, are as much "en evidence" as in any other game (such as football).

## NOTES.

The services of a good coach will be secured from the 1st of April till the end of May.

The opening game will probably be played on the campus about the 24th of April with Niagara University. A grand stand will be erected, and invitations will be sent out for the opening game.

## GLEE CLUB NOTES.

In our report of the annual tour, published in last issue, there were several omissions made in the notes, for which we desire to apologize most deeply to the gentlemen concerned. We can however assure them that it was a case of pure accident.

Mr. W. S. McKay made a decided hit with his splendid song, "The Bandolero." Billie never sang better on any tour, and is to be congratulated on his success.

Mr. Geo. F. Smedley, as usual, gained the goodwill of his audiences everywhere and frequently had to respond to double encores. He was very ably accompanied by Mr. Jack Martin.

Mr. W. F. Robinson's clarionet solo, "Luisa di Montfort," was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was rendered in a manner that stamped him as one of the finest soloists on that instrument in the country.

On the 25th of this month the club goes to Hamilton. They are assured of a splendid reception there, which will certainly give the club a fine financial footing, with which to start off another year. But if the necessary practice is not gone through with before that date, it will be necessary to cancel the engagement. The members of the club do not seem to realize this, as the last two practices have been very poorly attended. So to ensure the club's going to Hamilton, every man must turn out to this week's practices.

## S. P. S. NOTES.

For the present year a new course has been added to the regular ones of the school, viz., a Prospectors' Course. Quite a large number are availing themselves of it. In fact the "mining" end of the school is besieged by special students taking assaying, mineralogy, mining, etc. The regular students in mining manage to get a little work in when they do not interfere too much with the prospectors and other specials. But the establishment of this new course would naturally be expected to interfere with the regular work at first, and, no doubt, everything will be running quite smoothly in a short time.

We might expect to find the Rainy River District overrun with scientific prospectors early next summer. Surely the resources of this now famous region will be made the most of, when attacked by such an army of gold-seekers versed in all the known principles of ore deposits.

As there is practically no placer gold in Ontario, a prospector would hardly require to study the washing of placer gold ; although someone said that the panning of gravel had been taking place in the cloak room on Thursday morning. But it is not likely that the students in prospecting had anything to do with this.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Mr. Robert E. Lewis, travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, has been in town since last Friday. Speaking at some 18 meetings in six days and holding a number of interviews besides, he has been kept very busy. On Friday he addressed our own Association on "The Relation of the Individual Student to the Foreign



Missionary Enterprise." A good attendance of students was present, and all were delighted with the clear, earnest and vigorous style of the speaker. In fact they seemed to forget he was the Travelling Secretary and to regard him as a fellow-student.

Last Saturday afternoon the Student Volunteer Union of Toronto met at Yonge Street Y. M. C. A. Dr. A. B. Leonard addressed the Volunteers, and Mr. Lewis spoke for a few minutes. Mr. Lewis also met with the Varsity Mission Band in the evening.

The third in the series of concerts being conducted by this Association, took place in Association Hall last night. Mr. J. W. Bengough, the *Globe's* cartoonist, gave his annual entertainment "Sketches From Life."

One of the most successful receptions that have been held in the Association building was the joint re-union of the members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., last Tuesday evening. In previous years the ladies were not present at the Y. M. C. A.'s New Year receptions. But the departure this year in the way of a joint re-union of members proved to be a happy one, and no doubt, similar occasions in the future will always find the ladies present. The programme was brief but excellent. Prof. Hume spoke on the place of the Young Men's Christian Association in a University. Piano solos were given by Messrs. Sandwell and Martin, and vocal solos by Messrs. Urquhart and Merritt. The Pre-ident, Mr. Dodds, filled the chair well in every sense of the term. At the conclusion of the programme Mr. Rowley, of Spadina Ave., entertained the audience for about half an hour with his phonograph, which excellent machine, by the way, was made entirely by Mr. Rowley. The well-deserved thanks of the audience was tendered this gentleman for his kindness. After this feature was concluded, came refreshments, which were kindly provided for the occasion by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. As only members of the two Associations were invited, the discomfort of crowding felt on previous occasions was not noticeable.

Sunday, 17th inst., was the Day of Prayer for colleges. At the early hour of 7 o'clock some thirty men gathered in the parlor for prayer. At 3.30 a mass meeting was held, the Bible classes having met earlier to make way for it. Mr. R. E. Lewis spoke very earnestly and searchingly on "Fellowship with Christ." He pointed out that this involved fellowship with Him in His passion for Bible study, in His passion for prayer and in His sufferings.

On Sunday evening a special service for students was held in Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lewis spoke of the aims and successes of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Mr. C. E. Race, of the fourth year, had, some time before the holidays, an experience of such a nature, that he will not be likely to soon forget it. While passing over the Gerrard Street bridge one evening, after paying a visit to some friends to the east of the Don, he was startled by a sudden splash in the water. On his running to the railing, a man was to be seen struggling in a spasmodic manner below. Taking off only his boots he pluckily plunged into the icy bath, seized the man, and after great efforts succeeded in bring him to shore. On examining him, he found that the person whose life he had undoubtedly saved was in a beastly state of intoxication, being quite helpless. Assistance was summoned and the man taken care of, Mr. Race taking the shortest road to his home, in order to relieve himself of his now icy garments. Our fellow-undergraduate certainly deserves all the credit which can be bestowed upon him, and we can congratulate ourselves upon having so gallant a young gentleman in our midst. A life-saving medal has often been bestowed in much less worthy cases.

## "WANTED—A WIFE."

Mrs. Walton was about to take a trip south for her health. She was in a quandary what to do about getting her dresses in order for the journey. Looking over the list of advertisements in the paper her eye was attracted by the following: "Seamstress wants employment, apply box 458." Well, she thought, Mr. Walton is away, "I will just employ this woman for a day or two and have everything attended to." So she sat down and wrote the following reply: "Will advertiser call at 23 Pembroke street as soon as possible." Then she addressed it and had it mailed. She expected the seamstress would call the next day, and so, to lose no time, she laid out her dresses in the library.

Mrs. Walton's maid came upstairs the following morning and announced that a gentleman wished to see her in the library.

"Did you ask his name," she enquired of her maid.

"Yes, m'am, but he said he had come in connection with an advertisement, and gave no name."

"Oh, it is someone replying in place of the seamstress," thought Mrs. Walton.

She arranged herself a little and descended.

A tall, handsome young man awaited her. He was scanning the dresses, carefully laid out on chairs, with air of evident satisfaction.

"Good morning, sir! You have come in respect to your advertisement, I believe. Just take a seat."

The gentleman rubbed his hands together, fidgeted a little and sat down, saying, "Yes, madam. I received your answer this morning and came over immediately. I presume by this display of finery that you intend to waste no time over the matter." "Just so," said Mrs. Walton, "I am hoping to take a trip south, and wish to have my dresses in order, before starting."

The gentleman looked a little perplexed, but replied: "Yes, yes, madam; I quite understand. I had not expected anything so sudden as this; but as this is purely a matter of business, I suppose we had each better state our terms and come to an agreement."

Mrs. Walton was rather surprised at such a proposition, and said, "But I thought it was a woman who advertised; you surely are not going to undertake this yourself?"

The gentleman was still more perplexed. "I don't understand you, madam," he said. "I think I am quite capable of doing everything properly."

Mrs. Walton was becoming perplexed herself. "But was it not a seamstress who advertised?" she asked. "I presumed you had replied on her behalf."

The gentleman finally concluded to put an end to the embarrassment, and said, "I am afraid, madam, there must be some mistake. Did you not answer an advertisement for a wife?"

"Why, no sir! What do you mean?"

"Well, I am very sorry, madam, but I received this note this morning." He took a note from his pocket and handed it to her. She recognized her own hand-writing: "Will advertiser call at 23 Pembroke Street as soon as possible."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am afraid there is a mistake somewhere; I answered a seamstress' advertisement for employment."

By this time the handsome young man had begun to feel rather "de trop," and was edging towards the door.

"Yes, madam, I believe there is a mistake, I must bid you good morning," and he made a hasty exit.

Mrs. Walton hunted up a copy of the previous night's paper, and after a long search came upon the following advertisement: "Widower of means wishes to meet young lady, must be handsome, object matrimony. Apply, box 453."

H. BOULTBEE, '97.



# The Varsity

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## STUDENT MANNERS.

IT IS not often that a journal of any kind (a college journal at any rate) is called upon to address a portion of its readers upon a subject of good manners; but standing in the relation that we do to student life, and feeling it our duty to call attention to everything in connection with that life which we think in need of improvement, we would desire to draw attention to certain features which have for some time past characterized the various gatherings which students are in the habit of attending. No one who has ever been present on such occasions can have failed to be impressed, in one way or another, with the manner in which the gallery or "gods," composed as it is of a number of undergraduates, has conducted itself. The demonstrations carried on have undoubtedly been at times the source of much genuine amusement. If a collection were to be made of all the witty remarks that have come down from above, it would certainly make very pleasant reading matter. Without this assistance from within the body of the spectators such events as these would lose much of that flavor which marks them off as peculiarly the University's own. But everything loses its charm with immoderation. When the undergraduates in the gallery try to absorb the attention of the audience to such an extent as to take away the enjoyment from the body of these, our guests, of that which they have come to see or hear, whether it be the exercises of Convocation, a Glee Club concert, or any other such events of our own, then we believe that it is high time that a remedy of some sort should be applied. Within the last year we have seen the conductor of a concert stop his programme on account of the noise which distracted the audience. We have heard such an uproar while a musician, who was not one of ourselves, was performing that he could not be listened to

with appreciation. We have seen several of our very best essayists and debaters given the shabbiest of treatment at the hands of those from whom they had the right to expect the best. We have seen ladies insulted, and an evening spoiled for a large part of those assembled in the hall. All this we have seen and considered, and at last have come to ask if the students of this University are fully awake to the consequences of such conduct.

This is a matter of great importance to the relation in which we are to stand to those who have in the past taken such a kindly interest in our work and life here. If the state of affairs is to continue, which we have described, how long can we expect them to honour us with their presence on the various occasions on which we throw open our doors to them? It has, we believe, already materially affected the composition of our audiences. No one, who has carefully watched University assemblages in the last few years, can fail to note how much less frequently undergraduates seize upon our various events of the college year to provide entertainment for their friends. Their friends, for the most part, object to being made conspicuous at the hands of the gallery, and as for the poor undergraduate, he himself usually joins the unruly crowd above on future occasions. And who can fail to note the absence of that large class of firm University friends, whose temperament or age prevents them from entering into the spirit of the mirth provided, but who would otherwise enjoy the evening's programme, if it could be proceeded with undisturbed? To such as these we owe a duty. We have a large place in the life of this province, and if we are to keep in touch with that life, if we are to continue to be its intellectual centre, we must make use of every opportunity given us to bring its people within our influence, and ourselves within the circle of their interests.

We do not advise that the men of this University cultivate the habits and customs of a monastery. By all means let them preserve the spirit of jollity and rollicking good-fellowship, which goes so far to make up one of the best features of our college life. But in nothing let them imagine that they are freed from their ordinary duties as gentlemen, in the truest sense of that word, with its often distorted meaning. Dr. Parkyn, in his address in reply to the toast of Canada, at the University College dinner, dwelt upon what seems to us one of the greatest needs in this new country of ours, and in this University, representative as it is of all that is best in this country, namely, the cultivation of that style, that dignity, that finish, which goes so far in the perfecting of an individual or a nation. Would that in this connection we could impress that message upon our undergraduates. Let them but act upon it, and then see how quickly our position in relation to the world around us would improve. If they would indulge all the buoyancy of their natures, as they wish, at suitable time and occasions, but still show that they know when this sort of conduct is out of place, then we believe that the outside world would begin to think that they see more evidence of the training which a university is supposed to give.

We have a large amount of confidence in the undergraduate; but, of course, he is not without his failings.

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



Like everybody else he may go to extremes. He is really a much better sort of an individual, taking him all around, than one might think from seeing him at a public assembly. At heart he is a good sort of fellow. Sometimes he does forget his manners, however, and then those who really do not know him, get a bad impression of him.

## STORIES FROM THE IMPOLITE.

### I. O'HALLORAN'S LITTLE GIRL.

The sweltering June afternoon had brought its own relief in storm, cold wind and tumbling blue-black clouds, and then a pelting, swirling downpour. The first big spattering drops seemed to clear a dull humming from my ears. I wondered for a few moments; then it occurred to me that a belt cannot run in the rain, and the mill had stopped. I bore the first crashes of thunder alone, but when I saw the storm bade fair to last an hour or more I flung a piece of old carpet over my head and dashed out through the lumber-piles to the engine-house.

The men were sitting about the engine talking, and their converse was upon women. Of some things the rough know much; being humanly curious I said nothing, so that they might be encouraged to go on. McTavish, the dry old engineer, was in one of his crabbed fits, and smoked on in uninviting silence. O'Halloran's knees steamed before the furnace door and he seemed plunged in philosophic calm. But Smith, who sat with hat and chair tilted back, and pipe between thumb and forefinger, raised his voice in continuation: "An' there's been some almighty curious ways of askin' the girl if every man 'ud tell his own story."

"I hae na doot o' that," commented McTavish surlily. "An' there's a many fules ha' spoke the word for lack o' else to blather about."

"Why, Mr. McTavish," said Smith with concern, "so you've been bit too; I thought no sensible man would mix himself in such things." He winked at the others. The old fellow smoked on, ignoring him.

O'Halloran turned an eye full of reminiscences upon us. "An' there's no man here that has had the time I had whin he sid ut."

He was silent for awhile and watched the water trickle hissing off the boiler. We were all very quiet, and the story came as we knew it would.

"I niver danced wid the girl all that night, an' that mint no little. I wint home wid another, an' ye may wonder at that too. To top all that, before I shpoke to her I fought the felly she was wid, as I niver fought man before nor sinst. Ye have seen these picture-cards in shtore windies where they make the young whiffet knalin' mighty foine at the lady's fate; it was not so wid me. It was on the sidewalk I was, and part on the bullyvard, for I cud scarce see, me eyes bein' so black. An' because the blood was spurtin' from me nose like the wather from yon ave-trough, it was onendin' ages till I cud kiss her whin she had promised. But it's none such a short shtory, boys."

We pleaded with him—all save old McTavish. The story-teller filled his pipe, and when the first puffs of smoke had gone up like incense to the Muses, he resumed:

"Well, ye understand I was but a young buck in those days, an' I did some things thin that I wud not do now. I was workin' in a coal-yard in Buffalo, an' ivery Friday night it wud be larrup the ould nag home before a cart fair shakin' the boots af me wid its joltin'; thin inty the tub, on wid a shtiff shirt an' away to the danst. For sure as Friday came there was one somewheres. I wud foot it all night and get home by chanst in time for breakfast. Thin I wud have shlapy eyes, if it was not a roarin' headache all nixt day. An' I liked it too. It was all pure joy

to me; for on those nights I wud be wid the little girl, an' ye cannot know what that was to me. It would be thinkin' av her all the week I wud be. Oftentimes the kids would shout at me for grinnin' all to mesilf as I drove the cart. It happened frequent enough, an' I had not the heart to run thim. It wud have been a sin agin the little girl it samed to me; for she it was I sid my prayers to. May the Holy Virgin pardon it me!"

"Ay, mon," broke in McTavish, "its woonders ye think them, when ye see them only when when they're smirkin' and sneekerin,' and saft as a haggis. Ye discover mair in aftertime," and he blew hot smoke fiercely through his nose.

O'Halloran was roused. "An' it's the little girl she is to me yit afther fifteen years' thrial, an' always will be. An' she is more, too, that an onmarried man can niver understan'. Such av ye as judge all women by the ones fools go wid, may take note av her wid good to yersilves." He waited for McTavish to reply, but the latter not deigning to do so, his face gradually softened, and he went on with his story.

"Well, I cannot rightly say how it happened, but one night throuble came betwene us. I thought she was bein' too shwate wid a big hulkin' fireman, McCool be name; an she told me afterwards that if it was so it was only because I had been too attintive to the other girl; her name was Shannon, Lily Shannon. If I had noticed her more than any other it was unconscious like. But I think the little girl was in the right of it; for the first night I did not go home wid her, I was the promised iscorn av the Shannon before she consinted to go wid McCool. I did not thry to make it up wid her, for I was a fool, a great onreasonable fool. I'd have gone inty the shafts for her, but for all that I was a dale too proud to let her see that I cared.

"The nixt wake I had avil thoughts enough, an' in me mind I sittled what I shud do. Sez I to mesilf: 'The nixt danst shall decide it. If McCool is your chosen man we will walk apart, but sure as hiven I'll mate the bold boy comin' home, an' ye'll see on his dirty mug who's the bether man.' Ye obsarve I niver thought av goin' shtraight to her an' settin' mesilf to rights. We expict the women to go the whole lenth whin they're laste like to take the first stip. I misdoubt 'tis often so. She had her own pride, an' it has been no bad thing for ayther av us

"Well, niver a word did we shpake all through that night, an' whin I had made up me mind that she was goin' wid McCool, I wint wid the Shannon girl. An' she was soft enough, too, askin' me what I cud see in her to lave another for. But I was thinkin' on what was to come an' little I sid shwate in return.

"The little girl lived in a blind shtreet, and wanst rid av the Shannon, I shtruck out almost on the run to come by the corner before he shud get back. 'Twas too fast I was, for I got there just before them. I will niver forgit the look I got from her as she passed me. She was white enough, but there was that in her face which fair wilted me. 'Twas well she knew what I was about, an' she was aqual to my thricks. They had not gone twenty rod whin she brings him to a halt and turns back towards me. He samed none too eager to follow, an' I sez to mesilf: 'Tis a white-livered coward ye are, and not worthy the shwing av me arm. Tis me foot ye will get. But before I well knew what she was at, she had shlipped her arm through his, and was passin' me wid a shwape like a quane. An' she shot me one flash from the height av her eyes, that was my defy, an' a token that she scorned me brute's strength an' divil's hate.

"Right up till his door she took him, an' I follied like a dog not sure av his masther. I wud not lay hand on him, I know not why; but I kept afther thim, waitin' me chanst,



as ye might say. Ivery little while he wud twist about an' look at me, an' his face was not good to see. He fair shquirmed to be loose, but she hild to him, an' so they came to his boordin'-house. She waited till he had gone in—she made him do it—and had closed the door behind him; an' thin she turned, an' wint past me wid a rush and brush of av her dress, an' she sid: 'This night settles it between us, Dinnis O'Halloran.' An' I cud say niver a word in answer."

His face was dark with passion and he took the pipe from between his teeth. "We may laugh at such things now, but that hour I wud have gone an' drowned myself, had me mind not gone to him. An' thin I cud not have died without revinge, black revinge. I shall niver forget the bad, bad thoughts I had. I stud clinchin' me jaws together, fair diggin' the nails into the palms of me hands to think how I wud do if I had him by the throat. Oh, I was grinnin' wid pure badness to think av his eyes shtickin' out an' me smashin' him agin the wall. I had turned towards his door, whin av a sudden it was jerked open, an' he came jumpin' down the shteps.

"He was wild to be at me; an' we shtruck together. For the shpace av a minute there was nought but smashin' like rocks inty mud hapes, for the body's soft agin the knuckles. An' thin we shtopped to fling av our jackets, for we cud well see 'twoud be no mather av a round or so.

" 'Tis a led cur ye wud think me,' he sid, an' shpat blood on the groun'; an' we were at it agin. He was foam'in' mad wid the insult, an' I have told you how I fild mesilf. Ye may know what a fight it was. Ring nor rules had no part in it, an' we had no thought av defendin' ourselves. One moment we would be tearin' each other in the guther, an' the nixt we wud be on our fate agin, hittin' blind for the face. He was a powerful man, but I fought like a baste run mad. Ivery time I fild my fist go home, smashin' on his nose, I joyed in it; an' whin I got it mesilf I fild no pain. An' all this time we cud make out the little girl about us, and half hear her prayin' us to shtop. She wud have got betwane us had we let her.

"Well, av a sudden—I do not know how it happened—I was stritched out on the side-walk, an' he bein' fair beside himsilf wid fury, was kicking me where I lay. I cud catch her voice above his ragin' curses, and she was shcramin' at him to shpare me. For all I was half murthered I cud not abide her pity. I got to me fate somehow, an' bein' iver lucky, a blow as I staggered up to him, got him on the joint av the jaw, jst forninst the ear. Ye know what that is! 'Twas his shtopper; for he took his face in his hands an' tothered inty the house. The papele were just commincin' to come to the windies, so we cud not have fought so long as it samed to me.

"I wint for me jacket, an' as I drew it on, bendin' over to let me nose drip clear, I could make out the little girl shtandin' claspin' her hands together in the moonlight. She was like pictures av angels ye have seen, in the windies of churches. But I was too full of pride to shpake to her, an' was goin' by her, thinkin' in me own consate, that for all she had cast me off, she wud know she had lost a man, whin I thought I heard her voice. Oh, it was a little, little voice! I was maner than dirt an' paid no hade to it. Thin, av a sudden, she cried out like a soul in torture: 'Mr. O'Halloran!' an' thin, 'Dinnis!' She had niver given me the name before. Ye may think if I was shlow in turnin' back!"

His pipe had gone out; ke knocked the bowl against his boot. "The rist ye can guiss, but the quare part av it was me only bein' able to take the handkerchief from me face for the sphace av a jiffy now an' agin till we reached a place for watherin' horses. It was thryin' enough; for she had given me her word, an' nought could I do till the chill av the wather had fixed up me troublesome nose, an' me

face was washed as clean as it might be. But whin the time did come, I took me interest on the delay."

McTavish had risen. "Na doot! na doot!" he said testily. "If ye'll be good enough to stand frae the door, I'll shovel on some dry chups." FESTE.

### THE OSGOODE "AT HOME."

The annual "At Home" of the Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society has always occupied a prominent position among the social events of the winter season; but all who had the good fortune to be present at that which was held on Friday will most certainly testify that none of its predecessors could have been more enjoyable. The assemblage was certainly a brilliant one, including, in addition to a splendid representation of the more youthful beauty and gallantry of Toronto, many of the most prominent of our public men and thir wives. Dancing was continued till a very early hour. The success of the evening is due to the untiring efforts of the committee, among the members of which we were pleased to recognize so many of our graduates, including Messrs. Moss, Bowlby, Falconbridge and others.

An event of unusual interest to the undergraduate took place a week ago Saturday, when a most enjoyable afternoon tea was given in the fourth house of residence by Messrs. Hobbs, Hill and Wilson. A large number of the college friends of these gentlemen were thus afforded an opportunity, which is not often granted, of viewing the interior of that noble pile. Without its appearance is certainly very gloomy, but those who were present on this occasion will carry away very pleasant recollections of the cheery life within. The house was beautifully decorated, the various ornaments undoubtedly being chosen and arranged by an expert. The guests, some fifty or sixty in number, were received by Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Salter, and all managed to spend the short time very pleasantly. D'Alesandro's orchestra supplied splendid music at the head of the stairs. Altogether the tea was so successful that the gentlemen to whom it was due deserve the sincerest thanks for their efforts. The hope that it would not be the last affair of its kind was generally expressed.

The campus has been the scene of much liveliness since the fine new rink has been in working order. Our hockey club have been practising faithfully, and will doubtless make a fine showing. A number of matches, of more than ordinary interest to a more or less limited circle of undergraduates, have been arranged for the near future.



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Thou shalt not pass.

—Numbers.

Suffer not a man to pass.

—Judges.

The wicked shall not pass.

—Mark.

Tho' they roar, they shall not pass.

—Jeremiah.

So he paid the fare and went.

—Jonah.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

When I reached my weekly rendezvous punctually at eighteen minutes past eight, I found the air full of noise and Patrons, the latter predominating. As I stumbled over feet innumerable to my reserved seat, Mr. Scarfe was reading the minutes of the special meeting held on Thursday; the orderly bearing of the meeting in which I found myself seemed to indicate that there was a spice of novelty in these minutes, and perhaps there was to the majority present.

Mr. Sandwell desired to hear the records of the Society's doings on the previous Friday. Mr. Scarfe acceded to the request, but seemed to find difficulty in deciphering the hieroglyphics of Love.

Mr. Hancock gracefully abdicated at this point to Mr. MacLennan, who had just arrived; and soon availed himself of his new-found liberty to move that the ladies be admitted to the next session of the Mock Parliament. Mr. "Jimmie" McCrae gallantly seconded the proposal. Considerable discussion followed, the chief point in which was, as far as I could learn, that Mr. H. M. Little's "source of private information had now left the college." I wonder what that means. Calls for Mr. Sandwell were now very much in evidence, and that gentleman in a few select phrases championed the cause of the ladies. The motion was lost; reward offered for its return at this office.

Two notices of motion were presented, one referring to stools for weary mortals in the reading room, the other to life members.

The President reported on behalf of the Conversat Committee that the Council and the Glee Club had been good boys, and had done just what was to be expected of them.

Messrs. Clegg and Don Ross were appointed debaters against the S. P. S. Loud and prolonged calls for Charlie Carson failed to bring him to his feet; I learned from the gentleman who sat next me, that had he risen to the afore-

said feet, he would have had to sing a song entitled "Susanna." Dear me! I wonder if that's her name!

The society now dissolved itself—in other words, resolved itself into a Mock Parliament.

The new ministry entered the house amidst dissonant cries, chiefly, I fear, signifying disapproval. The ministers, headed by the immortal "Mun," presented a very fine appearance, Mr. Bray's negligé outfit especially attracting attention.

Mr. Scarfe was elected Speaker, the President having left the hall, and the Vice-President's manly form having been called away to adorn the front benches of the opposition.

Mr. J. T. Shotwell introduced a bill to provide for commodious quarters for the fencing club. Then, according to custom, two freshmen, Messrs. Armstrong and Hill, moved and seconded the address in speeches no less remarkable for their eloquence than for their brevity.

The usual debate followed, Messrs. Boulton, Macnab (of Spodunkville East), Munroe, Sinclair (Jones's Corners), and Sandwell taking part. During several of these speeches the Patrons were detected in attempts to imitate the voices of the barnyard, while the interruptions of Bourinot were frequent, owing to the fact that so many of the new members did not understand parliamentary procedure, as laid down by that gentleman.

Caius Decimus Creighton, Annonae Præfectus, then began an address in his native tongue. Many were so overcome that they were heard to babble at intervals, "Hic, h-i-c," while some of the Patrons as often as possible practised the concluding scene in the "Tower of Babel."

Messrs. Boulton and Wallbridge moved the adjournment of the debate. Questions were now in order, but unfortunately I was so far from the scene of action that I heard but little thereof. A kind friend of mine told me afterwards that the jokes reminded him of an old barrel of apples he once had to pick over; they were very—ahem! —decayed.

The house rose at 10.30, after agreeing to meet again in one week.

There was a rapid rush from the hall since it was not yet 11 o'clock, and it had been so *very warm* in the hall all evening. Phos, '66.

"Did you ever," said the fair young thing

As they gazed on the star-lit heavens,

"Did you ever stand at night

On a rocky bluff—" "You're right,"

Said he, "I've stood on a pair of sevens." —Ex.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. N. McDougall, B.A., '93, has lately been appointed Principal of the Parkhill High School.

Among those who visited the University buildings during the past week was Mr. Harry Furniss, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*.

Those with anything which they desire to have published in this paper will do well to remember that to ensure its publication it is necessary that it be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

We have to note in Saturday's *Globe* an exceedingly interesting, illustrated account of the commencement exercises of the Mitchell High School. Among the masters we find the name of Mr. F. D. Fry, B.A., a graduate of 1894, and in his time business manager

of this paper. Mr. Fry, while proving a most capable teacher, does not seem to lose that great interest in athletics generally which characterized him in his undergraduate days, as it was under his direction that the various gymnastic performances on this occasion were given. His many friends will certainly be pleased to hear of his success in this new field of activity.

In the same paper we find an article upon the Chicago slums, by another of the more prominent of our recent graduates, Mr. W. L. M. King, B.A., of the year of '95. Mr. King at present holds a fellowship in Chicago University, and, judging from this contribution, seems to be taking the best advantage of the many opportunities which residence in Chicago affords for sociological study. We have no doubt that his work in the future will reflect great credit both upon himself and upon his *alma mater*.

He asked fair Rose to marry;  
By letter Rose replied.  
He read it; she refused him;  
He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now,  
And Rose his happy bride,  
If he had read the postscript  
Upon the other side.

—Ex.

THE VARSITY, along with the general body of undergraduates, desires to congratulate our most esteemed professor of mathematics, Alfred Baker, M.A., upon the high honor recently conferred upon him by his election to the Council of the American Mathematical Society, besides to the membership of the Société Mathématique de France. No more signal token could be given of the high regard in which the learned professor's work is held; and, besides, it is a tribute to the University with which he has always been associated.

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Mr. Percival's second SHORTHAND CLASS will commence early in January. Students intending to join are requested to leave their names with the Registrar. Terms to students nominal.

Although the first course has yet two lessons to run, several of the students at the last lesson took down letters from dictation, and re-read them with facility, at the rate of nearly 60 words per minute.

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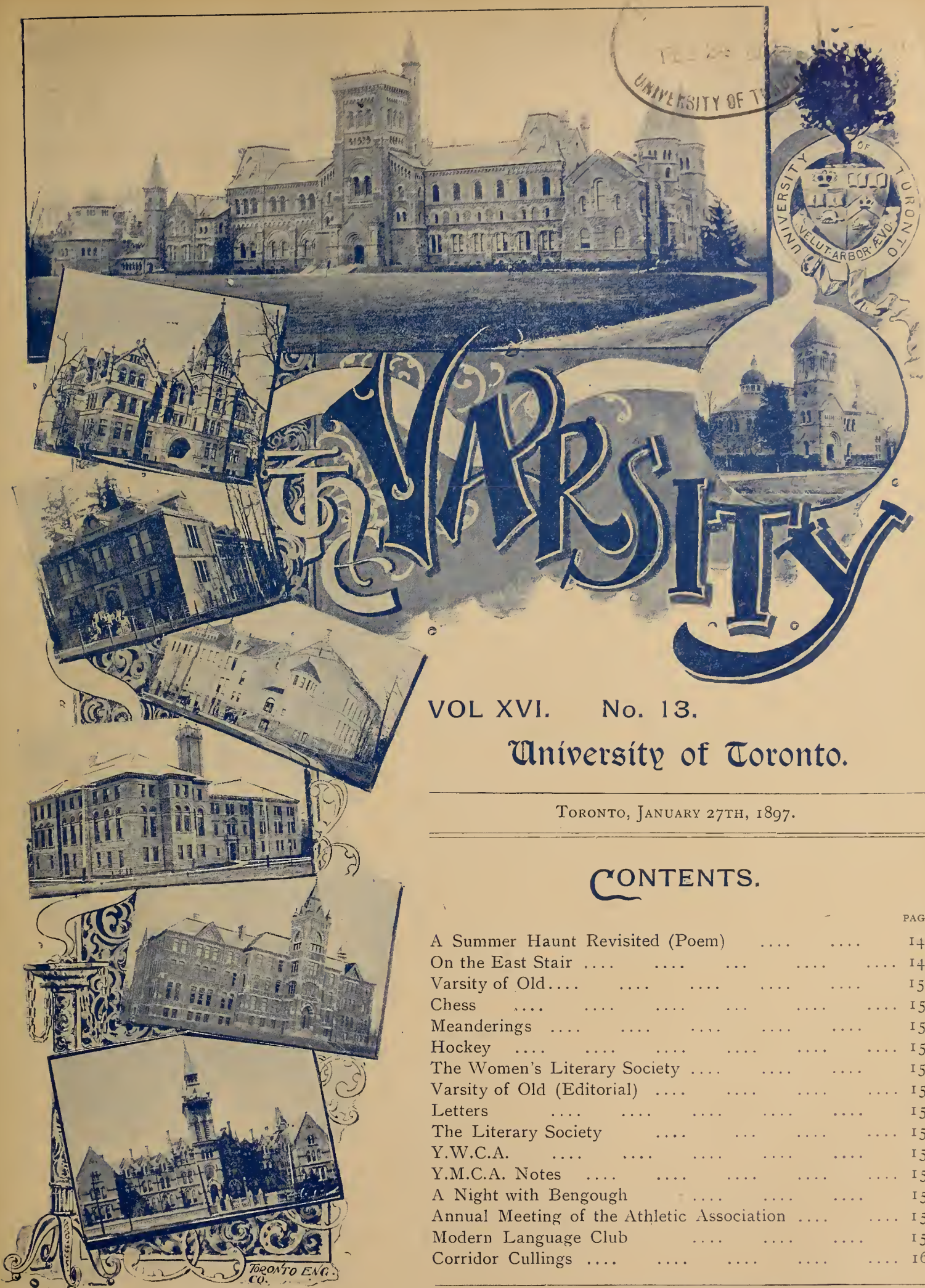
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Toronto, Canada





VOL XVI. No. 13.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27TH, 1897.

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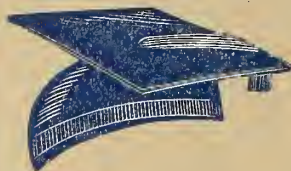
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1897.

No. 13.

## A SUMMER HAUNT REVISITED.

Where wave on wave thy icy billows roll  
To break upon the rocky, frozen shore,  
Once when I knew thee, reigned a peaceful soul,  
And all the lake was like a golden floor.

Soft zephyr's kisses lingered o'er thy tide,  
And gliding swallows swept along thy face,  
As who would come, when sea-Nymphs, coaxing, cried,  
To seek of trancing voice the source and place.

The moon coquetting with the changeful deep,  
The stars that laughed to see themselves below,  
The night-jar singing on the mountain steep,  
Were with thee when I knew thee long ago.

The moon is cold, the stars their glory veil,  
The night-bird chants beneath a southern moon,  
Thy beauty is the beauty of the gale  
And all thy music set to martial tune.

Alas, those days when all the earth was bright!  
Those nights when Love and Passion reigned  
supreme!

Now dismal is the world, and Heaven's light  
No more can conjure to a happy dream.

MERVYN.

## ON THE EAST STAIR.

The class of something-or-other gave a reception the other Friday. They omitted to send me an official invitation, but, knowing the slight was unintentional, I decided not to take offence at it, and went all the same. I arrived late, and the committee fell on my neck (this is a metaphor) and kissed me (ditto, unfortunately), for there were more girls than men. Miss Tenyss was there—"Flo"—you know her—Modern Language girl with violet eyes—flirts in the Library between 10 and 11; the girl young Kiddster was so gone on last year that he failed on the exam. Well, as I said, she was there, violet eyes, smile attachment, and all; and, although her programme was full, I got a promenade. I had a fearful job explaining to the other fellow afterwards;—unfortunately he was a senior, fortunately he was a Philosophy man.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Tenyss, with a little, nervous clutch at my arm, "this is Mr. Ricketts's number, and here he comes straight at us! What——"

"It's much cooler on the stairs," I observed, and we went out, while the orchestra started up the Couchee-Couchee in B minor. The Poet and one of the lady councillors were sitting on the stairs too—they informed us that they were looking after the refreshments.

Miss Tenyss sat down upon the fifth step (and the skirt of my gown) with a little sigh. "Jack," she said (we have been acquainted for at least six months), "who was that girl that you had at the match on Saturday?" The sigh and the question, taken together, were tragic. I was a trifle alarmed.

"Really," I said, "I didn't steal this promenade with

you for the sake of discussing other girls. It's not fair—I can't appreciate them properly when I'm with you."

Miss Tenyss did not smile; the Poet, three stairs below, did. What is more, he stole the compliment bodily, and when I used it on the First Vice-President, a little later in the evening, she accused me of plagiarism.

The violet eyes turned on mine, very seriously, and the lashes quivered a little. Miss Tenyss has a marvelous control over the facial muscles; oh, well, I don't know—she may have been sincere. I looked at the edge of the bottom stair. "Jack," said the owner of the eyes, "who was she?"

"The orchestra is very good to-night," I remarked, absently. "Wouldn't you like to dance? There's no one out here to see us."

"She was rather a pretty girl, I thought," went on the voice. "Did you notice how excited she got when Butcher made that tremendous run?"

"Yes, by Jove," I said, as enthusiastically as I could without losing sight of the stair, "that was a great run. It was the best piece of play I have seen this season. But you should have seen the poor wretch after the game, he was as limp as a dish-rag."

"Was he? Poor man! She's evidently an enthusiast on football. I believe she—"

I made one more herculean effort to turn the conversation. "Talking about football," I enquired, tentatively, "are you going to the Ladies' Glee Club concert? I think its going to be good."

"Yes, of course," said Miss Tenyss. "She dresses well too. I liked that hat she had on."

I suppose that "rattled" me. "Yes," I began, incautiously, "Miss Waine is a—." There was a little, sharp "Ah!" of triumph, and the violet eyes dropped at last. "Perhaps you think that was accidental," I said, nettled. "It wasn't, I assure you. I meant to tell you, anyhow."

It was Flo's move, conversationally, and she took the time limit to consider it. The Poet and the Councillor arose and left us,—possibly to see about the refreshments. "Why she's a freshette!" was her remark at last. "Well?" I murmured. There were some incoherent observations, among which I distinguished "*that red-haired thing*," and "*little flirt*." Now Miss Waine's hair is not red, it is red-gold; and as for the second accusation—it is too common to count. Then Miss Tenyss laid her hand on my knee. "Pass me that programme," she said. I passed it; from which you may judge how she said it. It was a perfectly innocent little list, anyhow.

"Oh!" she cried, "eight, nine, ten,—"

"That's all right," I said; "I'm going to take her in to supper—that always takes three numbers—with me, at any rate. Won't you come too—I can look after both of you?" And I reached out and took possession of Miss Tenyss's programme. She was so absorbed in mine that she did not notice.

"I think you are awfully unkind. Jack," she murmured, "you haven't taken me anywhere for ages, and here you are lugging this little freshette around to everything that comes along. And everybody will be noticing



it, and saying that you've dropped me, and that I've been cut out by a freshie, and—"

"That will reflect more on my taste than on you," I said consolingly.

"I don't believe you have got any taste," said Flo.

"I used to be a devoted admirer of you, anyhow," I objected, "and I might be yet, if—"

"If I'd let you flirt with half-a-dozen other girls at the same time, I suppose."

"Miss Waine is a dear friend of my sister's," I said hotly, "and I promised I would look after her when she came up."

"You're a success at keeping promises," said Flo, sarcastically. I began to study her programme—which, I suppose, was not a proper thing to do.

"Oh, you poor girl!" I ejaculated, "so that old idiot Claverhouse has got you on a string! I should think that if ever a man was constructed by Providence to bother a girl to death, that—"

"Give me that back," she cried, angrily. "Really, Jack, you're getting rude."

"That was intended for sympathy," I replied. "They are very much alike, sometimes, I know. But do you really want that chap for the next number?"

"Certainly I do," she said, crushingly, "anything for a change."

The Couchee-Couchee was over, ages ago, so we rose and returned to the hall. Claverhouse bore down upon us, beaming like an arch-angel. I was so interested in him that I forgot to watch the violet eyes.

"Flo," I said, at the last instant, very softly—and sincerely, "you understand about that Waine girl, don't you? . . . You're not jealous of her, surely?"

Flo turned and looked at me for a moment. "No, I'm not jealous," she said, frankly; and the violet eyes laughed. A laugh is the most inscrutable thing a girl can do.

I departed, and fought for Miss Waine's refreshments. She informed me, quite naively, after the second dish of ice-cream and after sampling all the cake, that I was "awfully dull this evening;" the chief reason being that I rashly expressed an admiration for Flo Tenyss's eyes. Miss Waine's, I believe, are blue. Her hair is her strong point, though—and her nerve. Claverhouse came up and button-holed me in the cloak-room. "Congratulate me, old boy," he said, "Miss Tenyss has accepted me;—and, for heaven's sake, keep it dark."

"Poor girl!" I said, automatically; "if ever a man was constructed—er—was to be congratulated, you are." He looked a little staggered, but I shook hands so warmly he could not but be satisfied. Then, too, he is another Philosophy man.

Miss Waine had no reason to complain of my dullness on the way to her home that evening. I do not often tell lies, but when I do, I flatter myself I can do it artistically. I have been thrown in her society a good deal since then, and really her hair is very fascinating. I fancy she fancies I am in love with her. I am not though; I am only mad.

And I am waiting till Miss Tenyss is "disengaged."

CATULLE.

A very pleasant and successful At Home was given Saturday afternoon by Messrs. J. S. Martin, '97, and J. M. Stevens, '97, in their rooms at 36 St Patrick St. Mrs. Sheridan, who has become so popular as a chaperone, received the guests in her usual pleasing manner. D'Alesandro's orchestra discoursed music during the afternoon, and Williams served the refreshments in his customary efficient style. Under such pleasing circumstances it is unnecessary to state that all enjoyed themselves immensely. The following ladies and gentlemen were honored by receiving invitations: Miss Anderson, Miss Crane, Miss C. Crane, Miss Clapp, Miss Langrill, Miss Millar, Miss Thornton, Miss Webb, Miss Williams, Miss White, and Messrs. Grahame, Hill, Hobbs, Holmes, Millar, McWilliams, Smedley, Wilson and Woodworth.

## VARSIITY OF OLD

### I.

As representative of your journal, Mr. Editor, a few days ago I walked down to Osgoode Hall to collect some data that might be of interest in reference to the University in her early days. I wandered through the mazes of that great building till a heavy door, labelled "Q.B.D. Judges—Private," barred my passage. On entering I found myself in the presence of the Hon. Chief Justice Armour, a graduate of our University in 1850. I stated my mission briefly, asking him for some reminiscences of his undergraduate career.

"Reminiscences," said the Chief Justice, laying down his pen and facing me, "I am afraid that you have come to a very poor person for reminiscences. Nearly fifty years have passed since I passed out of the halls of Toronto University, and naturally I have forgotten nearly everything that would interest you."

"Besides," he continued, "the conditions of university life have so changed since my time, that what we did then would be of very little interest to the student of to-day."

I assured him, feeling certain that the readers of VARSITY would bear me out, that the earlier the period of his college course the more interesting anything, which he would relate to us concerning it, would be to the present generation of undergraduates.

"Well, I suppose, that there are certain things in a man's life which he would never forget, however old he might live to be. If I can call any of them up before me on the moment, I shall certainly be most happy to allow you to make use of them."

"The University buildings were in my day situated somewhere about the site of the present Parliament House. Here was the Residence, but most of our lectures were delivered in the old Parliament buildings, vacated at the time of the union of the Provinces in 1841. There were some fifteen men in Residence (not so far from the number of men at present in Residence, I believe). My graduating class in 1850 was not very large, containing eight men, I think. The class-lists would be contained in a page or two of the ordinary University Calendar, itself quite small.

"As for student organizations, such as the Literary Society, these were practically unknown. There was no regular gymnasium, the nearest approach to one being an ill-lighted room, in which we used to box. You must not imagine, however, that we were unable to enjoy our college life, without all these many advantages with which the student of to-day is familiar. There was not a very great deal of discipline at the time. Toronto was a very small place and as a result the doings of the student were much better known to the general population than they are now. People then looked upon our pranks in a somewhat different light than we would now, no doubt. I remember, particularly well, one Guy Fawkes' Night, which we decided to celebrate in fitting style. Of course, in those days the means of communication were very poor, and it was by no means as easy to be provided from home with what you might want on special occasions. Impecuniosity was, moreover, one of the essential characteristics of the student then as now-a-days. So on this particular night, when we desired to procure the materials for a dinner, we were left pretty much to our own resources. With the dinner as an end, in view, then, we divided our party into several contingents, and on gathering together again, found that we had in our possession, a small pig, two turkeys, chickens and ducks, in addition to the other concomitants of a feast. Even the table-cloth and napkins were there, borrowed from a convenient clothes-line. I think that our knives and forks were procured from the Steward in a legitimate way. At any rate the dinner passed off very successfully. One of our guests congratu-



lated us on the excellence of our roast pork. He owned the pig!

"The tradesmen in the town stood in great awe of us, with one exception, a certain tailor. This man invariably demanded payment at the most inconvenient times, and never hesitated to enter Residence to claim his just due. One cold winter's day,—arrived at our quarters out of breath, to tell us that the tailor was on his way up the avenue to pay us one of his visits. We made preparations to receive him. As he mounted the steps at the students' entrance, we poured the contents of our water-pitchers on his luckless head and shoulders. Chilled to the bone, with chattering teeth, he hastened to report the matter to the Dean. But we had forestalled him, for as he came up the Dean's steps, he received the rest of the jugs. Repulsed, wet to the skin, with icicles hanging from his clothes, he reluctantly took his departure, a wetter yet a wiser man.

"Our ingenuity was often directed against our Dean, Dr. Beaven. This august personage, in spite of his learning, was a most guileless man. It was his custom to go for a drive every fine evening after dinner, in his donkey-cart. One night, however, the donkey mysteriously disappeared. The hostler had, as usual, led it around to the Dean's door; but when Dr. Beaven came out for his drive, he found cart and harness but no donkey. No one could give any information as to its whereabouts, and, as these animals are not generally supposed to be capable of unharnessing themselves, the conclusion arrived at, was that the beast had been stolen. Dr. Beaven took a walk that evening instead of his drive; but imagine his surprise, when on going upstairs, on returning, he found his lost favourite admiring himself in the looking-glass in his bedroom. By this act, I am afraid that the men lost to a great extent the confidence of the Dean."

"What sports did you have at this time?" I asked, naturally inquisitive about the beginnings of those games, in which we have since achieved such great things.

"We played cricket now and again with the officers of the regiment, stationed in town, but we never organized a club. Our most popular games were racquets and bowling on the green. The racquet courts were situated on the avenue, and in the Caer-Howell there was an excellent bowling ground."

"They bowl there yet," said I.

"Yes," said the Chief Justice, "but it's a different game, I believe, young man."

C. C.

### CHESS.

The chess tournament just finished was productive of much good play and many exciting games. The fourth year, with C. M. Keys, landed the cup and championship. The contest for the prize given to the member of the class of '00, who stood highest, was won by S. F. Shenstone, who got second place in the series.

The junior tournament, now in full swing, promises an even more interesting contest than the senior, as the players are much more evenly matched. Residence, with Messrs. Hobbs, Hill, Richardson and Coyne, will make a strong bid for the prize.

The score in the senior tournament follows:—

	WON.	LOST.
C. M. Keys.....	9	1
S. F. Shenstone.....	7	3
A. W. Keith.....	5	5
H. L. Jordan.....	4	6
— Brown.....	4	6
F. H. Lloyd.....	1	9

Matches have been arranged with McMaster and the Athenæum clubs.

C. M. KEYS, Secretary.

### MEANDERINGS.

To the undergraduate of a literary turn of mind there comes at times, as there came to the good old Dominie of Thrums, while he was infusing his tea, a hot desire to write great books. Gavin would hurry across the Glen school-house to his desk, scribble for an hour, and then, in humiliation and disgust, fling all he had written into the fire. But to the student these moments of inspiration—as he would fain call them, though his more practical and withal more studious room-mate would call them moments of down-right laziness, flavored with a goodly portion of conceit—these moments come to him oftenest as he sits with drowsy eyes and drowsy brain before his books. Perhaps it is due to the narcotic qualities in the fumes of the mid-night oil—or, perchance, in the fumes of his room-mate's brier—that he does not hurry to his pen as did Gavin, and that his "inspired ambition" seldom leaves the confines of dream-life. "It comes to nothing in the end," says the Dominie, relating his literary experience, "save that my tea is brackish." "It comes to nothing in the end," the student must generally confess, "save that the Prof. gets a 'not prepared' from me in the morning."

Such ambition has brought greatness to but very few men—will bring it to fewer still in future years. Ambition, of course, must enter largely into the make-up of every healthy youth—especially, I think, the literary youth. Indeed, men seldom cease to dream of the future, seldom desert their cloud-bound castles before they reach middle life. But when he thus sees the barrenness of the present, even the boyish undergraduate begins to doubt whether the coming years have really any very great future in store for him.

In his own town there is a law-office—a musty, old law-office, whose eight panes of window-glass (three of them cracked, and another held together by a large piece of putty in the centre!) have, in very shame, covered their faces with the accumulated dust of four or five years, to hide the unevenness of the pine-wood floor and the three round, black spots on the plaster, the resting places of that many heads, above the clients' chairs. Over there, near the window, stands a rickety desk, the pigeon-holes stuffed full of yellowish-looking papers. From the corner of it there hangs, by a piece of pink tape, a Testament. At the desk the proprietor sits the live-long day, straining his eyes in the murky light to read the local paper, or, perhaps, a portly calf-bound volume of "Revised Statutes." Yet, over that desk, in that dingy office, there hangs in a burnished frame, a parchment to prove that he was once an ambitious undergraduate, expecting, it may be, that he would some day be a great criminal lawyer, moving judge and jury at his will, or that he would enter political life and stand at the head of his nation's government. But his ambitions were of such stuff as dreams are made of.

Another University graduate, who had high literary ambitions in his student days, is now editing a country newspaper, with little to keep him from the doleful dumps save the pure love he has for that mingled odor (delicious odor, it is true!) of flour paste and printer's ink. Another classmate is wearing out bodily health and mental vigor in a classroom of careless school boys, while another is spending his life writing and reading two sermons a week for a sleepy parish. When the undergraduate of to-day sees the humble lives of these men, who, in their time, were the most brilliant men in the College, who once had proud hopes and prospects apparently bright, he may well think that perhaps his life too will prove a fizzle.

It comes then as a cheering pledge of undergraduate worth, as a welcome earnest for the future—a dainty volume of dainty verses from the pen of one of our own



number.\* It is nearly three years since the author, Arthur J. Stringer, attended lectures in University College, but he is still, no doubt, proud to be called an undergraduate. To all readers he is known by his poems, which have during the past few years appeared in great number in the Canadian press, as a prolific writer of verse—verse that is always perfect in detail and of exquisite artistic finish, even though the thought be sometimes little more than ordinary. The fact, however, that none of these newspaper waifs are acknowledged in either of the volumes he has published, goes to prove that they who know Arthur Stringer only through these verses do not know him as, in his serious poetic mood, he deserves to be known. They are the practice exercises of his art—creations of the hour, for the hour. But to not a few of the students Mr. Stringer is personally known. I, myself, with a dozen more undergraduates I could name, sat with him in the Collegiate Institute—in “de ole fift,” as the form was called—beneath, I believe, the most inspiring teacher that ever entered an Ontario high school. And if he owes his success in the field of literature to anything else than to his own poetic fire, his study, practice and patient perseverance, I feel sure it is to the true literary spirit and the love of the beautiful that was early instilled into him by Mr. M. F. Libby.

When, some two years ago, Mr. Stringer's first volume† appeared, it was the four or five epigrams it contained that received the most flattering comment. Much else there was in the book to praise, some beautiful lyrics and descriptive verses, and many pretty concerts of the imagination, but none of them so won the favor of the critics, as his four lines on “The Anarchist”:

“From out her golden palace, Fortune thrust

A maddened dog, whose mouth foamed white with hate;  
And loud he howled, and gnawed the courtyard dust,

And ground his teeth upon the iron gate.”

Four such lines might well win words of praise for any book. His epigrams on the “Sick Man,” “Remorse,” and “Elusion,” all of which are reprinted in the new volume, have also been frequently quoted. One has only to watch the pages of the magazines to see that the tendency of modern verse is towards epigram. An epigram may be read between two mouthfuls of porridge, and that bad habit into which we have lately fallen, of reading at the breakfast table—a habit bad from the point of view of literary taste and social etiquette, though physicians assure us it is very helpful for our digestions—seems to make this the test of acceptability in poetry nowadays. Every year the dust is gathering thicker on the epics and didactics, till it seems as though the only poet, who will be able to hold the attention of the busy man of the future, will be the writer of the lyric and the epigram. Feeling, no doubt, that this was the inevitable tendency of our literature, and naturally encouraged by the success of those verses in his earlier book, Mr. Stringer has published a new volume, containing, in the form of some forty epigrams, the choicest gems of his thought for the last two years.

To give any intelligent idea of this little book, or to do its author justice without quoting from it, would be difficult, but it is still more difficult, if one does quote at all, to refrain from quoting everything that lies between the prologue and the epilogue; for everything in the volume, as should be the case with every volume of epigrams, is extremely quotable. Equally difficult would it be to say which one of these forty gems is the brightest, though, for my part, I do not think any of them can surpass “The Anarchist.” Besides this and the verses on “Remorse,” “Elusion” and “The Sick Man,” which are

reprinted in the late volume practically as they appeared in the first, there are to be found in the smooth-flowing lines of the epigrams many echoes of his earlier song. The idea in “The Tree Sparrow in Autumn” is to be found in his lines to “Canadian Poets.” His earlier lines on “Captivity Outlived” have plainly suggested not only the thought, but even the words of his two epigrams on “Philosophies” and “Captivity.” The latter is one of the best in the present volume, showing, as it does, a breadth and freedom and love for activity that augurs well for the poet's future.

“Weep not for him, he hates his cage too well,—

Gnawing the very bars that bind him so.

Pity here one who grows to love his cell,

And when his freedom comes is loath to go.”

This breadth and freedom Mr. Stringer carries with him into the realm of theology. Science and nature are his gods.

“There are no gods to-day. We mourn them not;

For in their old time, far-off fastnesses

They pierced secluded, while man climbed in pain

The height he stands upon, though still in pain,

Uncheered by any voice of any gods.

For tongue of god was never heard by man,

Except when sounded by a woodland bird,

Or murmured by the wind or running stream,

Or in some sound of nature, fugitive,

Forever faint, incomprehensible.

Yet why misname the music of the world?

We never dream divine its sounds unmusical.

Gods are the shadowings of man; think not

That man is but the shadow of the gods.”

These lines, taken from his “Watchers of Twilight,” might be supplemented by many others of similar tone from the same poem—a poem in which Mr. Stringer sets forth at some length his theological creed. But, that this creed is not altogether orthodox, might be easily inferred without appealing to the evidence of his earlier volume from several of the Epigrams. For example, “Worship”:

“Our dream-gods wane, and strange gods come;

We bend, where gods may once have dwelt,

Our puzzled knee, and find them dumb.

Enough! We know that we have knelt.”

His lines on “The Suicide” might also be quoted in this connection:

“He bided not God's time!—yet God took note,

That rather not in such a part, 't was best

To face the open sea, and swim or float

Beneath the stars, and leave with Him the rest.”

But in the limited space at the writer's disposal it would be impossible to do Mr. Stringer justice. Next week the excellencies of this clever volume will be considered at greater length.

BRIAN BORU.

The lectures, under the auspices of the University Glee Club, delivered by Mr. E. A. Hayes, Principal of the School of Vocal Science, of New York, were attended by large audiences, the hall being unable to accommodate all who desired admission. At the first one, on Monday night, President Loudon occupied the chair. Mr. Hayes, who is a man of striking appearance and good ability as a lecturer, appeared to deeply interest his audience with his treatment of the physiological laws governing singing. Voice production was considered as a scientific matter. On Tuesday afternoon the subject of the lecture was “Beauty of Tone; its physical clauses.” Not only had there to be vibration of the vocal chords to produce the full volume and beauty of the voice, but also all the muscles and ligaments used in tone production had to be got into vibration. Prof. Ramsay Wright, M.A., B.Sc., occupied the chair.

\* Epigrams—By Arthur J. Stringer, author of “Watchers of Twilight” and other poems. T. H. Warren, London, Ont. 1896. Price, 50c.

† “Watchers of Twilight and Other Poems”—By Arthur J. Stringer. T. H. Warren, London, Ont., 1897.



## HOCKEY.

VARSITY, 9; STRATFORD, 2.

It is indeed gratifying to know that Varsity has this year a hockey team, worthy of the University whose colors they wear. This was clearly demonstrated last Monday evening, when the Varsity team travelled to Stratford and conquered their team by 9 to 2. Stratford was in the finals last year and put up a great fight with Queen's for the championship. This year, with almost the same team, they hoped to land the championship, but Varsity had a word to say about that matter. Stratford, however, have not given up hope and are practising hard. They are coming down next Monday with a stronger and better conditioned team to try and overhaul Varsity's lead of 7 goals. Every undergraduate should turn out and give their support to the team and cheer them on to victory. If Varsity win their round they will probably be in the finals, since none of the city teams seem to be very strong this year.

The team left here on the 1 p.m. train, and reached Stratford about 4.30. Here they found a young blizzard to greet them, but still they felt perfectly warm—especially after the game. The team put up at the Windsor, where they were well treated by the proprietors, and especially by the Stratford team, who gave a supper to the Varsity men after the game.

The large rink was crowded with people to cheer Stratford to victory. They did cheer, especially for the first 15 minutes, when Varsity began to score and the Stratford rushes became less numerous. During the first 15 minutes the Varsity goal was often besieged and Waldie was called on to make quite a few stops. Then Varsity's forwards got in some combination and scored. Stratford still played hard, but still they could not score. At half-time the score was 5-0 in Varsity's favor.

Soon after half time Varsity added 2 more goals and then Stratford scored their first. Varsity scored again and Stratford managed to add another. Just before time was called Varsity scored their final goal, making the score 9-2.

The match was remarkably free from off-sides and fouls. In fact, although the Stratford team was being beaten, the crowd enjoyed the fast and clean hockey put up by both teams. The Varsity forwards were faster skaters and had better combination than Stratford, and added to the strong defence Varsity had, they kept the score on the right side.

Stratford were in hard luck owing to one of their forwards being called out of town that morning. However he will be on, next Monday, so, with this strengthening, Stratford should put up a better game, especially since they will be in better shape.

The team all speak very highly of the treatment they received at the hands of the Stratford people. A complimentary dinner was held after the game in honor of the Varsity team. The Varsity team, with their positions and college to which they belong, is:

Goal .....	R. Waldie .....	'99 Arts
Point .....	F. Scott .....	'97 Arts
Cover-Point .....	R. Parry, B.A. ....	1st Med.
Forwards .....	{ A. A. Shepard, B.A. .... 3rd Med.	
	{ A. Snell .....	
	{ J. Elliot .....	
	{ Peck Morrison .....	
		S.P.S.

VICTORIA, 11; VARSITY 11, 8.

The second team did not have as good luck as the first team to start with. Owing to lack of practice together, the Victorias were able to get away with our second team

by the narrow margin above. If there was a return match to play our team would win. As it was one of our forwards was sick and thus the combination was broken.

The Varsity team was: Goal, Fisher; point, Armstrong; cover, Lloyd; forwards, Blackwood, Cameron, Parry, O'Flynn.

## THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, January 23rd, a goodly number gathered in the Students' Union Hall to attend the meeting of the Women's Literary Society. The Committee had arranged for "An Evening with Beethoven"; hence we came prepared for a musical and literary feast, and in this case realization equalled anticipation.

After the disposal of the minutes, the President announced that there was a good deal of business, and communicated to the listening multitude the intelligence that the Council had agreed to put in "lockers" for the use of the girls on consideration of their paying a small additional fee. After discussing the advisability of doing so, Miss Scott moved that the extra fee be paid. Miss Stovel seconded the motion; the Society approved. Miss Adair, '00, brought forward the next item of business, which related to questions of finance. These matters were successfully settled, and our reception, which is to be held on February 6th, placed on a firm financial basis. This reception will take the place of the regular meeting—so the Society decreed. We regretted that we were unable to accept the kind invitation from McGill University, and send a representative to their conversat. And now we proceed to our programme.

Miss Rosenstadt, '98, began with a brilliant instrumental solo. An encore testified to our appreciation of it; but having an engagement elsewhere, our pianist was unable to respond.

An amusing recitation in the Irish brogue was given by Miss Webb, '98, who, I regret to say, did not wear a gown. This was excused only on account of the excellent manner in which she entered into the spirit of her selection.

"The Life and Works of Beethoven" were treated of in a very well written paper by Miss McDonald, '98. We all had, at the conclusion of this instructive essay, a clearer idea of the power and influence of his genius than we possessed before.

We are always delighted to hear Miss Lick. She sang "The Flight of Ages" so sweetly that we were fain to hear more. She acceded to our desire. "The Answer" was her second selection, and was quite equal to her first effort.

A representative from the Century Class now favored us with a violin solo. In her two selections, Miss Evans, '00, proved herself to be possessed of great ability and skill in the handling of her instrument. The charm of music was also demonstrated, for no one spoke while the sweet, weird strains filled the room.

Miss McDougall announced that her address was to be on Beethoven. However, we were left to imagine what it might have been, and heard instead a thrilling tale of the "World's Fair," told in the speaker's own inimitable style. Most of us were completely taken in by the story, but laughed heartily. We were only reduced to order when we saw Miss Bessie Cowan making her way to the piano, and again we were fascinated by one of the great composer's melodies. It is not often that we enjoy such playing. An encore was insisted on. Then, having sung "God Save the Queen," we went home from one of the best meetings ever held by the Women's Literary Society.

ALTER EGO, '99.



# The Varsity

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## VARSIITY OF OLD.

WE WOULD direct attention to a new feature of our journal appearing in another column. It is the first of a series of articles dealing with the college reminiscences of some of our more prominent graduates. The idea, we feel sure, will meet with wide-spread approval; but we would caution our readers against expecting too much from it. On account of the short time which we have had to prepare for the undertaking, and the character of this, our weekly publication, we cannot promise anything like as comprehensive treatment of University history on its inner side as we would like. Such a work will still remain open to some future investigator, with the time and opportunities necessary for the task. All that we can pretend to do is to present, in what we know will be a highly interesting manner, a number of short sketches, which will give a fair idea of the way in which the undergraduate of twenty, thirty or forty years ago spent his academic life. We may thus, in a measure, be able to show the development of many well-known institutions now flourishing in our midst. We may, in general, see in what respects previous generations of University men have differed from those who now occupy their places, and how far the general characteristics of undergraduates have been carried over to our own time.

We believe that the undergraduate is quite thoroughly in touch with the historical spirit of the age. Time and again we have noticed the interest which he displays in everything concerning the past of the institution, to which he is bound by such lasting ties. We cannot but believe that the haunts of to-day would be made the dearer to him by knowing to whom they have been familiar in the past. What an added charm would come to every room in residence if we but knew its former occupants or could be

given some idea of the scenes which it witnessed when those who have long since gone out to assume the responsibilities of a wider field of existence were experiencing the same delights of college life that we are now! Would not the enjoyment of the privileges of the time-honored "Lit." be intensified by any information as to the men who were its shining lights, its constitutional lawyers, its aspirants for office, its eloquent debaters, in days gone by. If one should proceed systematically to gain such knowledge of our past as this, the construction of an inner University history of great merits, we believe, would be quite possible. Not only would it make as interesting a literary production as the University man could well wish, but we believe that it would do more to foster an *esprit de corps* among us than many college dinners, with their fervid after-dinner speeches, fine institutions though they be. It would do more than any forced revival of old customs, more than all the exhortations which this or any other paper might inflict on their long suffering readers. The enterprise is certainly worthy of consideration. That which we inaugurate to-day is an experiment, which, we hope, will at least show what a rich field for the college historian our past affords.

A perusal of the list of graduates in the early days of the University, brings home the fact that we are fast becoming quite a venerable institution. Of the classes from 1845 to 1855, less than one third of the members are now living. In some, one or two remain out of twelve or thirteen. Bearing these facts in mind, one can easily see that the task of gaining information about these years, is not one of the easiest. It was our intention to have had a member of the first graduating class, that of 1845, write the opening article of our series, but ill-health and advancing years, has forced him to disappoint us. That which we publish to-day, is an interesting interview with one of the most distinguished of our *alumni*, the Hon. J. D. Armour, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, a graduate of 1850, and, in his time, a gold medallist in classics. We regret that we are forced to give his reminiscences in the shape of an interview. An article, such as this, can never be of the same interest to the reader, as it would be if told in the words of the person who has passed through the experiences related, himself. But we trust that, in the future, we may be able to present the various numbers in the series, over the signatures of the graduates themselves.

However, if we are able to conduct the series throughout, in a successful manner at all, we think that a great deal will be done to keep alive the traditions of old Varsity.

## LETTERS.

*To the Editor of VARSITY:*

DEAR SIR,—For some years past it has been a common wonder and complaint among the students of this University that there was no dramatic society in connection with our work here. All the other branches of instruction and amusement find a place in our midst. To those who are musically inclined, the Glee Club and the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs give every opportunity to indulge their taste. For those who are endowed with a love of literature, the Literary Society and the different

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



departmental societies are ever on hand, and it is not necessary for me to point out how a lover of athletics is not forced to pine away on account of not being able to take his favorite exercise or to play his own game.

The drama is alone missing, and is it not time that the embryo actors and the lovers of the stage had a chance to show themselves. We have in our midst many students who are highly gifted in this particular, and our University would soon become as famous for the dramatic attainments of its students as it has for their prowess in the fields of literature, music and athletics, if they were given a chance to develop their powers. Other universities have their dramatic societies. Ottawa College is nearly as well known in Eastern Ontario for the excellency of its annual entertainment as it is for its seemingly annual football championship. Trinity University until recently had an excellent society, and was doing good work in it.

It is too late this year to form a society and to produce a play, but let some energetic students consult the College authorities, form a society and select a play and performers, and perhaps next year the students, instead of having to go and listen to a Music Hall performance, may be able to go down to the Grand and cheer on their fellow-students to that success which would undoubtedly follow their efforts. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for so much of your valuable space,

I remain, DRAMA.

\*\*\*

To the Editor of VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of *The University of Toronto Quarterly*, may I be permitted to make a few remarks concerning the relation of this publication to the student body.

Early in the Easter term of '95, a representation of energetic undergraduates, ably assisted by the University authorities, and many of the professors, decided to issue, in journal form, the best papers read before the different societies.

Recognized then, as it is, by the master minds of the University; containing, as it does, the general trend of thought in the respective honor courses, conflicting in no manner with the matter published in VARSITY, should we not, as undergraduates, show, by our subscription, an appreciation of this University magazine?

True, there are many things to be supported in connection with our course as undergraduates, but is it not so in every other prosperous University? We must have our sports, and every one admires the manly disposition which is fostered by coming in close contact with good-hearted athletes. The conversazione, the dinner, the Literary Society, the Glee Club, are well sustained, and rightly they should be. Our VARSITY numbers are all preserved and laid aside for pleasant review in after years; and though we may find little time at present to read technical papers, we are, by supporting *The Quarterly*, assisting to maintain a journal which represents to other Universities the scientific and literary progress of the University of Toronto.

F.W.O.W.

#### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Lit is a wonderful institution. As a freshman, I used to wonder why great men, such as spoke there for minutes (it seemed hours), on the weighty topics of the day, weren't made Government Ministers at once. I got over that. Now I generally go and for the first half of the time wonder why I went, and during the second half wonder why I don't go home. There is an old saying that regarding church socials one goes once to see what they are like, a second time to see if the second time is like the first, but a third time ——. Many adopt the same rule with regard to the Lit. It is a mistake. With the benefit

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St. W.

of four years' experience one can look back and say that, provided a man goes to the Lit. conscientiously for three years and a half, after that time he begins to like it, and after the fourth year can't stay away—vide Rally McWilliams (opening address, p. 1, sec. x.)

Friday night there was a Mock Parliament. It was very mock, but was enjoyable. It wasn't the first thing, though. The society came to order with Messrs. Hancock and Love in exhibition on the platform. It had been announced that the continuous show would begin at 8.30, and the spectators, looking on this as the first act, applauded vociferously. After Mr. Love had performed his usual specialty, Mr. Hancock asked some people to make motions. No one moved, except Messrs. Bale and Little, who are regularly on the programme. The former wanted some high chairs for the use of Freshmen in the Reading-room, and as Mr. Keith also wanted one, the society will get two or more.

Mr. Little wanted some one to make out a list of life members of the society, and after considerable discussion, which seemed amusing to the society, Messrs. Fitzgerald and Scott (commonly known as Scottylet., 'oo) were permitted to be the persons whose names will go down to posterity in connection with this vast undertaking.

Mr. Wallbridge, who had not, probably through professional jealousy on the part of Mr. Love, appeared on the regular programme, assumed control, and for several minutes carried the society with him in his specialty talk. He and the society will have Mr. McLennan's address printed as a tract for distribution among those who know no Lit. He next, with the aid of a paper, made a few more remarks, the only words I could catch being: Wycliffe—R S.V.P.—Dancing in Trinity—Convocation—Complication—open meeting—Cecil Clegg resign—S. P. S. debate.

His next specialty was one greatly appreciated by the society. He acted the role of pacificator in a huge quarrel which threatened to arise between Messrs. Dingman, Keith and Bale, who were inquisitive *re* conversat matters, and Mr. Little, who resented this quite strongly.

The society itself next took a hand, and proceeded *en masse* to say who should go to Wycliffe, Trinity and the S. P. S. debate. It was decided that all should (with the accent on the *should*, not *would*) go to Trinity, while amid cries of "Jimmy and Dis-Establishment," and "McNeice, our official debater," it was decided that Messrs. McCrae and McNeice should go respectively and respectfully to Wycliffe and the S. P. S.

While the receipts (of the sale) were being counted in the box office, Mr. Cleland amused the audience with one of his *old* favorites. Just then there came a disturbance. Human beings, in feminine apparel, strayed into the building, regardless of the notice that ladies and children were not admitted. The genial secretary, as known in the absolute to all maidens, was sent to question the intruders as to their intent, but Mr. Race came in just then and the society, knowing how averse anyone would be to allow Mr. Race out after dark alone, recalled Mr. Love.

Mr. Cleland concluded amidst applause, during which the popular ex-Manager, Mr. McWilliams, entered the hall, whereupon Mr. McCrae proceeded to make a speech of thanks to the Lit. for his honor.

A hum of excitement passed among the audience, when it was announced that the next and final act would be the Mock Parliament. Mr. Hancock acted as interlocutor for a time, but was succeeded by Mr. McWilliams later. The end men were Messrs. Wallbridge and Munroe, that is officially. Several other men known as Patrons (individual types,) seemed disposed to contest the honor with the above mentioned gentlemen. It appeared during the evening that the chief end men had been one Boblus, who had since left the company. His lieutenants had been Wallbridge and one Werry, who after scrapping for



some time had decided to take a third end of his own. These were the types (not Tambo's).

The entertainment was very similar to others previously recorded in these columns, Mr. Munroe taking the leading part in the absence of Mr. Boulton. The individualities were scarcely up to the mark, but many of the jokes could not have seen better days. Several of the juveniles showed considerable talent and bid fair some day to become very fair end men. P.

Jan. 23, '97.

Y. W. C. A.

It is to be feared that the increase in attendance, noticed in last week's meeting of the Y. W. C. A., is not destined to last throughout the term, for the meeting on Wednesday showed a decided falling off from the goodly numbers of last week. Owing to lack of time, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with. After the rendering of a vocal solo, "Free as a Bird," by Miss Rosebrugh, Miss Bapty introduced Mr. Lewis, of Boston, to the Association. Mr. Lewis gave a very earnest and impressive address, dwelling especially on the need for women missionaries in foreign fields. The meeting closed with the singing of the missionary hymn, "Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling."

E. M. SEALEY,  
Cor.-Secy.

#### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Mr. F. H. Barron represented the Association at the Provincial Y.M.C.A. Convention in Ottawa last week.

An increased attendance is noticeable in the class that meets for the study of Missions on Saturday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock. Last Saturday evening the work on the History of Missions was begun. Any desiring to take up this course should hand in their names to Mr. E. G. Robb as soon as possible.

Rev. Prof. Clark, of Trinity University, was the speaker at the Y.M.C.A. meeting last Thursday, and gave a very interesting and inspiring address on "The Nature of Prayer." The Professor began by referring to the danger, in such a practical age as the present, of neglecting the habit of quiet contemplation and prayer, which is not only a means of grace in itself, but necessary to every other. Prayer is a drawing near to God in deep, spiritual communion, by which we ascend to our true home, for

"our citizenship is in Heaven." We come to Him to offer ourselves afresh to Him, to confess our sins, and to claim His promised forgiveness. Prof. Clark described very beautifully the figures by which prayer is set forth in the Bible. It is compared to the incense which ascended with a sweet odor, which served to purify the place of worship, and which was useless until the fire had been applied. So all true prayer rises to God as a "sweet smelling savour," purifies the heart of the petitioner, and is effectual only when the heart is fired with the love of God. It is further compared to the fellowship of friends, and to the intercourse between child and father, in which we are taught to combine with a due reverence, the greatest freedom and simplicity.

#### A NIGHT WITH BENGOUGH.

The small number of students that attended the entertainment, given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday last, was a startling disclosure of the fact that Varsity boys don't know a good thing when it is advertised. However, as is usual, though the audience was small yet it was fittingly appreciative. Mr. Bengough, well known as the cartoonist of the *Globe*, opened the entertainment by wittily attributing the absence of some twenty thousand of his friends to the fact that there were some three counter-attractions. He then proceeded to his sketching. It is simply wonderful how accurate he is in drawing the faces of well-known men around town. But, as he conjures up a ludicrous situation into which to drop them, the picture, when finished, becomes a thing of fun and a joke forever. By far the most popular picture drawn was that of ex-captain Barr, who, with a Rugby football in his hands, seemed on the point of punting it into the future. With this picture the entertainer associated a series of rhymes commenting on last season's play and players of Old Varsity. It was a clever thing and touched off the prominent players in a bright and catchy vein. It was also a treat, not soon to be forgotten, to hear the versatile entertainer read a selection from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," describing the death-scene of McClure, the general practitioner. Pathetic in itself, it was rendered far more so by the plaintive reproduction of the dialect. One who has never heard any portion of this book read, has no idea what an added charm it takes on when read by one who can so perfectly reproduce the dialect. We are sorry that, financially, the venture of our Y. M. C. A. friends was not a success; but we are pleased to testify to the sterling qualities of the entertainment. ABIT.

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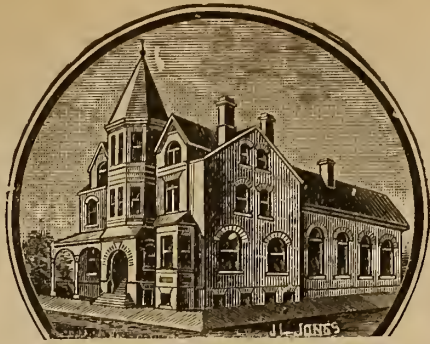
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## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting was held Friday afternoon. It was advertised to begin at 4.30, but, when we arrived, shortly before five, we met the President searching the Gym. for a quorum. At last, with the aid of the janitor and "Reddy," the required number were found. The retiring President, Merrick, standing at the door, counted twenty-five and then took his seat, calling on Mr. C. C. Bell for his report.

This consisted of a short review of the history of the Association and the events of the past year. He referred to the unprecedented success of last year's athletics, the club's "At Home," the assault-at-arms, the adoption of a regulation athletic dress, and the admission of the Dental College to the Association, being allowed representation by two directors. The report ended by praising certain members of the faculty and the retiring President, who was recommended for honorary life-membership. The financial statement, annexed, showed a surplus of \$7.67.

Mr. Bell then moved its adoption, and Mr. Merrick praised the retiring Board, of which he had the honor to be President. Mr. Don MacDonald then moved, in amendment, that the clause recommending life-membership, be discussed separately. The amendment carried. (Another man came in.) Mr. Merrick now called on the new officers, Messrs Gibson, MacKinnon and Jackson, to take their places on the platform (At this point Mr. Fred Young fell through a chair, but managed to recover himself sufficiently to move that stronger chairs be placed in the hall.)

Mr. Gibson took the chair amid great applause (from five or six), and with a few remarks about things in general opened the meeting for discussion. (Somebody went out.) Mr. Bell moved, seconded by Mr. Mackenzie, that Mr. Merrick be made honorary life member. The motion passed after a short discussion and little opposition. Mr. Merrick then made the regulation speech, thanking the association for the honor, which he appreciated from the bottom of his heart. (Another man left the hall.)

Mr. Young moved, seconded by Mr. Little, that the clause in the Constitution granting honorary life memberships be struck out, making it only possible to be made life member on payment of \$25. The motion was defeated, only mover and seconder voting for it.

The President now referred to the proposed inauguration of a University Crew, which would teach the American colleges how to row and be a means of adding to our large collection of bric-a-brac by bringing that historical cup from Henley. Mr. Bunting, of the Argonauts, spoke of

the agreement with his club by which students were to receive the regular rate of discount (fifty per cent.). They might have all the advantages of the club, the use of the boats, and a trainer, or they could form an affiliated club. He then introduced Mr. Ned Hanlan, ex-champion oarsman of the world, who spoke at some length of the deeds of Canadian oarsmen, how they had made themselves and Toronto known all over the world. He referred to the possibilities of a university crew, and very generously offered his services to help make it an ideal one. After some further discussion it was decided to accept the offer of the Argonauts, and a committee, composed of Messrs. Gibson, Merrick, Evans, Sellery, Mackenzie, Bell, and Barr, were appointed to take the matter in hand.

A great many (about six, I think,) thought the meeting was over then and withdrew, but Mr. MacKinnon came in and moved that the retiring executive officers, with two members of the faculty, form an advisory board and vote at any meeting for which they are sent notice. Messrs. Little and Keith noticed that there was no quorum, but notwithstanding their objections the motion was passed. The meeting then adjourned *sine die*. W. E. J.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The first French meeting of the term was held on Monday last. Last term the club began a systematic study of the development of the French drama, it being thought that such a regular course would be productive of more interest and benefit than a number of papers on independent subjects. The expectations of the committee in this matter have been fully realized. The meeting on Monday last was devoted to the study of the works of Crébillon Delavigne and Alexander Dumas, père. Mr. G. M. Murray, Miss Menhennick and Miss Ashwell showed the influence of these authors respectively on the development of French tragedy. An interesting English meeting is promised for next Monday, a prominent feature of the programme being a consideration of John Ruskin and his work, by Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A. In addition to this a paper will be read by B. K. Sandwell on Charles Lamb, and one by W. A. MacKinnon on More's "Utopia" and Ruskin's Political Economy. All are invited. G. S. BALE, corresponding secretary.

Two lovers looked up at the light-house tower,

At the lonely tower as the sun went down;

Said he, "If we only could live up there,

We'd never come back to this heathen town."

The maiden, she sighed, "If we only could!"

And the people groaned, "If they only would!"

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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. W. Graham Brown, '98, has returned to college for the Easter term.

Mr. Geo. W. Orton, '93, has been chosen captain of the University of Pennsylvania hockey team.

The various committees, which have been appointed for this year's Convocation, have been holding meetings during the past week, and, according to all accounts, everything looks very bright for the most successful affair of the kind ever held in connection with the University.

Last week we had to notice the activity of W. L. M. King, '95, in his sociological studies in Chicago. On Jan. 14th the *Chicago Daily Record*, in speaking of the work of the track team of the University of Chicago, says: "The latest welcome additions are Lef-

tingwell, who runs in the sprints, and W. L. M. King, of Toronto University, who runs in the half-mile. King has been out for a couple of days. He has a long stride and seems to have lots of endurance. In the two quarter-mile runs which Staggs gave the squad, he appeared to run easily and to have a strong sprint on the end."

The water floweth,  
The subscriber oweth,  
And the Lord knoweth  
That we are in need of our dues.

So come a runnin'  
Ere we go a gunnin'.  
This kind of dunnin'  
Gives us the blues.

—College Rambler.

The many friends of Mr. W. L. Silverthorne, '95, will be pleased to hear of his approaching marriage,

which takes place at Waterford on Wednesday. There have been few more popular undergraduates in recent years than "Silver," and those who had the good fortune to know his genial qualities will certainly unite on this most auspicious occasion in tendering their sincerest congratulations, in all of which the VARSITY joins.

Mr. J. E. Wallbridge proceeds to McGill, on Monday, as representative to the annual dinner.

Messrs. W. H. Greenwood and G. C. Sellery, the gentlemen chosen to debate against McGill, proceed to Montreal this week. The debate, which takes place on Friday night, has for its subject, Prohibition. Our representatives will certainly have the best wishes of the whole undergraduate body for their success. Our honor can be safely trusted in their hands.

## Shorthand Class

The opening lesson of the second Shorthand Class will take place at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, 19th January, in Room 7.

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# THE UNIVERSITY

VOL XVI. No. 14.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1897.

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*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

No. 14.

## "SIC SEMPER FEMINA!"

Miss Phyllis was charming—but oh, so shy—  
Forever there glittered a tear in her eye:  
Miss Phyllis was drooping as ready to cry,  
But, alas! she was flirting—and so was I.

'Twas summer, and idly in hammock we swung,  
And soft in the pine-tree the whip-poor-will sung  
Where the moonlight was stealing the tree-trunks among;  
And Miss Phyllis and I—well, you know—we were young!

She promised to love me till death did us part;  
She swore that I only had place in her heart.  
But, alas! she was waiting for me to depart  
To catch a new victim-- by similar art!

MERVYN.

## ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

"It is a long road that knows no turn," saith the Proverb; and it might be stated conversely that it's a mighty crooked road that hasn't one clear stretch for a trot. Crooked indeed has been the path of those who have followed me in my aimless meanderings, but thanks to a dainty little guide book (in poetry, too!), lately published by our fellow-student, Arthur J. Stringer,\* it should be possible to keep a fairly straight course for one day's tramp at least. The few remarks made last week about this volume, were, I fear, hardly just to Mr. Stringer in the first place, and the printers added insult to injury by spoiling some of his best lines. But if a man cannot write any better than I can, it ill beseemeth him to blame the printers. Suffice it to say that seldom, if ever, has a work of such originality and power appeared from the pen of a Toronto undergraduate—for, though it is three years since Mr. Stringer attended lectures in University College, it is still pleasant to think of him as an undergraduate. And as Mr. Stringer has been good enough to give me something to write about, the vague, vagabond title that usually graces the top of this column has been abandoned for this week at least.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the poems is their absolute faultlessness, from a mechanical point of view, and their exquisite artistic finish. From cover to cover of the book there is not one false, not one questionable rhyme—not one line over whose rhythm one could for a moment hesitate. One has only to look at some of the work of the great poets to see that this perfection of versification is not so common in poetry as it should be. Edgar Allan Poe, the only genius of letters America has yet produced, though of clever writers she has produced not a few, set himself deliberately down, if his own words may be believed—though one might be pardoned for doubting him in this case—to write, on purely mechanical and logical lines, a perfect poem. Even the metrical quantity of the vowels he was to use was a matter of careful consideration. Yet in that poem Poe makes "devil" rhyme

with "evil," and "lattice" with "that is"! When the conversation turns to the poets' art, in that little circle of literary men which we may fancy will gather in the next world, there will be at least one subject at the mention of which poets of to-day will not need to blush before such men as Scott or Byron, or even Pope.

\* \*

But the charm of Mr. Stringer's versification is not to be found only in correct rhymes and metre. There are many lines that reveal rare powers of imitative harmony. Take, for example, the opening epigram:—

TO THE CRITIC.

"Call him, whose art ye fondly blame or praise,  
A cloven reed, whereon some Lip unknown,  
God-like—to lute ineloquent—but plays  
The one old ineffectual monotone."

Splendid, that last line—worthy to be compared to Pope's famous simile on the Alexandrine,—

"That like a wounded snake drags its slow length  
along."

Certainly Mr. Stringer, in his own words, has

". . . Schooled coy Melody to walk with Speech;

And they, grown lovers, mingle each with each."

\* \*

Throughout his verses we can trace a consciousness of his art. Thus he writes on "Art's Futilities":—

"In youth we have the soul, but not the art;  
When patient age has learned all art's demands,  
No youthful dream within the old-grown heart  
Remains to busy our perfected hands."

Because he has published two volumes of poems, Mr. Stringer should not think that his heart is old-grown. He is still a young man, a very young man, and his hands have early been perfected in the poet's art. Had some of our great poets had his art at his age our literature would be the richer for it. Mr. Stringer may well look forward to the future with high hopes. It might be offered, by way of suggestion, however, that now, since he has learned "art's demands" by patient study and abundant practice, he would do well to turn his attention more to the other side of the poet's work. I think that, without doubt, Mr. Stringer writes too much. And in printing his practice verses, unpolished, and often immature in thought, he is doing himself a deep wrong. A reputation for frothy verse, once gained, is not easily shaken off. Now, all of Mr. Stringer's newspaper poetry has much real merit—certainly as good as, and generally better than, most newspaper poetry—but the reputation it is winning for him is not as good as he deserves. A literary man will suffer injustice enough at the hands of critics and an unappreciative public; he should be the last to do himself an injustice. I have heard young writers receive the advice to write abundantly and then throw all they have written into the stove. But Mr. Stringer needs neither to write abundantly nor to burn what he has carefully written. A

\* Epigrams—By Arthur J. Stringer, author of "Watchers of Twilight," and other poems—T. H. Warren, London, Ont. 1896. Price 50c.



poem, be it written never so hurriedly, never so thoughtlessly, costs the poet time and energy. If he would expend on serious work, such as he has given us in his Epigrams, the time and energy that is—wasted, shall I say?—on these newspaper verses, Mr. Stringer would find that his art would not suffer, and that his reputation would be wonderfully bettered.

\* \*

There is a touch of pathos in his lines on "Ars Celendi Artem." Few people know with what toil and trouble these exquisite phrases of the poet are turned. They read and smile—perchance frown and criticise harshly—without a thought for him who penned the words. If they think of him at all, it is probably as sitting in a luxurious library writing down, half mechanically, the pretty phrases or noble thoughts that genius suggests to him without any effort of his own. But how far from the truth! Undergraduates who have had to write pass Latin prose, and who have admired the exquisite style of Mr. Walter Pater, that modern Carlyle, may get some idea of the pain with which those delicate sentences were wrought when they hear it said of their author that he wrote English with as much pains and care as if it had been a dead language. Mr. Froude, we are told, rewrote again and again with painful perseverance those sentences that now seem to flow with such an easy naturalness. And much greater must be the labor and patience of the poet. That art, so neatly concealed, was won by toil that the reader little dreams of. There is, I say, much pathos in Mr. Stringer's lines:—

#### ARS CELENDI ARTEM.

"On this great steamer's deck, how tranquilly we float,  
Sea-faring seems so easy now, our thanks to coal;—  
Come, join this merry hearted crew who man the boat.  
Ah, dreamer, stand one moment in the stokers' hole!"

Another epigram of which any poet might well be proud! But what is probably the best in the volume, with, perhaps, the exception of "The Anarchist," is the one addressed "To One in Search of Song":—

"Sweep not the skies for thine ethereal theme,  
Lest near the sun thou singe the wings of song;  
But while lorn treaders of the stars but dream,  
Beat down with rhythmic wings some earthly wrong."

A noble purpose, that, for a poet. It shows a healthy spirit, a deep consciousness of the real grandeur of his art.

\* \*

In one instance, I think, Mr. Stringer has let his love for the epigrammatic carry him a little too far. In the lines entitled "My Friend, the Enemy," which, if words alone be considered, are the most epigrammatical in the book, it is not easy to catch his meaning:—

"Since thy fierce hate hath so befriended me,  
Who shall, in sooth, oppose thee to the end,—  
Call now no truce to break my strength, but be  
Still in thine ancient enmity, my friend."

The stanza "After Long Silence" seems to have the same tendency towards obscurity—the epigrammatical arrangement of words shrouding the meaning rather than revealing and expounding it, as words should do.

\* \*

The subjects on which epigrams may be written, the subjects that are worthy of the form of the epigram, are indeed limited. As the epigram is generally understood, it is perfectly distinct, both in subject matter and in treatment, from the descriptive poem. The spheres of the epigram and the lyric are entirely separate. Of course, if the word be taken in its loose sense—or, etymologically, in its strict sense—an epigram might be written on any subject.

So it is not surprising to find in this little volume two or three stanzas which are exquisite pieces of description rather than epigrams. What, for instance, could be finer than these lines on "A Twilight in Early Autumn"?—

"The low wind sounds a million drowsy lutes,  
The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls;  
Alone, aloud, a lingering robin flutes,  
And from the elm one golden oriole calls."

Had Gray penned those words they would have found a place in the *Elegy*! There breathes through them a delicious spirit of repose, that is in thorough harmony with the spirit of the *Elegy*—though, if I am not mistaken, Gray's poem refers to spring, not autumn; at any rate, he wrote for it a lovely little stanza on spring violets, which his super delicate, super-critical taste induced him to suppress. So much are these lines like Gray's own that I cannot but think that Mr. Stringer wrote them some quiet autumn evening, just after he had been re-reading the *Elegy*.

\* \*

Though his success in the epigram has been so marked, I do not think that Mr. Stringer will ever do himself full justice here. The confines of the epigram are too narrow, the space too cramped, to allow free play to the splendid powers of imagination and description of which he is undoubtedly possessed. Surely Mr. Stringer must feel this curbing of his genius more keenly than anyone else. Indeed, I am tempted to think that he has devoted himself to the epigram largely for the purpose of disciplining his art—and a better discipline, or one that will be productive of more good to Mr. Stringer, it would be impossible to find—and that even this volume of epigrams, this casket of gems, is but a practice-exercise, an earnest of what we may expect from him when he graduates in the hard course he has set himself. But, as I hinted before, his admirers are anxious that he do himself more justice than he has done in the past. And if I might be allowed to offer a suggestion, I would say that the sonnet seems to be the form of verse in which he could best reveal his powers. While the sonnet sets limits almost as clearly marked as those of the epigram, it allows more room for the descriptive and imaginative artist. I have never seen a sonnet of Mr. Stringer's—he may never have written one—but it seems to me as though it would be a form of verse in which he would be eminently successful. Those who have read his earlier volume will, doubtless, remember the rare beauty of his lines on "Indian Summer," "World Worship," "Summer," and "Pygmalion and Galatea." If any will read his Epigrams and see with what skill he arranges his ideas and disposes his words within the small space of a quatrain, I think they will agree with me that Mr. Stringer's faculties are peculiarly suited to the sonnet.

\* \*

Much else there is that could be said of this little volume, much else there is that might well be quoted from it, but I must let "I cannot" wait upon "I would." The epigram is not the only form that is limited in space—even the wide columns of *Varsity* sometimes cramp the writer. Let me add just one more quotation. In the back of my copy, Mr. Stringer has written an epilogue—written after the volume appeared from the press—which is not only one of the best epigrams in the volume, but also hints at what I have just been speaking of—that in the epigram the poet feels the lack of that liberty which he must enjoy before he can do his best work, before he can sing of his heart's true feelings:—

"'Lo now,' ye laughed, 'where one has lain  
Full bare his heart for us to see!'  
My heart, ye fools?—This shall remain  
A standing joke 'twixt God and me!"



Thus closes the volume—a volume of which Mr. Stringer may well be proud. To the success of the author the undergraduates of Toronto University will look forward with great pleasure, taking no slight interest in the literary work of one who for three years was one of their number.

BRIAN BORU.

### THE MCGILL DEBATE.

Were we not impelled by the fact that there is a writ out in the hands of the printer's imp demanding "copy," we would fain be silent for yet a little while longer concerning our Montreal experience. We would rather repose than write—for a man must needs sleep sometimes. He doesn't get much of nature's restorer amid the riotous round of revelry forever rife in the premier city of our land.

Nothing happened to mar our journey down to Montreal. We found our berths, clambered in, and awoke at our destination.

The boys of old McGill excel in many things. Especially is their excellence shown in the attentive and genial manner in which they entertain their guests. We were met on our arrival by Mr. S. G. Archibald, who took charge of us in the morning, and was joined at noon by Mr. G. R. MacLeod. These two gentlemen, whose superiors it has never been our lot to meet, entertained us right royally, acting as our guides, interpreters and friends. In collegiate vernacular, these gentlemen are "good square heads," and if they are types of the student-body of McGill (and we have no reason to doubt that they are), then that university is wonderfully blessed in having such whole-souled, honest-hearted, manly undergraduates. The art of entertaining is a product, not so much of the head as of the heart; they educate the heart—the character—at old McGill.

Of course our first pilgrimage was to the college. What a fascination does the scaffold rising in the prison yard exert over the man about to bid the world a "stern good night!" Do you wonder then that we felt drawn to Molson Hall whose dumb walls in so short a time were to echo with sage words of counsel. We took our stand upon the platform, silently addressed the audience, and meekly appealed to the invisible judges whose chairs were placed before us. It seemed as if our appeal was heard. We joyously passed down the aisle, patting each venerable "pew" in the way so dear to quaint old Samuel Johnson. Then we wandered through classic corridors, peeped into lecture rooms of which some were decorated with antiquities of archaic benches, and shyly glanced at the stately Donalds so busy at their books.

Perhaps one of the most refreshing incidents was the commentary which the worthy janitor of the Medical building vouchsafed while we made the grand tour. He "spoke of many a vanished scene" and learnedly expatiated upon the merits of the many appliances peculiar to his department, "We have 'em on every flat," quoth he. We were not long in learning that while every University may have its oracle, only McGill has its cook.

We had lunch at the Students' Club—an organization managed on the co-operative principle by faculty and students. Afterwards we drove by the circuitous route up to the top of the mount, whence we had a cool, commanding view of the city. By a more direct way we returned to make a special sociological study of the Windsor, the Oxford and "Herbie's."

\* \* \* \* \*

Molson hall was scarcely large enough to seat the crowd, which, in spite of the counter-attraction of a football smoker, assembled to hear decided for once and forever the question: "Resolved,—That the legal prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage

is right in principle and efficient in practice." Of the audience a very fair proportion consisted of young ladies, whose intelligent and appreciative attention certainly proved an inspiration to the speakers to put forth their best energies, while the familiar contingent of "the boys" at the rear added that touch of homeliness so dear to the student heart.

Unstinted praise should be accorded the executive for their success in obtaining the assistance of Professors Campbell, Cox and Lafleur, the learned and representative men who acted as judges. Both sides felt satisfied that the verdict would be given on the merits of the argument since the decision rested with such able and impartial arbitrators.

A bright and characteristic speech by the student-president, Mr. MacMaster, formed a pleasing prelude to the evening's entertainment and after a glee by McGill's famous quartet, and a selection by Mr. Packard, one of the most popular reciters in the College, the leader of the affirmative was invited to present his case. Mr. Heeney, with his charming personality and undeniable oratory, completely captivated the imagination of his audience. Mr. Ewing, in a clever and logical speech, which evinced much legal acumen, presented an imposing array of facts in support of prohibitive legislation.

Professor Campbell, in giving the unanimous decision of the judges, complimented the speakers upon the extremely able manner in which they had sustained their respective views, and was pleased to say that the debate had been carried on with all the frank rivalry and gentlemanly fairness that ever characterized the relations between Varsity and McGill.

Although we won the debate, still so keenly was it contested and so barely won that it seemed as if as much honor belonged to the vanquished as might redound to the victors.

Our pleasant sojourn with our friends of old McGill was a source of unlimited delight while it lasted, and will ever form material from which we shall draw the most fragrant recollections.

G. S.

### IN THE LIBRARY.

"Te sine nil altum mens incubat."—VIRGIL.

When thou, my love, art far away

My heart's aweary;

My mind thinks not the livelong day,

And life is dreary.

DON.

### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The second meeting of the Classical Association for this term was held on Tuesday, the 26th ult. It was an "Athenian Meeting," if we may adopt the phraseology of the Modern Language Club, and call it such. Messrs. L. H. Tasker, '97, and A. A. Scott, '99, read interesting papers, the one on "Political Parties in Athens," the other on "Athens at the opening of the Peloponnesian War." These papers were both worthy of a much larger audience than was present in Room 3, last Tuesday. Indeed, all the papers that have been read before the society this year, from its very first meeting last October, have easily maintained the high standard of excellence set by the essayists of former years; and the Committee would earnestly appeal to the members of the Association to show their interest in the work of the society by being present at the meetings.

The open meeting for the Easter Term will be held on Tuesday, the 9th of February, at 8 o'clock, in the Students' Union Hall. The programme for this meeting, which will be announced about the end of this week, promises to be most interesting. All are invited to be present.

P. W. SAUNDERS, Sec.



## INSTRUCTIVE POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

## BALLAD OF NAUGHTY MARY GREY.

"I will not learn to bake the bread,"  
 Cried naughty Mary Grey;  
 "But I will go to Varsity,  
 And culture seek away.

"I will not learn to sweep the floor;  
 I will not hem a seam;  
 But I will learn philosophy,  
 And live a poet's dream."

"O, Mary Grey, you wicked child!"  
 Did her fond mother cry;  
 "You will regret these words you've spoke,  
 When you are come to die."

But Mary proudly tossed her head,  
 And pulled a saucy face;  
 "Unlettered ignorance," she cried,  
 "No more shall me disgrace."

"To sew! To darn!" She stamped her foot.  
 "And sweep!—Shall I, who feel  
 The loftiness of woman's sphere?  
 And iron?—I'd rather steal!"

"Well, have your way," her mother said,  
 And used her handkerchief;  
 And Mary G. resolved to be  
 Another Bashkirtseff.

Six courses she designed to take,  
 But was confined to three;  
 And so, to pass the time, she sought  
 "Co-ed." society.

Now fair to see was Mary Gray,  
 (She never drank much tea)  
 Not "bad-complexed" nor shrill-voiced;  
*Distinguée* Mary G.!

Her silky hair she never banged;  
 It waved luxuriously,  
 Madonna bands—a perfect dream—  
 A coiffure for to see!

The little boys to elevate  
 Was all her aim. Perchance  
 There came a promenade "At Home,"  
 Then in the halls she'd dance.

She did orate in Women's Lits,  
 And honors crowned her brow;  
 No hat worn in a theatre  
 Was e'er so great, I trow!

No more she blushed a shy freshette,  
 Nor frisked flirtatiously;  
 Her shoulders bore a weight of lore,  
 And stately dignity.

But when before Minerva's throne  
 She knelt for her degree,  
 Her heart was gone, her promise given,  
 — An S. P. S. C. E.

And now her mother's warning words  
 She weeping did recall;  
 Oh hear the dreadful state of things  
 Which Mary did befall!

To sweep and dust, to wash and scrub,  
 A housemaid was called in.  
 Had Sappho been Sapolio,  
 How different 'twould have been!

"To boil and bake," said that C. E.,  
 "I think I'll have a cook."  
 Heart-broken Mary sought for help.  
 (Among the ads. did look.)

Then spoke that cruel hubby man:  
 "My housemaid you can't be,  
 Nor yet my cook—nought but a chum!"  
 — They kissed indecorously.

And so the awful tale is told;  
 You've heard my dismal lay.  
 Take warning, every little girl,  
 By naughty Mary Grey.

FESTE.

## OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

If the hungry student of History—supposing there be one not yet fed, even by our multitude of courses, into an indifferent self-satisfaction—if the hungry student of History, I say, wishes any information concerning the men and manners of old England under the early Stuarts, he will find in John Earle's "Micro-Cosmographie or a Peece of the World discovered," a "fair feast of reason" plentifully larded with a fat wit. But even for those others who take no interest in the follies of the past (deeming the present a sufficiency of foolishness), Mr. Earle, though he died in 1665, has written some things not unprofitable. His little volume of essays—or characters, as they were called—contains some shrewd observations upon the nature and habits of the *genus homo*, and, among the rest, divers criticisms and appreciations of the "meere young gentlemen of the Universitie," the "downe-right Scholler," the "Pretender to Learning," the "old College Butler" and the "plodding Student," or as we should say "The Plug."

Mr. Earle—being himself bookish, a "theolog," and, at the time he wrote his *Cosmographie*, a fellow of Merton College, Oxford—had so quick a contempt for the first of these University types that he experienced some evident difficulty in restraining his wrath within the limits of a thirty line character. "The meere young gentleman of the Universitie," he begins, "is one that comes there to weare a gowne." (Alack the day! He could not say that of Toronto)—"to weare a gowne, and to say hereafter, hee has beene at the Universitie. His Father sent him thither, because hee heard there were the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles." (Tempora mutantur—and we hear no "Ladies change.") "From these he has his Education, from his Tutor the oversight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Taverne by the way, which hereafter hee will learne of himselfe."

Mr. Earle is as yet shooting wide of Toronto; but let our meere young Gentlemen ponder over this:

"The two marks of his Senioritie, is the bare Velvet of his gowne, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where when hee can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more."—We might rather say "his proficiency at football;" or is that too sturdy a game for the meere young Gentlemen? At any rate, the Senior will not cavil at the bareness of the gown, remembering how he secretly abused the tell-tale freshness of his first year's silk, and how proud he has since been of it, when, worn and torn to a tattered antiquity, it fluttered about his venerable shoulders, like a Zulu's necklace of molars—the insignia of his rank; remembering, above all, how the immortal "Curly" stirred "laughter unquenchable among the blessed gods" by flitting about the platform of a Public Debate, gowned in a pair of pinion sleeves (and the connecting band of canvas), as if he expected shortly to graduate into a bodiless cherubim, all head and wings.

But Mr. Earle has the floor. "His Studie," he con-



tinues, "has commonly handsome shelves, his Bookes neate Silke strings, which he is loth to untye or take downe, for fear of misplacing. His maine loytering is at the Library" (Hear him! Hear him!) "where hee studies Armes and bookes of Honour. Of all things hee endures not to be mistaken for a Scholler, and hates a black suit though it bee of Sattin."

When we come to consider the "downe-right Scholler" there is nothing but approbation. "He is one that has much learning in the Ore, unwrought and untryde, which time and experience fashions and refines"; wherein he is the opposite of the Courtier, and though men laugh at him, and of every "unluckie absurdity" say it was "done like a Schooler," yet "his fault is onely this, that his minde is somewhat much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not humbled his meditations to the industrie of compliment, nor afflicted his brain" (so burdened already) "in an elaborate legge. His body is not set upon nice Pinnes, to bee turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely, and his nod worse. He cannot kisse his hand and cry Madame, nor talk idly enough to beare her company. His smacking of a Gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lippe"—which, I submit, is a gross mistake in so admirable a scholar.

"The plodding Student"—for we must not omit him—"ha's a strange forc't appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it, brings nothing but patience and a body. His Studie is not great but continuall, and consists much in the sitting up till after Midnight in a rug-gowne and a night cap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines. Hee is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what travell it ha's cost him, and how often his braine turn'd at Philosophy, and makes others feare Studying as a cause of Duncery. Hee is a man much given to Apothegms which serve him for wit, and seldome breakes any Jest, but which belong'd to some Lacedemonian or Romane in *Lycosthenes*." Or, as Chaucer put it:—

"He selde smyld but at some auncient punne,  
Committed whan the worlde, I trow, were yonge,  
And stolen then by Aristophanes,  
And now so dry 't moght maken men to sneeze."

From which it appears that the University plug has some very stable characteristics. H. J. O'H.

### THE CONVERSAT.

The attention of everyone who has any money—or who can borrow any—is directed to the *Conversazione* which is to take place on the 12th of this month, and some of the 13th—up to 3 a.m. This is (just at present) the one student function which every undergraduate is morally bound to support with his presence and that of as many as possible of his friends. The one feature which made last year's *Conversat.* so unprecedented a success—the dance—will be repeated this year, without the inconveniences resulting from the use of two buildings, and with the far larger floor space offered by the east and west halls. Every precaution has been taken to avoid the confusion usually attendant upon a large crowd, and to secure an opportunity for all the guests to inspect the building and exhibits in the early evening. Dancing will not commence until 10.30 in both halls; previous to this there will be the usual displays (including an X-ray exhibit, a Psychological exhibit and a display of cartoons by Mr. Bengough), promenade music in the entrance hall and the east hall, and from 9.15 to 10.15 a concert in the west hall, in which Miss World, Miss Edith Miller and Mr. Mackay will take part. Guests will be admitted by the eastern entrance; the ladies' cloak rooms will be upstairs in the east wing, the gentlemen's on the ground floor. All guests are re-

quested to write their names upon the ticket, for the purpose of the press lists. Supper will be served by Webb in the Ladies' Reading Room and the Physical Laboratory. And, in case the dynamos should go on the spree, a connection will be established with the Electric Light Company's circuit.

Inasmuch as the Society has never had more hearty co-operation than at present on the part of the College Council, has never had a more energetic committee, nor been able to offer a more attractive programme, it rests entirely with the students to make this year's function eclipse the successes of all its predecessors.

Tickets, \$1.00 each, may be obtained of Mr. George Black, secretary, or any member of the committee.

*Dancing in main building at 10.30.*

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

There was a good attendance at the regular meeting of the club on Monday last. Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., gave a very entertaining address on John Ruskin; B. K. Sandwell followed with a bright paper on Charles Lamb; and W. A. Mackinnon gave an interesting sketch of More's "Utopia," and an account of Ruskin's "Political Economy." The English meetings of the club are naturally the most popular, and that of Monday last was no exception to that rule. The committee this year made a departure from the ordinary limitation of the literatures considered. Next Monday will be an Italian meeting, at which Prof. Fraser will deal with Manzoni, Hugo, and the Romantics; and Signor Sacco with Alessandro Manzoni.

### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Natural Science Association at its last meeting had for its consideration the Life and Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. His biography was given in a well-written paper by J. H. Lemon, '98, which described his home influences at Derby, his early inclination towards natural science, his aversion to classics, hence not a college man, his experiences as a railway engineer, as an editor, essayist, and philosopher. He has lived to complete his life work on almost the same lines as announced thirty-seven years ago. His philosophy was ably treated by F. J. Johnston, '97, in a general review of his system. His postulates were an unknowable power; the existence of knowable likenesses and differences among the manifestations of that power; and a resulting segregation of the manifestations into those of subject and object, each having likenesses and differences involving secondary segregations. The modes of cohesion of these manifestations, when considered apart, are time and space; when considered along with their manifestations, matter and motion. All these are traceable to a persistent force, evidencing itself in consciousness. This persistent force is some cause that transcends our knowledge and conception. It is implied in all other truths, including the law of evolution. As force can neither come from nor lapse into nothing, there arises the uniformity of law. Force is merely transformed and follows the line of least resistance and is rhythmical.

Hence phenomena themselves must be under a law accompanying the redistribution of matter and motion. The relations of matter and motion lead to the law of evolution, which applies equally to all orders of phenomena—astronomic, geologic, biologic, sociologic, etc.—as component parts of one cosmos.

L. H. GRAHAM, Secretary.



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## THE UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure that we publish in another column a letter from Mr. W. H. Bunting, B.A., a graduate of 1892, upon the subject of the formation of a rowing club in connection with the University. To those who were present at the meeting held in the gymnasium a week or so ago, this further enlightenment upon the matters, there discussed, will be perhaps unnecessary; but we hope through this medium to reach the absentees upon that occasion, among whom we are certain that there are very many who will become deeply interested in the proposal. Mr. Bunting, during his undergraduate career, was captain of the Rugby Football Club, doing much to place it upon its present stable basis. Since his graduation he has been prominently connected with that branch of sport in this city, which he is now trying to have fostered in our midst. He thus speaks from a very intimate acquaintance both with the merits of rowing and with our athletic needs. Presented by one whose words should bear such weight in the matter, we trust that the idea will at least be taken into a thorough consideration. When we have in our ranks plenty of men, who, if the means were afforded, would use for the benefit of this institution that skill with the oar which they have displayed in connection with non-academic organizations, there is no reason why we should not take advantage of their ability and their willingness. Further, there are many men among us who have all the requisites for the making of fine oarsmen, if an opportunity is but given of developing their latent powers in this direction. We thus in the formation of this club would not only be increasing the reputation of the athletic side of our college life, but we would be aiding this branch of athletics, deserving as it is, and improving much the general physical condition of our undergraduates.

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where

We do not think that our students always regard athletics in quite the proper spirit. There are some who err in one extreme and some in another. Nobody who reflects at all upon the function of a university, denies that the main object for which a man pursues a college course is to obtain that learning, that educational training, which it is generally supposed a university affords. But this is not all. There are many advantages to be obtained in connection with our life here, for which our application to whatever branch of study we adopt, is not at all responsible. Who would consider the hours spent in that social life, so peculiar a university's, as lost? It is a mighty educative influence which springs from this constant and familiar intercourse with men of one's own age and condition. And yet we have, we regret to say, undergraduates who are so completely absorbed in the task of taking a high place in the class list that they are unable to recognize that college life has more than one side to it. It is for the most part in this class, with some very notable exceptions, that those are found who regard athletics with indifference, who do not seem to consider it as an essential, both in their own and in the University's life. To them mind is everything, the poor body nothing. It is to these that a certain very old adage should be brought home, concerning a young lad, with a very familiar name, who was in his day what might now be termed a downright "plug," who did not believe in athletics for one thing, and who ended up by not being as bright as many of those who less persistently applied themselves. We need not dwell here upon a man's duty to his physical nature. We have only to draw attention to the various brilliant young lives, which have in recent times been but short, but a short time after graduation, as a result of what was undoubtedly a neglect of the needs of the bodily frame. We do not believe that this neglect is as persistent among us as it was at one time, but there is still much room for improvement.

The reaction in recent years in college life on this continent has certainly been, in recent years, in favor of a wider development in athletics. We cannot but welcome this as a change, which has undoubtedly done much already to increase the vigor of the college man, mentally, as well as physically. But there is a great danger in carrying the movement too far. There is a class, happily, not very numerous with us, who stand in need of reproof, quite as much as those who neglect athletics altogether. It is composed of those who devote their time and attention to the different branches of sports and pastimes to an altogether unwarrantable extent. Instead of giving over only one's leisure hour to matters in connection with athletics, these are given a man's whole attention. As a consequence, we have the American comic papers depicting the American graduate as a man of splendidly developed muscle and very diminutive intellectual capacity. Of course, this is to a great extent a caricature, but one cannot deny that there are certain tendencies which go to justify it. In fact, in some American colleges, matters have gone so far, that it has been found necessary to prohibit places on college teams to those who are seen to be so engrossed with athletic matters as to neglect everything else. Should it not be our duty to try and suppress any



such tendencies in connection with the life of this University? Let us give all honor to those who do become great athletes, but not imagine that the making of athletes is our alma mater's primary function.

We have thus wandered away from the subject of the rowing club, to discuss the matter of university athletics generally. We have tried to show what we consider should be the right way in which to regard this important side of our life. If our position is understood, one can see how we could not do otherwise than welcome this new movement, which has taken its rise during the past week. By all means let us have diversity in this as in other matters. All cannot become active oarsmen, but this is not necessary for a prosperous realization of the idea of a rowing club. Let but those who have an aptitude in this direction show what they are able to accomplish, and, in time, we believe that our athletic achievements upon the water will, at least, equal those upon what is to most of us our more native element.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Literary Society came to order last Friday evening, at the appointed and customary hour. The genial President was unable to attend longer than was necessary for the preliminary executive meeting. In his absence Mr. J. H. Hancock, Vice-President, filled the chair, a position for which he is becoming, mentally and physically, more capable each succeeding week. The audience was not unusually large, but of normal proportion, seeing that there were no elections of any kind in view. Mr. L. H. Tasker, fourth year Councillor, was substituted for the Recording Secretary, and read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were adopted, *nem. con.* The first hour was taken up in discussing business pertaining to the Conversat. Mr. George Black, as Secretary of the Conversat. Committee, was expected to make a report in accordance with a motion by Mr. Dingman at the last meeting, setting forth the proposed allotment of moneys to the various Conversat. committees. Having received no such communication, he announced that he was "not prepared." Several of the members insisted, and, but for the timely interference of Mr. Little, who took Mr. Dingman into his confidence and persuaded him that he was misinformed as to the doings of the Executive, there was every prospect of a "scene." Upon the motion of Mr. C. H. Clegg, the report was taken as read, with a sweeping majority of two. An invitation was read by the Corresponding Secretary, from the Woman's Enfranchisement Association, asking the attendance of the members of the Lit. at their annual meeting.

The programme was then proceeded with, and Mr. B. K. Sandwell borrowed a gown from the Chairman, which he did not forget to return, and put the audience in good humor with one of his inimitable piano solos. Apologizing for monopolizing the attention of the audience, he appeared a second time to read an essay by Mr. Macfarlane, whose illness prevented his attendance. We had hoped that, by this arrangement, the reading would have been given without the hurried delivery of the author, but the substitute, imbued, no doubt, by the former's spirit, was no improvement, whatever. The subject of the essay was "Nicotiana"—an account of the history and use of tobacco. The style, as well as the matter, was original, and revealed some good points in the author as an antiquary.

Mr. J. G. S. Stanbury, '96, ex-Vice-President, who was among the audience, was called on at this juncture for a speech. Agreeable and graceful, as of yore, he responded

at some length and with good effect. He reminded the audience, amid applause, of the contest of the representatives at McGill that evening and prophesied them success.

Upon a sign from Mr. J. T. Johnston, who reclined comfortably upon the table, the Chairman announced the subject of debate. Resolved,—That Independence for Canada was preferable to Annexation. This was an inter-year contest between '97, which was represented by Mr. T. Ingram McNeece and Mr. W. W. Edgar; and '99, whose cause was championed by Mr. W. Alexander and Mr. W. F. McKay, for the negative.

The leader of the affirmative, Mr. McNeese, laid stress upon the evils of annexation and pointed out with lucidity and fluency the superiority of the Canadian form of Government over that of the United States. The leader of the negative, Mr. W. H. Alexander, charged him justly with attacking the subject at the wrong end, and proceeded to show that annexation was the evident intention of nature and was the only solution of the racial and religious questions which were the perplexity of Canadian unity. Mr. Edgar, in support of the affirmative, related many internal issues of disquietude in the United States and inferred that on this account annexation was highly undesirable. The supporter of the negative, Mr. McKay, spoke in a pleasing and effective manner, but lost sight of the question for a time in discussing the merits of Free Trade *vs.* Protection. Both of the speeches of the champions of '99 "smelled of the lamp," and it was doubtless on this account that, after a five minutes' reply by the leader of the affirmative, the decision was given in favor of '99. The Sophs. were jubilant at the result, and the meeting adjourned to give them an opportunity of exchanging congratulations.

CRÆSUS.

### S. P. S. NOTES.

W. B. Mundie, M. Am. Inst. Arch. of Chicago, will deliver a paper on "The High Building Problem," before the Engineering Society, on Feb. 10th.

In these days so innumerable are the institutions, clubs, schools, etc., that exist all around us, that language becomes exhausted in the attempt to give a logical and significant name to each. Consequently it is advisable for people for their own sake to observe the exact names of institutions with which they are in correspondence. There is a school of Practical Science in the city, commonly called for brevity's sake, the School of Science; but it is not a school of cookery. A curious blunder, consequent upon a muddling of names, resulted in a post card being delivered to the School, addressed: "Mrs. ———— School of Science, Toronto, Ont. (Domestic Dept.)." On the other side was written: "Dear Madam, Would you kindly tell me the name, price and where procured of your latest recipe book, and oblige, Mrs. ————, D. ————, Ont." We explain the foregoing as the result of a muddling of names—there being, no doubt, several schools in the city where cooking is taught—as we cannot see what could have inspired the good lady with the idea that we possessed a "Domestic department"—unless she had been visiting the assaying laboratories. True, the work down there does bear a strong analogy to that of the kitchen. But the "cook's" wear dirty, brown aprons instead of clean, white ones; and "roasting" furnishes nothing more enticing than sulphurous fumes. And although we go to the extent of obtaining the "noble" metals from the "baser" ones, we do not provide the elixir of life such as would a domestic department in cooking. But, perhaps, she visited the engineering laboratory during an engine test. Now, these tests last for two or three days, and going home at mid-day, on the part of the experimenters, is out of the question. If she had appeared about luncheon time, she had, very probably, seen several of the fourth

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St W.



year unfortunates trying to roast potatoes or boil rice while the rest were looking after the engine.

What has the art of fencing to do with architecture? There must be some intimate connection. It is an established fact that the S. P. S. students have a monopoly of the "gym." But they mostly go in for the more violent kinds of exercise, neglecting the "lighter" arts of fencing, etc. The Architectural Department now, however, evidently intends to hold a little monopoly on the latter. Whatever may be the advantages of fencing we would advise students in this department, on the strength of the above facts, to consider seriously the advisability of taking it up.

### A UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VARSITY:

SIR,—At the recent annual meeting of the University Athletic Association I was accorded the privilege of saying a few words regarding the proposed establishment of rowing as a branch of University athletics, and of urging the acceptance of the offer of assistance made by the Argonaut Rowing Club. With your permission, I should like, in the columns of your valuable paper, to again commend the project to the favorable consideration of the students. It was in the capacity of Secretary of the Argonaut Rowing Club that I spoke at the meeting; I write now as a graduate who has the best interests of the University at heart.

In the arena of aquatic sport Toronto University, as well as every other seat of learning in Canada, is unknown, but I am convinced that the time for an advance is at hand. Canada is famous all the world over for the many oarsmen, both amateur and professional, that she has produced, but it is a curious and regrettable fact that no Canadian college can claim any share of the credit. Among the various colleges there is, however, none in which the conditions and opportunities are so favorable as at Varsity. The chief difficulty has been in making a beginning, for the expense involved in getting boat-house accommodation, equipment and coaching is greater than in other branches of sport, but this difficulty is in a large measure overcome by the offer made by the Argonaut Rowing Club. A boat-house, well-equipped, commodious and convenient, is available, with the advantage of coaching, advice and assistance from some of the best professional and amateur exponents of the art, and the expense involved is trifling. In the great universities of the United States and England, where the conditions are often much less favorable, the sport is thriving and annual international contests seem to

be in order. In these latter there can be little doubt that Toronto University would in time become a successful participant. Another supposed difficulty is found in the fact that the rowing season begins and ends with the long vacation. It must be remembered, however, that in May and June the activity is greatest. The spring races of the rowing clubs in Canada and the United States take place in June, and one of the best Canadian regattas is held on Toronto Bay on Dominion Day. It should be an easy matter for Varsity, with its hundreds of students, to have a four or an eight in training until the beginning of July.

I sincerely hope that the committee of students that was appointed to take action in this matter will be the nucleus of a University Rowing Club, that will in due course be represented at the Canadian and American regattas and alternately at Henley. In no branch of sport could Varsity win more credit and renown.

Faithfully yours,

W. H. BUNTING, '92.

Toronto, January 23rd.

### McGILL CONVERSAT.

The Conversat of the Arts Faculty of McGill College was held on the 26th inst., and, as I was chosen to represent Varsity, I feel that I owe some account of it. I arrived in Montreal Tuesday morning, after meeting the representative from Queen's on the train. We met the Reception Committee, who showed us the sights of the town, including McGill, which has a number of very fine buildings, belonging mostly to the Science faculty.

The Conversat in the evening was held in the Arts building, which was neatly but not elaborately decorated. It was very nice—a small edition of our own—the programme being divided into two parts—a concert and a dance. There were about 300 present—nearly all McGill students or Donalds, as the lady students are called. Were they nice? I am not sure. Most of them thought I was a McGill student, and the little piece of blue and white ribbon I wore, a badge of some temperance society. I didn't enlighten them; I thought it was the duty of their professors. However, I was enjoying myself very well, until some young lady, brighter than the rest (?), asked me if I was from Queen's. That was the last straw (also the last dance). I took my broken spirits to the Reception Committee and demanded that we take instant departure, which we did. Next day the Committee were again on hand, nor did they cease their attentions until the evening train tore us away.

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## Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Saturday evening's meeting for young men at the city Young Men's Christian Association was addressed by Messrs. Burch and McKay of '99 and Wilson and Jolley of '00

At last Thursday's meeting of the Association Mr. Barron gave a concise report of the Provincial Y.M.C.A. Convention at Ottawa. The speaker of the afternoon was Mr. F. M. Pratt, general secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association. In opening he emphasized the point Mr. Barron had made regarding the responsibility resting on College Association men after graduation for the loyal support of the town and city Associations. All Young Men's Christian Association work, whether in college or not, is a unit. Referring to the 12th Chapter of John, Mr. Pratt spoke of the problems and struggles of Christ's life. That He had such there can be no doubt. That they are the very problems and struggles with which we are confronted, we are equally well assured. In this chapter the veil is lifted and we see the inner struggles of Christ. Perhaps in the Gospel of John this chapter takes the place of the account of Gethsemane. Christ says (v. 23) that His Father is now to be glorified, and then tells how He is to be glorified—even by the death of the Son. And so Christ unfolds the deep truth that a man must die in order to be fruitful. A man's life is like a grain of wheat. He may use it only in one of two ways. He may eat it up or he may sow it—the selfish or the unselfish life. The mother of the Wesleys died to herself, but her life brought forth a great harvest. John R. Mott decided to lose his life for the Master's sake, but he has found it. Only one thing is more important than making a living, and that is making a life. Many college men are faced with the problem of what to do with their lives. If they want to find them, they must first lose them—lose them, perhaps, in the sands of Africa or in the slums of a great city. Christ was faced with the problem, and He decided to lose His life, and so He found it. But it involved a struggle "Now is my soul troubled. And what shall I say?" And then, in the stress of the struggle, "Father, save me from this hour." But He conquered, "Father, glorify Thy name." And so Christ found His life. Thus the crisis of many struggles is marked. For when the heart says "Father, glorify Thy name," the victory is gained, the life is found.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Wednesday last, with a very fair attendance. The order of business having been promptly disposed of, a thoughtful and clearly expressed paper, on the topic "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," was read by Miss

Menhennick, '98. After the singing of a hymn, Miss Bapty took up the regular topic for the day, the parable of "The Unmerciful Servant." Miss Bapty brought out several ideas in the parable which do not lie quite on the surface, and closed her address with a well-applied quotation from Thomas A. Kempis. Owing to the fact that there have been two missionary meetings in succession, next week's meeting will not be a missionary meeting, but, instead, the topic which should have been taken up on January 20th, will be discussed. E. M. S., '99.,  
Cor. Secy.

## A GIRL I KNOW.

(With apologies to Whittier.)

Laughing eyes bright as the day,  
Rosy cheeks and tresses gay,  
Steal from out behind thy fan,  
Girl in white, with cheeks of tan.

With thy roses in thy hand,  
My true homage you command.  
Give it to thee, yes, I can,  
Girl in white, with cheeks of tan!

Figure, slender and erect!  
Charms, our wanderings to correct!  
Truer love had never man  
For a girl in white and tan!

Q.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held in Room 16, Friday, January 22nd, the President, Mr. J. A. Rusk, B.A., in the chair. The origin and development of the Galvanometer was traced by G. W. Keith, '97. Miss M. A. Harvey, '98, carefully reviewed the recent productions of the scientific world. A description of the opening and of the work of the new Davy-Faraday laboratory in London was interesting, as showing the efforts of the British to overcome the lead of the Germans in the field of physics and chemistry. The work of Indian and Russian physicists, the discovery of a new comet by the Lick observatory, and the work of Dr. Hammond on X rays, were dealt with in turn. The paper concluded with a suggestion for fourth year original work. Mr. Bush raised the enthusiasm of the members for mathematics by his paper on Mathematics as Related to the Useful and Beautiful. He clearly showed that everything beautiful can only be fully appreciated by a knowledge of mathematics.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. A. Meighan, '96, is President of the Lit. at the School of Pedagogy.

Mr. J. W. Fraser, '97, has returned to take the work of the Easter Term.

Mr. Ned Boyle, '97, has recovered from a serious illness, and is attentive to his work as formerly.

The Grand Opera House presents a very amusing comedy, "My Friend from India," as its attraction this week. Next week the ever-popular Sothern returns.

Newton H. Brown, Pharmacy, '95, has opened out for himself on Yonge St., and, of course, advertises in this journal. His many friends in the senior years wish him every success.

The Junior Chess Tournament has been progressing steadily during the past week. Messrs. Hobbs and Arm-

strong are now a tie for first place. It is likely that another match with Residence will be arranged shortly.

On Monday evening, Jan. 25th, the Glee Club, accompanied by the Mandolin Club, journeyed to Hamilton, where they made their first appearance in that well-known musical centre. One need only refer to the splendid notices which the press of the city, critical as it is known to be, to assure oneself of the fine impression which was made. The concert was given in Association Hall, under the auspices of the Graduates' Association, and was attended by a large and select audience. The Clubs returned to Toronto on the same night, reaching the city shortly after midnight. From every point of view, the Glee Club are congratulating themselves on the success of the venture. For this happy outcome the credit lies almost wholly with the conductor of

the Club, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, and his genial brother, Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, who so energetically looked after the concert arrangements in Hamilton.

Invitations have been issued by the Women's Literary Society for an At-Home, to be given in the Students' Union, on Saturday evening, Feb. 6th. As a consequence, all those who have had the good fortune to be honored are awaiting the event with the most pleasant anticipations. The "At Home" will be from 7 to 9 o'clock, and afterwards there will be an informal dance, which will be chaperoned by the following ladies: Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Mavor, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Fraser and Miss Salter.

The meeting of the Baseball Club will be held in the Students' Union, on Feb. 11th at 2.30 p.m.

**Shorthand Class**

The opening lesson of the second Shorthand Class will take place at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, 19th January, in Room 7.

Students intending to join are requested to leave their names with the Registrar.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



# THE VARSITY



VOL XVI. No. 15.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1897.

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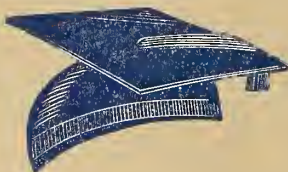
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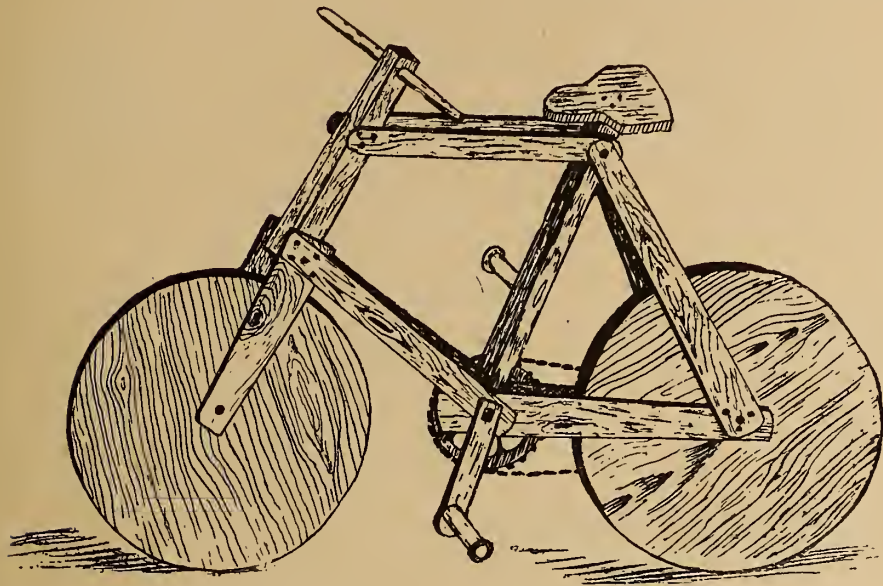
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

No. 15.

## LOVE'S LAMENT.

Virgil, Georgics IV., v. 446.

### I.

As o'er the mountains rosy-fingered morn  
Tripped her light way and shed auroral glow  
On rugged peak of mystic Chaos born,  
On rapid torrent roaring far below,  
When Vesper trailed her habiliments of woe  
Across the darkling sky, and lulled to rest  
With whispering zephyrs, from the night that blow,  
The souls of men upon her gentle breast,  
Beasts in their horrid lairs and birdlings in the nest,—

### II.

Wandering alone in deserts bleak and bare,  
There did he sing, untuned his lyre for thee,  
And, thrilled with raptures of a sweet despair,  
Smote from the strings celestial melody,  
The charmed earth responsive sighed, the sea  
Howled loud in narrow strait and rock-bound bay  
Assonant while he mourned, Eurydice,  
And in the dawning and the fading day  
Sobbed his great poet-soul in sombre grief away.

W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

## OF THE MEETING OF TWO CELEBRITIES.

BY "MELCION."

It was the middle of July in the year 1901, and everything about the region of Orcus was simply sizzling. Old Charon had had a hard day's work paddling his crazy canoe-full of fault-finding Yankees and grumbling John Bulls across the river, and was pretty mad. It was his last trip for the day, and just as he pushed off a long, lanky, ugly-looking animal of about thirty-five, came rushing along the bank, clad in a pair of purple-colored trunks, a pair of boxing-gloves and wearing a fountain-pen behind his ear. "Hold on old boy—wait for me," howled the new vision. The old boatman's beard jerked about savagely in the murky atmosphere, but he waited till the newcomer got a seat—the gaiety girl screamed as he sat down beside her—and then plied his weary way across.

The last in was the first out—trust your Yankee friend for that—and he swung away up the bank perfectly oblivious of the ferryman's frantic demand for "fare," and the first person he met was Goliath of Gath.

"Where are you going, my pretty man?" queried the Philistine, good-naturedly, as he noted the scant attire and sinewy proportions of the visitor.

"Mind your own business, you bloke," answered Robert politely.

"I'm Goliath of Gath," roared the man of war, "and if you don't mind your p's and q's I'll smash your blooming head!"

"Smash ahead," punned the latest arrival.

"I'll punch your physiognomy in a second!" yapped the huge entertainer, rolling up his sleeves.

"Look here!—if you'd only been born about 5,000 years later than you were, you'd have held the belt by your

vocabulary, but I'm Robert Fitz-Corbett, champion prize-fighter of the world—see?"

"Oh! ah! Yes, I've heard of you. Only yesterday Homer's shade was talking about you. He said he had been praying that Jupiter would lend him your knack of saying the same thing over in as many different ways as you can, and he would re-write his 'Iliad' and sell it for a new work—call it the 'Hell-ad,' for instance—he needs cash badly, you know. Glad to make your acquaintance! Shake!" They shook and wandered around together for a while, talking about things.

"Say, Golly," said Fitz, "Where's the saloon?"

"In there," said Golly, and nodded toward the gate where Brianus, Scylla, and a few other celebrated characters were amusing themselves.

"Come on in."

"Can't! They forgot to bury me, and I can't get in. I've tried it."

"Waal, I'd have you know there ain't no such word as 'can't.' Keep your eagle eye on me," and Fitz walked up to the gate. "Me and my friend here wants a drink. Let's in!"

"Git out," growled Brianus, and got up concealing his hundred hands about his clothes.

"Try my left hook!" said Fitz, and led.

B. ducked and led a few rights and lefts—fifty or so of each.

"Where are I?" sighed Robert, as he executed a difficult parabolic double-back somersault, and landed over against the Tree of Dreams.

"Come on in," said Goliath.

"Shut up your antediluvian conglomeration of patched up idiosyncracies," graciously snarled the champion. "Golly, its hot! I wish I hadn't come to this forsaken place."

"Say," said he, after a while, when the Philistine kept quiet, "what did you carry the gates of-of-of—oh, I forget the place—up that hill for?"

"I didn't."

"You did, and why in the name of all that's knocked out did you let David trim your hair, you old curiosity shop you? Didn't you know they wouldn't let you play in their team after that? Didn't the captain say you'd make the best centre rush in the business if you let it grow, and warn you not to cut it?"

"No, he didn't. He told me to go out and challenge anybody in Israel to fight me to a finish."

"Who sat on the umpire?"

"You're rattled."

"I ain't."

"Yar"—and Goliath rolled himself up beneath the Tree of Dreams, and slept and dreamed about a big, round cannon-ball and a baby boy at home.

Throughout the cold snap of the past week the rink upon the campus has been largely patronized. As a result of the prohibition of hockey during the afternoon hours, a large proportion of the skaters have been of the fair sex.



## EDUCATION VS. LEARNING.

Mr. Parkin, Principal of Upper Canada College, in his speech at the University College banquet, said: "You think that you in Canada have the best educational system in the world. I tell you, gentlemen, that you have not the best educational system in the world." As examples of better systems, Mr. Parkin cited those of England and Italy, and said that what we lacked in Canada was "culture." "Culture" is a difficult word for anyone to define, but especially so for one who has received his education wholly in Canada, where, we hear on such high authority, all that the word "culture" indicates is not properly understood. But even a Canadian can see some defects in our methods of educating. Some of these, which exist even in the University of Toronto, the keystone as it is called, of the Provincial system, will here be considered.

Toronto University does not hall-mark a man, as Oxford does and the Scotch universities are said to do. Many of her alumni are not to be distinguished from men who have spent all their lives in business in a country town. This, of course, cannot be said of all, for probably the elite of the youth of Ontario come up to the University. But what I contend is that a training here has but little effect upon a man one way or another. It is generally true that if he comes here to Toronto University a boor, he generally goes away a boor, and if he comes here a gentleman, he goes away a gentleman. He neither gains nor suffers in his manners during his four years' stay at the Provincial seat of higher learning. "Learning" is here used advisedly, for the University can hardly be said to be a seat of higher education, since it is learning, not education which we here acquire. No man can be said to be educated or cultured whose grammar is defective, yet there are University graduates, now nearly connected with their *alma mater*, who cannot say many words without murdering the Queen's English, and there are many students of whom the same statement may be truly made. These graduates may be and doubtless are very learned, but they are not educated or cultured. It may be said that a man's manners are of little consequence, that he is neither a better nor a worse man because he does not know how to behave himself in whatever company he may be thrown, though this, of course, does not constitute the whole of manners, which is something much more clearly recognized than defined. When William of Wykeham built New College, Oxford, that was not his theory, for he put up over its gates, and over those of Winchester School, the words: "Manners makyth man." If this is true, and if it is also true that Toronto University does not give men manners, it may logically be argued that Toronto University does not make men. In that case there is something radically wrong. The fault seems to me to lie to some extent with the system, and also to a less extent with the men—both the students and the teaching staff.

In the system there are two most obvious defects—one connected with the curriculum, and the other with a large number of students who have, by the accident of sex, and through no fault of their own, a bad effect upon the rest. But with them I have no desire to enter upon a quarrel. For these reasons this topic will be left untouched.

The curriculum prescribes too much work. After January most of the undergraduates grudge every evening which is not spent upon examination work. After February this applies equally to the afternoons, while the mornings are always spent at lectures or in the Library. Thus for five months out of the eight which constitute the college year a man has no time to take thought for anything beyond the books he is required to read before May. Not only he has no time to pass away in discussing interesting subjects with his fellow-students, but he cannot spare a single hour to read any book other than those prescribed. Now no man is examined in even a tithe of the subjects

taught at the University, *nor* upon a tithe of the books set down in the curriculum; these subjects and these books form not one-hundredth part of the world's wisdom, yet for five-eighths of his college course a man must do nothing but read in this infinitely small department of knowledge.

The question arises, "Is it for this that we come up to the University?" It is the old question, "Do we want learning, or an education?"

To a small section of the undergraduates who intend to become teachers, learning is doubtless the primary object; but even in regard to them it is questionable whether this system does not involve a loss of human sympathy which will tend to unfit them for their work in the world.

But what of the very much larger number who have no intention of adopting teaching as their life work, but have in view simply an education, or aim perhaps at one of the liberal professions—for instance, law? It must be evident that these men do not take a university course simply to get a more or less inaccurate knowledge of the Theory of Value or the French and German dictionaries by going daily from the lecture rooms to the Library, from the Library to their studies at home and thence to bed.

It may be said, and with truth, that in some courses enough work is set down for eight months to occupy profitably two years of study. By doing some of this work partially and superficially one may obtain specialist standing in some department, but it is not specialist standing for which we come up to the University. We come to get an education, to acquire manners, to gain some small knowledge of men and of the world; and if with these we may secure a smattering of learning, *tant mieux*. But there is so much work prescribed, and it is so generally the fashion to devote oneself to it, that the narrow specialist standing is the almost universal result.

The second great source of weakness in the present system is the want of personal, individual interest on the part of the teaching staff in the men and of the men themselves in their fellows. The professors care little whether undergraduates attend their lectures or not, beyond the natural desire to see them succeed as students. The success or failure of these students as men is, to them, a matter of small or no importance.

It may not be, and probably is not, possible to introduce into Toronto the tutorial system of the English universities; but some small approach to it would be of inestimable benefit both to students and teachers. Had some such system been in vogue two years ago, the people of Ontario would not have been scandalized by the spectacle of Toronto University students in open rebellion against their duly appointed masters. At Oxford the undergraduates are invited by their tutors to breakfasts, where they meet the most prominent men in England. These men enjoyed talking to the students, thus finding out the trend of thought in the University, and the sort of men she is turning out. There was a professor in Toronto not so long ago—"but that," as Mr. Kipling says, "is another story." To-day there is no vital interest between men and professors. The undergraduates never discuss professors as men, but only as relatively good and bad teachers; and when the professors do discuss individual undergraduates, it is as to their capacity for obtaining marks at the May examinations, and never as men from whom something may be expected after they leave the University.

The same want of personal interest exists, though perhaps to a less degree, as between the undergraduates themselves, and is again partly attributable to the want of time, caused by the immense amount of work prescribed. But it cannot be so altogether.

Mr. Parkin told us in his lecture on Oxford, that after his first speech at the "Union," half a dozen men whom he had never seen before gave him their cards and invited



him to breakfast. Such a thing, or anything like it, is unheard of here. Of course there are extenuating circumstances, such as the fact that so many of us live in boarding-houses, and that most of us have very little cash to spare. Probably the character of Canadian young men has also something to do with it.

I shall try to show later how some of these difficulties may be avoided, and they ought to be avoided, for nothing could have such a beneficial effect in improving men's manners than this constant playing of guest and host by men comparatively unknown to one another. The fact remains that in Toronto, beyond their personal friends, most of the undergraduates take no further interest in their fellows than to observe that such a one is a "plug," and will probably beat them in the class-lists, and that another is a "sport" who will probably get plucked. Some men even go through the University without making any permanent friendships. I know one graduate of about '85 who wishes that he had ordered his course differently, for he has now no old University friends and he was certainly by no means a "plug."

We have had Class dinners, and we have the immensely superior Arts dinner, but these functions do not, and cannot, take the place of ordinary, everyday, social intercourse. We have the *Conversazione*, patronized by some of the undergraduates, and the Class Socials which owe their existence to a body of students already mentioned. But it is not this kind of social life which we require. We want the daily mental contact of men at the age when they are fullest of their own ideas and readiest to adopt those of others. The object of a University should be to afford an opportunity for these men, overflowing with high ideals and high aspirations, to discuss, with others like them, subjects which occupy the attention of every man at some stage of his existence, and come to him in most cases when he first enters the world and goes up to the University. It is because the English universities afford this opportunity that they are centres of the most advanced thought of the time; and it is because Toronto University—perhaps all Canadian and American universities—do not afford it, that they are centres of nothing except, perhaps, football, which, though a very excellent thing in its way, can scarcely be said to constitute a University education.

The difficulties mentioned up to this point are to some extent avoidable, but before I go on to discuss remedies it may be well at least to mention an unavoidable evil, one which must ever impair the usefulness of the University:—I mean its location in Toronto. Situated in the capital of Ontario and a great business centre, it can never make its home a distinctively University town. Yet this is necessary to give the beneficial forces of a University their full play. We shall always be too much involved in and dominated by the political and industrial movements of the place to make possible that perfect centralization of thought, which alone can make a University a power in the land. A concrete example of this may be seen in the ever-to-be regretted lapse of the old rule about wearing gowns, which is, I believe, still on the statute books, but has become a dead letter. It is next to impossible for the undergraduates, who form so small a fraction of the city's population, to go about in a distinctive garb, and there are apparently insurmountable difficulties in the way of every other scheme to enforce this best of provisions for maintaining a proper spirit in the University.

This, however, is not the only evil which the location causes. It is only an outward and visible sign of many others. This paragraph is, however, only an ineffectual wail against fate, which, I hope, the rest of the article will not be considered to be.

Remedies for all but the last difficulty are to be found, and are, perhaps, not altogether visionary. The evil con-

nected with the curriculum can be done away, and doubtless will be when the Senate comes to realize that the mission of a University is to educate rather than to teach. But the Senate will never realize it until the undergraduates do, as they do not do to-day. Possibly a very large section, if not a majority of the students, prefer the curriculum as it stands, to one which would give some room for real education and not tie us down to mere learning, out of which we get little more culture than out of our early struggles with the alphabet and the multiplication table.

The remedy for the second defect in the existing state of affairs—the want of personal interest of the teachers in the taught—lies, of course, wholly under the control of the professors and lecturers. But it may be confidently said that the undergraduates would be most happy to aid any efforts toward a closer sympathy between them and their instructors. There are many of our professors whom we know (by report) to be men of broad culture and men whom it would be a pleasure for anyone to meet. To meet them would be especially interesting for the students who only know them as they appear in the lecture room, and have, unfortunately, no chance of making their acquaintance in any other capacity than that of sections of a peripatetic encyclopedia.

But the remedy for the want of interest of undergraduates in their fellows lies to a certain extent in their own power. Apparently the simplest way to obviate the difficulty is the extension of the residential system into a number of colleges, in each of which from one to two hundred students could live. The expense of such a plan is in the way, but this difficulty is not, to my mind, insuperable. As every undergraduate knows, the present Residence is the source of all the more important movements which take place, and is, in fact, the soul and centre of University life and spirit. Even it is not all that might be desired, apart from its size, which is ridiculous, considering the number of students attending the University. The general feeling that Residence is not all it might be, is evidenced by the fact that it is not full. This is not to be attributed to the cost of living there, for there must be hundreds of men who could easily afford it. The difficulty is the want of privacy. The value of a Residence turns on a very small matter, quite unconnected with the work of the University. This is whether all three meals are taken in the common dining-room or not. The system here in vogue transforms Residence into a mere boarding-house, with all the attendant objections on that class of home. The practice at Oxford is that a man has two meals in his rooms, and dines in hall, where he has to put in an appearance so many times a week. It is this system which should be adopted here. Even at our sister university, Trinity (so much despised by Toronto undergraduates), a man's room in the college is his castle. There he has his breakfast if he likes, and, if he wants to read or talk without interruption, he hangs out a universally-respected sign to that effect by "sporting his oak." In our Residence there is no such thing, and it is this want of privacy, not the expenses of living in Residence, that is the reason why there is not a larger demand for rooms in the historic building. The unpopularity of the present Residence has been attributed to the cost of living there, and the fact that it is seldom or never full has, therefore, been urged against the extension of the residential system. Granting the premiss, the conclusion is, perhaps, unavoidable. But if the other reason is accepted, the argument against the extension of the system falls to the ground, since the want of privacy is an easily curable evil, as witness the experience of other Universities.

The only way in which further residences can be procured and the curriculum shortened is by organized agita-



tion on the part of the undergraduates. Owing to the amount of work now on our hands such an agitation could not be extended this year beyond the columns of VARSITY, but perhaps this article may be of use in beginning a beneficial discussion. Such a discussion, in the way of approval of, or objection to, the statements here made, would go far to wake up the spirit of Alma Mater, which doubtless exists in the heart of every undergraduate, although it may not always be apparent. O. MOWAT BIGGAR.

## Varsity of Old.

### II.

CIRCITER, A.D. 1852-53.

It is "a long while between drinks," as His Excellency of North Carolina is reported to have casually remarked to His Excellency of South Carolina, on a memorable occasion; and so your invitation for some reminiscences of University days, makes a graduate of nearly half a century ago draw a long breath when making an attempt to recall even vaguely these long-gone years.

The deep shadow of old departed friends covers these imperfect lines, I mourn, and the review occasions, naturally, feelings of sadness as I think of the many youthful friends of college years, vanished to the ranks of the "majority." My old friend William T. Boyd, M.A., barrister, of Toronto, is yet actively to the fore—professionally, and as a good useful citizen at all times. Ever of regular habits and temperament, he was always punctual at his lectures; rarely known to vex his serene soul with the strifes and ambitions that tortured the college existence of some vainly ambitious spirits. He, nevertheless, managed to guide and drive his scholastic chariot over the course, both at old Upper Canada College and at the University, with pronounced skill and success. "*Metaque fervidis evitata rotis.*" He passed all his examinations without anguish of body or mind, and continues an example of the wisdom of preferring a "*mens sana in corpore sano*" rather than, as is too often the case, shattered health and shortened years, with only the faded chaplets of victories won, to compensate for the overtaxed mind and body. Of course it is difficult to restrain the fervid genius of youth, but this must be remembered to ensure happy fruition of a collegian's student days.

The most brilliant intellect, in our times, universally recognized, was John Thompson Huggard, commonly nicknamed "Pat." He was an Irish lad, who had been "head boy" of U. C. College in 1849, which position Edward Blake had in 1850—*vide* the College Rolls and the gilded record in the College Hall. The artist who did this decorative work was Mr. Marsh, whom all old Torontonians will recollect. Huggard's financial resources were small and he had to do certain tutoring as a result, and so he always was "under the lash," poor fellow! The duty, besides, of supporting aged parents, and the responsibility cast on him of keeping a brother and sister, made his life a struggle indeed. How few there had any such anxieties! Yet, though thus handicapped, none ever saw Huggard in any but fine spirit and excellent health, rollicking in humor and ever ready with native Irish wit. On one occasion, on our way to morning lectures, Boyd, Mendell and I called at his humble abode on Terauley street, then not a very fashionable city quarter, to take him along: but he was yet bed-fast, to our own surprise, in a smoky little apartment, reading one of his many splendid prizes, a volume of Milton's Paradise Lost. In explanation we were informed that his only pair of "breeches" were at the tailor's, undergoing necessary reparation, which was certainly regrettable though unavoidable. "Pat," who, at times, was somewhat of a

Bohemian, procrastinated his book-work dangerously, and so was occasionally a second horse in the academic race. I succeeded in getting ahead of him once in classics, but he deservedly won the gold medal on graduation. He was the type of true honor and generosity, disdaining to take any advantages such as were not uncommonly taken by competitors for college distinctions. He was equally at home in mathematics as in classics, though in those days the latter was more affected by ambitious scholars. Dr. McCaul's splendid talents attracted the majority, and his appreciation was always shown of such as were emulous in his classes. Prof. Cherriman recognized his singularly original mathematical genius, and offered to promote his advancement if he would consent to go to Cambridge. But poor Huggard could not quit Canada. The "*res angustæ domi*" was the difficulty, of which probably the kindly-intentioned professor was unaware. Huggard entered law and then went to New York, where he died in 1868, in narrow circumstances. Possessed of the most brilliant abilities and of one of the truest open hearts that ever old U. C. College or Toronto University knew, alas! Huggard's light seemed to have gone out suddenly before it had the chance of becoming known in life's history.

William T. Mendell was a gentle-hearted soul, with fine instincts and of an ingenuous disposition, with a forte for mathematics. He was the only one who took much interest in that branch of study, with the exception of Huggard, at least until Prof. Cherriman came, when at once his fine scholarship, precept, and example popularized those hitherto rather unpopular and neglected branches—the genial Scottish Professor, previously Rev. R. Murray, being of a nature too kind and tolerant. The disparity of the physique of the latter, as compared with the true academic elegance of the Cambridge wrangler, was the subject of unfair advantages to the students of those days.

A well-remembered collegian of my years was Edward Jameson Alma, from Niagara, highly intellectual and indefatigable in his work, and with a peculiar ability for the study of logic, rhetoric, and history. He was of slight physique, and, I think, overworked himself. After entering law, he died after a brief illness. I chanced to pass through the venerable Niagara Episcopal Cemetery about 1857, and there to my pain read on a newly-erected monument the name of our fellow-student, with whom we all exchanged kindly adieux in 1853 in the old University structure in Queen's Park, on the site of the present Parliament buildings. What a change of style and architecture!

I would recall an old friend and classmate, naturally poetical, Samuel J. Bull, a Belleville youth—now a barrister—who had always the wisdom of moderating his pace at college and university, and was, I think, probably all the better for this in being hale and hearty, and successful in life. In 1853 he won a prize for English verse and I for English poetry and prose. I am afraid, however, that the "poetry" was rather of the machine made order than the result of genuine inspiration. Bull, I recollect, in our boarding quarters wrestled heroically with Byron's poems during the parturition—and I confess to great pangs before "Jerusalem" saw the light of day.

William L. Lawrason, of London, in old college days was a source of considerable envy to the ordinary collegian. His fashionable necktie, turned-down collar, and curled locks (very Byronic) gave him decidedly the advantage when Madame Poetter's Young Ladies' School were encountered on King street. 'Bill's anxieties were more over the lasses than his classes,' but he graduated B.A. all right. His future life I could not follow, but I think that he died many years ago.

On the 19th of April, 1853, Lawrason, Bull, Alma, Mendell, Huggard, Boyd, and I, together as classmates during our University life, received our B.A. degree



Boyd and I alone survive. Wm. Bettridge and Wm. Woodruff also graduated, but they were medical students. Brown, Marling, Bayley, and Edward Blake were junior sophisters. I well recollect Samuel Marling, brother of Alexander Marling, who for many years was one of the chiefs in the Education Department, a genial gentleman and efficient official. Brown was a solid-headed scholar, most unassuming and reserved, but of a kind heart. He was mathematical master at U. C. College for many years. Richard Bayley is a prominent barrister of London, Ont.

As Edward Blake's name is above recalled, I may say that he was an old U. C. College mate of mine in the Fifth Form. In those days he never appeared solicitous about the petty strifes and struggles of securing place, but rather naturally timid, reserved and shy. Some haggard form-mates would trespass unduly on this disposition, to irritate or tease him. Those who have since seen and heard him at the Bar, in the legislature or on the political platform, would think this, at any period of his life, incredible of Blake. But whatever he did was always finely wrought. His translations and college themes were always superior to those of the rest of the class, I thought, showing then the sterling quality of mind he has since so conspicuously exhibited everywhere as a master of language. Yet in those early days he preferred, I recollect, brevity of expression, rather than copiousness. He never seemed to care much for the drudgery or routine of class work; frequently absent or late, and acting as if his heart was not in it, as a rule. On one occasion, dear old Dr. Scadding gave us as the subject for Latin verse "The Crossing of the Atlantic Ocean in Nine Days." This was in 1849, in consequence of the short passage for that period of the "Great Western," then a record-breaker. Blake brought on a small slip of paper about six or seven lines, and the last not complete—hexameters. Others of the class drawing on their imaginations, few having ever seen the ocean itself, and much less knowing what the trip across to England meant, produced their labored productions. But they were, though far distancing Blake's for lines in quantity, utterly lacking in quality when read and scanned. Dr. Scadding complimented him, but was benevolently non-committal as to the others. Refined, dear, gentle Dr. Scadding, even-tempered always, always encouraging, whose venerable age and well-preserved faculties make him one of the most remarkable men of the day in Canada! How many hundreds of college and university boys link his name and memory with some of their tenderest feelings! A more charming life and character cannot well be imagined, beloved as he is by all, and honored amongst men everywhere!

With these hurriedly written pages, I close; observing that I, in my college days, have enjoyed many warm personal friendships, which, I think, have always been remembered in life—certainly on my part always cherished amidst many vicissitudes. The passing away of so many is a source of constant regret; one of the latest, a few weeks ago, being that of John McKeown, of St. Catharines, a brother county attorney, throughout life a sincere and liberal-minded gentleman, whose fidelity of faith, though different from my own, never allowed our friendship to weaken, showing how unwise it is to quarrel about religious questions when each is equally conscientious. Religion need never separate if the heart is sound.

George S. Herod, M.D., of Guelph, an old King's College graduate of 1847, my old friend and physician, to whom I mentioned some of these reminiscences, reminds me that we are fast becoming old. Not a professor of his time or mine still survives, unless Mr. Cherriman or Mr. Hirschfelder still live. Yet we are both in active life in our respective professions—with much to be thankful for, despite the many slings and arrows of outrageous fortune of the past fifty years,

HENRY WM. PETERSON.

GUELPH, 30th Jan., A D. 1897.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Precisely at twenty-one minutes past eight o'clock last Friday evening, when about thirty students, most of them from the School of Practical Science, had assembled in the Reading Room, somebody concluded that it was time for the meeting to commence. Accordingly, with considerable noise, they made their way up stairs, and in due time the President, Mr. McLennan, took the chair. After the reading of the minutes there was some discussion as to whether they should be accepted, because some report of the Conversazione Committee was not contained therein. Mr. Dingman contended that as the Society two weeks ago had requested a report from the aforesaid Committee, and since the Society had accepted this report as read at the last meeting, the said report should appear in full in the minutes. Several gentlemen tried to enlighten him upon this subject, and Mr. Hancock moved that the minutes as read be adopted. Mr. Dingman moved in amendment that this report be inserted in the minutes, but he was ruled out of order and the motion was carried. Mr. D. A. Ross, the Treasurer, then announced that the treasury was empty, and called on the fourth-year men to pay their fees, which was vigorously applauded by the other years.

As this was all the business on hand, the chairman called upon Mr. Hinch for the first item on the literary programme. That gentleman responded with a very pathetic recitation about a mining incident in Wales.

Then followed the annual S.P.S. debate, the subject being: *Resolved*, That Government ownership of railways is advisable. The affirmative was supported by Mr. J. A. Bow and Mr. E. Andrews, of the S.P.S., and the negative by Mr. D. A. Ross and Mr. H. M. Little, the last debater having been substituted for Mr. T. I. McNeece.

Mr. Bow, the leader of the affirmative, held that as railroads are useful, and, in fact, necessary for commerce and civilization, they should be maintained for the public benefit and not for private interest. If the Government owned the railroads the profits would go to the state. Moreover, there would not be, as at present, two or more different lines running to one town. In the midst of his peroration the chairman called time, and Mr. Bow stopped immediately amid great applause. Mr. Ross, the leader of the negative, spoke of the great expense necessary to buy the railroads, and also to keep them running on account of the many officials, usually employed in government works. He gave several points in succession, but so quickly, that it was impossible to note them down.

During Mr. Andrew's speech the S.P.S. men applauded vigorously. He made use of the analogy of the post office and said that, as it was run successfully under government control, there was no reason why the railroads should not be. Mr. Little opened his speech by remarking that Mr. Andrews was off the track, but whether it was a railroad track or not he did not say. He attacked the argument about the post office, which, he said, always contributed a deficit to the finances of the country. He told a story of Chauncey M. Depew. Some person laughed and the chairman requested order. Mr. Bow then gave a five minutes' reply, and the chairman arose to give his decision. Before doing so, however, he mentioned the fact that the speakers referred to each other by name. He said it was not a good practice and he wished it to be stopped, as it is much better to use such terms as "the leader of the negative," etc. He then told a humorous story about his own experience with government railroads in Europe last summer. Had it not been for this story it is doubtful whether anyone would have been awake when he gave his decision, which was in favor of the affirmative. Indeed, so dry was the meeting that when the audience went out into the damp, dark world many of them caught cold.

N. R.



# The Varsity

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## THE CONVERSAZIONE.

**A**GAIN has come around to us the week of the Conversazione, that week of all the year of a transcending interest to the undergraduate, with social inclinations. This notable institution, for so long a time such a prominent feature with us, seems to have quite recovered that old-time vigor, which, with a great deal else, perished in the celebrated fire which afflicted us some seven years ago. After a period, during which the practice of holding such an event fell into desuetude, two years ago it was revived, and since then has, with the greater experience of those who have been annually placed in charge of its arrangements, and of those whose good fortune it has been to enjoy the splendid evening's entertainment which it affords, steadily grown in capable management and popular favor. From the information which the various committees for this year have already given forth to the public, no one can doubt that their efforts will result in a Conversat, far exceeding in its general results those of the last two years, and rivalling those brilliant affairs of a decade or more ago, which still linger in the memory of Toronto society, and which the present generation have so frequently been pointed to as evidencing that success which they should strive to attain.

The question has been often asked, of late, if we are not having too many events of this nature in University circles. We think that at least the query is justified. Considering the trouble which is entailed upon those who are given the task of looking after the various arrangements, and the general disturbance of the routine of every-day life, which the ordinary undergraduate experiences before and after such occasions, however enjoyable and beneficial they may be in moderation, there is certainly great danger in their being carried too far. There are, without doubt, certain needs in a person's nature, in an undergraduate no

less than an ordinary citizen of the world, to which such events minister. Poets have sung, and practical observers of human life have borne them out, that there is nothing half so sweet in life than the pleasures of youth, entered into with all the buoyancy of one's youthful nature. The man or woman to whom pure sentiment does not appeal, who is unable to enter into the pure enjoyment which contact with persons and things affords, is far from the realization of a complete and happy life. But here, as everywhere, the one great thing to be guarded against, is the habit of going to extremes. Our college life is not for the purpose of cultivating that less serious side of our nature, which appears on such occasions as conversaziones, class receptions, and the like. This is cultivated as well, perhaps better, outside our college halls.

Yet there is a different kind of social life, one which cannot be fostered so well in any other place we believe, as in a university, the lack of which is considered at length in an article which appears in another column. We can quite agree with most of the conclusions at which our contributor arrives in emphasizing the need of a closer contact of undergraduates with one another, and with the general professoriate body, in their life from day to day. It is this rather than the other, we think, that is most important to us just now, and the one that is in the most danger of being neglected.

As to what we may call the less serious kind of social life, that of which the conversazione is the chiefest evidence, we do not think that with the general conditions of university life remaining as they now are, it will ever need special fostering care, with respect to certain classes of undergraduates. The great danger will always be that it is thought too much of. With us we do not think that so far there is any room for complaint on this ground, though there may be in other universities. We have, on the other hand, in our midst a large number whose interest in such things might much increase to their own good. They are certainly as much to be blamed as those who go to the other extreme. But leaving such considerations aside, we think that there is a need of a word of warning, though not of reproof. The number and variety of our social affairs have, without doubt, been increasing in quite recent times. It will be to the true interests of the University if we see that the movement does not go too far.

But we hope that nothing which we have said in this connection will be taken as a reason for discouraging the Conversazione. There will always be room for one great social event in the college year, one occasion on which to throw open our doors to our friends among the outside public. Every smaller affair of the kind should always give place to this, in order that it may ever be worthy of the institution and the student body, which is responsible for it. There need be no fear that the enthusiasm for this will ever grow too great. This year we have the advantage of having at the head of affairs a most capable and enthusiastic committee, the members of which have spared no efforts in making the most complete preparations. The least that those, whom these have relieved from their share of the labor, the results of which will

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



redound to the glory of our students as a whole, will be to give them the most conclusive evidence of appreciation of the work done by their hearty support, in bringing the event to a happy outcome, financially and otherwise. If this is given them there is no doubt but that the *Conversazione* of 1897 will go down as one of the most successful in the whole course of University history.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is the earnest desire of the Business Board of this journal to be able to close their financial year with the academic. To do so, it will be necessary that the subscribers among the undergraduates should pay in their yearly subscriptions as soon as possible. If this is done, it will save much trouble to all concerned, and will enable next year's management to start with the business of the previous year completely disposed of. Members of the Board are to be found in the Varsity office in the afternoon for the receipt of subscriptions. We sincerely hope that this intimation is acted upon, as a college journal does not stand on quite the same footing as an ordinary newspaper or magazine. It is not the property of the management, but of the subscribers, so that it seems a trifle anomalous if the latter have to be dogged about for payment of their just dues. The student, with the paper's interest at heart, should certainly not be backward in this material support.

\* \*

At present the treasury of the Literary Society is empty, a state of affairs due to the wide functions which the Society is called upon to discharge. Within the last week or so it has been called upon to send three men to Montreal as defenders of our honor, or the medium of assuring McGill of the friendly feelings which exist amongst us towards her. To meet coming obligations, then, it is requested that as few as possible delay in paying off their yearly dues. It is particularly necessary that the members of the fourth year should do this, in order that their names be included in the new list of life-members of the Society which is being compiled.

### THE SESAME.

We are pleased to learn that the *Sesame* will be ready for publication next month, and that the disappointment which was universal on its non appearance last year, will be fully atoned for by the increased number of the contributions from the pens of the best writers. The *personnel* of the editorial board has been considerably changed since last year, and now includes: Miss A. E. Tennant, '97, editor-in-chief; Miss Mackenzie, '92, Miss E. E. Scott, '97, Miss MacDonald, '98, and Miss Lawson, '99, assistant editors.

The magazine in its first annual number will contain articles on a variety of interesting topics by the most talented graduates and undergraduates of the University, and promises to be a literary treat of unexcelled merit. Among the contributors to the initial issue are Mrs. Dr. Barker, Edinburgh, Mrs. Watt, Miss Chase of India, and Misses McOnet, Durand and Helliwell, as well as several well-known undergraduates in attendance at present. We are sure that the appearance of the *Sesame* will be awaited with great interest, and that the ladies in charge of the enterprise will feel rewarded by the hearty support it will

receive from the students. The price of the magazine will be thirty five cents.

### HERE AND THERE.

Our representatives on the McGill Debate have been the recipients, during the past week, of the most hearty congratulations upon their well-earned success.

\* \*

The *College Exponent*, the paper of the University of Montana, makes an amusing criticism of Poe's lines:

And the raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas  
Just above my chamber door,  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming  
Throws his shadow on the floor,  
And my soul from out that shadow  
That lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted

Nevermore.

It asks where the lamp was placed so that the shadow was cast on the floor.

\* \*

A proposal for the following "sliding scale" of prices was rejected by the Executive Committee of the *Conversat*, for admission to the annual entertainment, *including extras* :—

Political Science Students unattached, \$1.00 net; attached, \$1.75 net.

General Course Students, unattached, 75c. net; attached, \$1.25 net.

Modern Language and Natural Science students, unattached, 50c. net; attached, \$1.00 net.

Classical and Mathematical students, unattached, 25c. net; attached, 50c. net.

Philosophy and Oriental students, unattached, free; attached, 25c.

### CHESS.

A match was played between the University Chess Club and McMaster on Saturday afternoon, with the subjoined result:

VARSITY.		M'MASTER.	
Keys.....	1 0	McKay.....	0 1
Potts.....	1 1	Russell.....	0 0
Shenstone.....	0 1	Ritchie.....	1 0
Keith.....	0 1	Proctor.....	1 0
Jordan.....	1 ..	Matthews..	0 ..
Hobbs.....	1 0	Shenstone.....	0 1
Boyd....	0 0	Mode.....	1 1
Armstrong.....	1 ½	Vichert.....	0 ½
Richardson ..	1 1	Grant.....	0 0
Total, 10½.		Total, 6½.	

### Y. W. C. A.

The only important matter of business discussed at the last weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. involves a change in the night of meeting. In compliance with the request of the Primary Medical Association, which cannot hold its meetings on any other night than Wednesday, it was decided to hold all future meetings on Tuesday, at 5 o'clock instead of on Wednesday as hitherto. The topic for the day, The Parable of the Talents, was taken up by Miss Sinclair, in a thoughtful and interesting paper. After an open discussion by the members of the same topic, the meeting adjourned.

E. M. SEALEY, Cor. Sec.

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St. W.



## Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Last Thursday Rev. W. R. McIntosh, B.D., of Annandale, addressed the Association. A few years ago Mr. McIntosh was one of the most enthusiastic Association men, and in opening his address, he spoke of the desirability of having in the University an organization which stands pre eminently for God and His work in the College. He urged the responsibility that rests on students to give loyal support to such an Association. Mr. McIntosh followed this with some pointed and stirring remarks on "What think ye of Christ?" He showed that this is the supreme question in the life of every man. It has the most vital bearing on every other question that will find a place in his life. The paramount significance of the issues at stake demands that as early as possible a halt should be made, the nature of the question apprehended, and an honest and well-defined answer given.

Next Thursday Prof. H. J. Cody will address the Association.

## S. P. S. NOTES.

The debate on Friday was one more victory for the School. The subject, "Resolved that the State Ownership and State Control of Railways is Preferable to that by Private Corporations," should have been particularly adaptable to Political Science men; and being left to the choice of the S. P. S., seems to have been chosen with a determination to either lose the day or "beard the lion in his den," which latter has been assuredly done. This is twice in succession that the School has won. One peculiar feature in connection with both debates is that the two representatives from the School on each occasion were mining students. Why miners should have a better grasp of such complicated questions than Political Science men it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it is because they are in the habit of going so deep in all the work with which they are connected.

The true spirit of S. P. S. freshmen is at last manifesting itself. Perhaps it required experience to demonstrate the efficacy of the "tap." Such, now, they at least possess. We do not know where they (the freshmen) got the initiative, but the senior years were reminded vividly of old times when, as they filed into the cloak room one fine day at 5 p.m., recently, they observed a *once* too gay freshman, perched upon the table in the centre of the room, and the walls of the latter lined with a row of relentless accusers. We will not burden the reader with an account of the very wordy trial which was in progress. The defendant's coun-

sel could not save him. So he was submitted to the tender mercies of the "Brute Force Committee." This was the first. On the second occasion affairs took a different turn. Now, it is a strange but a sad fact that there is an intuitive tendency for the first year to divide itself in mechanicals on the one side, and civils and miners on the other. Such a division served the former very well in preceding years, when they were eighty per cent. of the year; but things have changed. On the occasion in question the division was latent but precipitated by a trap into which the civils appear to have led the mechanicals. The unfortunate on trial was a civil, but—a mechanical went under.

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on the 3rd inst. The chair was taken by the Vice-President, Mr. H. C. Carpenter. Two papers were read, the subjects of both of which are at present of considerable interest to people of this country, and particularly of this Province. The first, entitled "Some Notes on the Stamp Mill," by Mr. J. A. Bain, contained a good exposition of ore-dressing and milling, referring particularly to free-milling of gold ores. This department in mining is at present of most importance to Ontario miners; and in the delivery of the paper Mr. Bain showed a very good grasp of the subject. The second paper was entitled "Roads and Streets in Ontario." In the reader of this paper, we were pleased to have with us a gentleman in the person of Mr. A. W. Campbell, Road Commissioner for Ontario. The subject dealt with is one, the importance of which has yet to be appreciated by the people of this country. Mr. Campbell first gave an account of his dealings with various town councils in different parts of the Province in the matter of street improvements. He showed what a mess was usually made of the work when supervised by local officials, who thought they knew all when they knew nothing, and said that his principal difficulty was in persuading them to employ competent engineers. The paper dealt with the subject in a general way. The best materials for and methods of construction of a road depended upon local circumstances and conditions, viz.: climate, proximity of good road material, use to which the road is to be put, etc. Drainage is of prime importance. The location of country roads should be carefully chosen. Mr. Campbell dwelt particularly upon the question of putting all such work under the superintendence of good, competent engineers. He said that there were very few men in the country at the present day fitted as such, and hinted strongly at the advisability of students taking it up. Some good discussion followed the reading of the paper. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Campbell by the Society, and the meeting adjourned.

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## THE WOMEN'S LIT. "AT HOME."

On Saturday evening last the Gymnasium was the scene of what has come to be one of the most pleasant social functions in connection with our college life—the annual reception given by the Women's Literary Society of University College to the Faculty and students. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, shortly after seven o'clock the guests began to arrive and soon thronged the hall. They were received, as they entered, by the Honorary President, Miss McKenzie, the President, Miss MacMichael, and the Vice-President, Miss Scott. A very efficient Reception Committee, under the direction of the President, then looked after the entertainment of the guests. The members of this committee were all very prettily gowned in fifteenth century costumes, and looked as fair and dainty as did ever the noble maidens of King Henry's Court, when 400 years ago he sent out Sebastian Cabot to discover our fair Canada.

The Decoration Committee, headed by Miss L. K. White, '99, had transformed the usually bare Gymnasium into a very pretty reception hall. Everywhere throughout the building were traces of the work of this committee—in the entrance hall, in the association's committee room, and in the pretty sitting-out corners arranged upstairs.

The Reading Room, which in its ordinary aspect may provide an intellectual feast, but has not a scrap of artistic beauty, was by the energies of the Tea Room Committee, guided by Miss McPhail, '97, also transformed for the occasion. Streamers of blue bunting decorated the walls and ceiling, two large tables decorated with smilax and flowers, and prettily lighted by candles, were fairly laden with good cheer in the shapes of cakes and jellies, and other dainty edibles, for which credit must be given to the Refreshment Committee and its convener, Miss Scott, '97. Two hundred years ago King George III. granted a charter to King's College, the predecessor of our own institution; and as one passed into this room, one's mind instinctively reverted to those by-gone times; for here were maidens, clad in the olden styles with the dainty short-waisted gowns, the powdered hair piled high on their heads, and the quaint patches of our great-great-grandmothers.

The Reception lasted two hours, and during this time hastily improvised programmes for the informal dance that was to follow, were filled out. At nine o'clock the musicians played the first waltz, and in a few minutes the dancing was in full swing. It was a pretty sight to watch, as men of the nineteenth glided through the waltz or deux-temps with girls of the fifteenth, seventeenth, or nineteenth century; the quaintness of the old-time costumes making a pretty contrast with the modern ones.

At a quarter past eleven the strains of "God Save

the Queen" heralded the close of one of the most successful social functions the society has ever held, and for which too much credit cannot be given to the President, Miss MacMichael, and her energetic committee. KAY.

## THE VARSITY-STRATFORD GAME.

Stratford had the partial satisfaction of defeating by superior play their conquerors of the week before, but not decisively enough to win the series. The supporters of the blue and white were very much downcast at the lack of combination shown by their team. The forward line of Varsity showed a total loss of combination play, each forward when he got the puck doing his best to keep it from everybody else and to score by his own unaided efforts. Stratford, on the other hand, having been taught the folly of that style of play, passed most unselfishly.

The teams lined up as follows: Varsity—Goal, Waldie; point, Scott; cover, Parry; forwards, Morrison, Snell, Elliott, Shepard. Stratford—Goal, Herne; point, Gibson; cover, Pethick; forwards, Macfadden, Downs, Farquharson, Miller. Referee, E. P. Brown.

From the face Macfadden secured the disc, shot behind, and the puck came out to Farquharson who scored, to the delight of the red and white. Score, 1—0. The next game was a hard-fought one. Time and time again the Stratford line formed and came down, but in vain, Parry Scott and Waldie doing magnificent work. Shepard and Elliott made several very brilliant rushes, but failed to score. At last Shepard got a clean shot, the goal umpire's arm went up, but the game was not allowed. At last, after seventeen minutes of hard hockey, Morrison was sent to the fence for stopping the puck in the air, and with one man the best of it Stratford scored, Downs doing the trick on a pass from Macfadden immediately from the face. Stratford scored 3—0. Varsity pressed Stratford hard for the remainder of the time, but failed to score on account of the admirable defence of Herne, who seemed to be in the way of everything.

Stratford started the second half as though it would make the necessary four to win the series, since they scored in the first 30 seconds. But Varsity from now on had a mortgage on the puck and retained it very persistently. After many vain attempts to storm their opponents' citadel, Snell scored on a pass from Shepard. Score, 4—1. Stratford's heavy-weights were now showing the signs of wear and Varsity's lighter men stood guard over the puck, and it was but seldom that Stratford got away with it. Just before the call of time Parry and Snell made a combined rush. Parry shot, but the puck went wide, Snell took it behind the goal and passed out to Parry, who, with the aid of Herne, scored. 4—2. This final score left Varsity the winners of the round by a total of 11 to 6.



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An Ottawa correspondent sends the following: "The Toronto University Club, of Ottawa, held its annual dinner on Thursday evening, Jan. 28th, at

Mrs. Ritchie's hostelry, Aylmer, Que. The trip to Aylmer, in a special car provided by the Hull Electric Co., was very enjoyable. About forty graduates of Varsity were present, representing the faculties of Arts, Medicine, Science and Dentistry. Mr. Otto J. Klotz occupied the chair, and the sister universities were represented by Mr. R. H. Conroy, of Aylmer, vice-president of the McGill Graduates' Society, and Mr. James F. Smellie, secretary of the Queen's Alumni Association. Mr. Thorp Blyth presided at the piano, and Mr. Whiteley, B.A. Sc., sang several capital songs. Letters of regret were read from the Hon. Wm. Mulock, honorary president of the Club, the Hon. Clifford Sifton, and Fred B. Hodgins, of Toronto. Perhaps the best speeches of the evening were those by the only Jim Smellie and William Wilfrid Campbell, the Poet of the Lakes. The latter replied

to the toast of Canadian Literature with an earnest and eloquent address on the cultivation of the ideal in University life. Among those present, who will be remembered by the present undergraduates, were Lorne McDougall and Chas. Pratt, of '93; J. T. Blyth, Dave McLennan and P. A. Lindsay, of '94; Bert Macmillan, '95; F. B. Proctor, Jack Osborne and J. McLeish, '96; Art. Campbell '97, and Dr. W. R. Greene, a recent graduate of the Dental College. The journey home was enlivened by jolly college songs, which seemed to be enjoyed quite as much by the gray-bearded graduates of the sixties as by the boys of the nineties."

The members of the Heating and Lighting Committee of the Conversat have been wearing a most wearied look during the past days, as a result of the arduous duties which have been imposed upon them.

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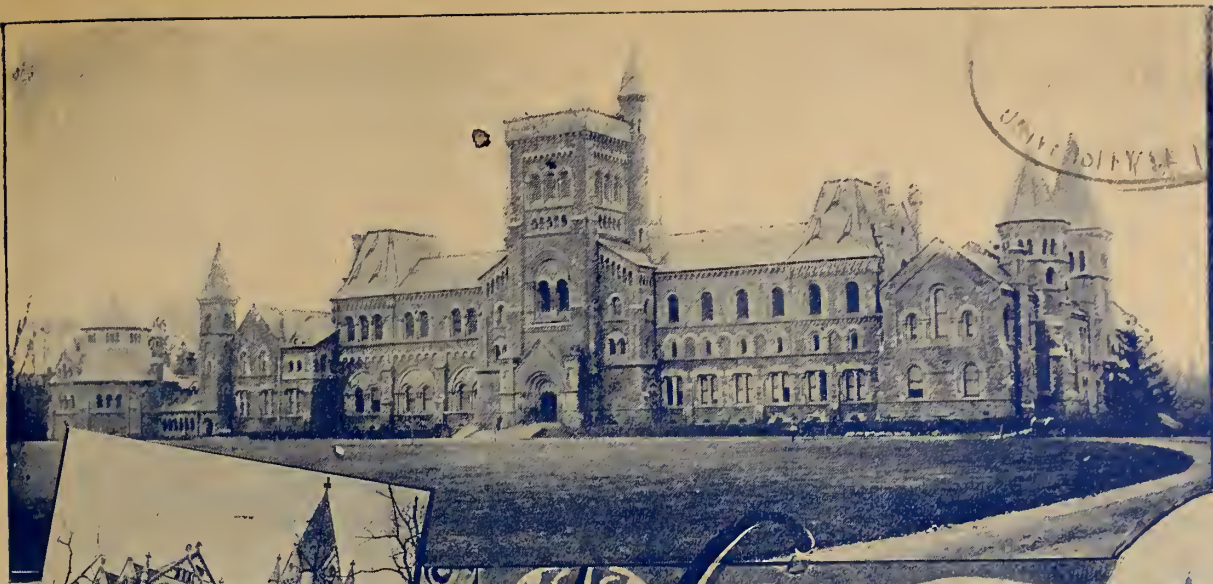
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University of Toronto.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1897.

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# THE VARSITY.

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## DREAMLAND.

'Tis midnight's hour, and all the land  
Is wrapt in slumber calm and deep,  
For nature's soft caressing hand  
Hath soothed our souls in sweetest sleep.

She spins a web across our eyes—  
A magic web that seals them tight,  
She wafts our souls thro' azure skies  
And 'mid the wonderlands of night ;

And there past scenes, thro' softest light,  
Of youthful days, and olden times,  
Rest for a little on our sight—  
Then melt away like dying chimes

We're young once more and breathing love  
At eventide to fairest maids,  
And swearing by the gods above,  
Our love is love that never fades.

Again return our childhood's days,  
When we were sheltered from life's storm,  
We see our good old father's face,  
And our dear mother's loving form.

Sweet sleep ! or rather dreamland sweet,  
I love thee for thou lead'st me thro'  
Thy sunny ways, again to greet  
Old faces, happy times renew.

WILHELM

## SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.

The Scottish student, at least "the lad o' pairts," whose picture, like the portraits of royalty, has travelled far afield by way of the genius of such men as Ian Maclaren, has obtained much foreign recognition because of his really stoical indifference to personal discomforts for sake of a college education ; but every year, almost, is lessening the opportunity and occasion for such heroic privations. For, although there is no university in Scotland that has, in the matter of endowments, scholarships, etc., a moiety of the wealth of Oxford or Cambridge, yet the disparity in comparison is more apparent than real, for in Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow the scholarships are large and numerous enough to supply the by no means ambitious bodily wants of nearly every student of talent and deserving industry.

Unlike those two famous English seminaries, the Scotch University is not a finishing school. "You do not care," said Huxley in his Rectorial address at Aberdeen in 1874, "to make your university a school of manners for the rich ; of sports for the athletic ; or a hot-bed of high-ted, hypercritical refinement, more destructive to vigor and originality than are starvation and oppression. No ; your little bursaries of ten and twenty (I believe even fifty) pounds a year, enabled any boy who has shown ability in the course of his education in those remarkable primary

schools, which have made Scotland the power she is, to obtain the highest culture the country can give him ; and when he is armed and equipped, his Spartan Alma Mater tells him that, so far, he has had his wages for his work, and that he may go and earn the rest. When I think of the host of pleasant, moneyed, well-bred young gentlemen, who do a little learning and much boating by Cam and Isis, the vision is a pleasant one. . . . And when I turn from this picture to the no less real vision of many a brave and frugal Scotch boy, spending his summer in hard, manual labor, that he may have the privilege of wending his way in autumn to this university, with a bag of oatmeal, ten pounds in his pocket, and his own stout heart to depend upon through the northern winter . . . determined to wring knowledge from the hands of penury ; when I see him win, through all such outward obstacles, to positions of wide usefulness and well-earned fame, I cannot but think that, in essence, Aberdeen has departed but little from the primitive intention of the founders of universities, and that the spirit of reform has so much to do on the other side of the border, that it may be long before he has leisure to look this way." The "bag of oatmeal" has something in fact to warrant the use of it in this connection, though the downrightness of the phrase would impress Huxley's hearers with its grotesqueness rather than with any sense of general truthfulness, but the point of this extract is, that the Scottish University is preparatory, while it may be added that it is not needlessly elementary. The curriculum is for nearly every man a means to an end, and perhaps it is for this reason that the college course of the majority of Scotch students seems sombre in comparison with the friskiness and free living which are popularly supposed to enter importantly into the lives of gentlemen of leisure at the more aristocratic seats of learning. And it is most probable for this reason chiefly that since a man's start in his chosen work begins where his university career ends, and since it is of immense practical service at the outset, that he has done well as a student, the spirit of competition is intense. The two brilliant men who have outdistanced all competitors are battling for first and second place. The strain is terrible. Hundreds of their fellow students are looking on and discussing their chances, the varying successes and failures of each gladiator, until the great day for one of them, when, amid the generous applause of the whole university, he is declared possessor of the coveted place and prize. The other students have not been idle. There are inferior positions to be gained ; little circles and eddies of contention and strenuous rivalry there are all down through the class to the poor, solitary men who have no strength to challenge any of their fellows, but are all the time fighting off that wolf at the door, failure. It is splendid but it is not war, said an amazed spectator of the charge at Balaclava. And in such situations, familiar to students everywhere, there is an irresistible attraction for a young man of spirit, but wholesomer conditions may readily occur to every mind.

However, it is not easy to get rid of the conviction that examinations and, necessarily, therefore, this feverish competition, are as indispensable as the professors and students themselves to university life. The question remain-



ing is, how to relieve the strain, for the average student at any rate. We believe that the Scottish Universities are wise in having written examinations at short intervals; in most of the classes four such examinations during the session. At Glasgow there is a written examination in Natural Philosophy, taught by Lord Kelvin, every Monday morning on the work of the preceding week. Greater frequency limits the amount of material to be crammed and stowed away into the student's mind; it gives him several opportunities of recovering himself, and it greatly diminishes that sickening dread which "one chance only" inspires. Whatever will minimize this haunting fear of failure, which many students experience causelessly, without encouraging the dawdler in his dawdling (and the frequent examination is this man's peculiar bugbear), is to be welcomed and encouraged. "Teaching by lecture," says Goldsmith, "will make men scholars if they think proper; but instructing by examination will make them so, often against their inclination." Paradoxical as it seems, it would appear to be in the interest of the student that by frequently undergoing it, he familiarizes himself with this ordeal. Besides, he in this way receives his knowledge in smaller and more convenient portions; to which proportions it is not assumed that there will be a very general undergraduate assent.

I would mention also the oral examination, which must be regarded as another eminently desirable if eminently uneasy stimulus to daily work. The publicity and the uncertainty of this experience combine to wean most students from thoughts of crowding their preparation into the two or three days immediately preceding the examination day. This trial, coming at the caprice of a professor, is an instrument of genuine test. And it would be difficult to over-estimate the trepidation of a sensitive student at the thought of being asked curtly and ignominiously to "Sit down, sir!" in presence of two or three hundred of his fellow-students. His aversion to being the object of so succinct an address is increased by the double disgrace that is fixed upon him. Every student who comes with the day's task unprepared is expected to lay upon the professor's desk at the beginning of the lecture hour a note to that effect, so that if he manifestly knows nothing about the lesson, and his card, for which the professor rummages, is not found among the little pile of excuses on the desk, it is not merely his diligence that is smirched but his honor as well. This last, it is a pleasure to state, is a point of care on the part of the average undergrad., so that what Emerson said of Oxford and Cambridge is not untrue of Scotch University society, "One cannot be in better company than on the books of one of the larger colleges." We have been present when a class received in absolute stillness, verging almost upon awe, the rebuke administered to one of its members for an offence which, outside the walls of a university, would be looked upon as venial; and on another occasion his classmates unanimously and heartily hissed a man for publicly taking unjust advantage of a professor's indulgent nature. There was more in that unusual reproof than is advised in a prudent little publication recently issued for the benefit of Freshmen at the University of Cambridge. The title of this brochure is "The Fresher's Don't," and, with the rest, contains this bit of sage counsel, "Don't show contempt for Deans. They are a well-meaning class and very powerful."

The curriculum in a Scotch University may appear to be inelastic and unaccommodating. A course is laid down with hardly any freedom of choice on the student's part. The authorities guarantee the absence of vexatious difficulties, such as the clashing of class-hours and examination days, and require of him only that he be industrious and faithful. The course is, consequently, not so attractive because not so varied as many might desire, but what it

loses in this respect it gains in simplicity. Prof Huxley in his address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University discussed among other things, "Whether a curriculum should be prescribed, or whether a student should be allowed to range at will among the subjects which are open to him," and decided in favor of the former. "The important points to bear in mind," he said, "are that there should not be too many subjects in the curriculum, and that the aim should be the attainment of thorough and sound knowledge of each;" and similarly in speaking of a medical education, "Depend upon it there is only one way of really ennobling any calling, and that is to make those who pursue it, real masters of their craft, men who can truly do that which they profess to be able to do, and which they are credited with being able to do by the public." Oliver Goldsmith, referring to travel, says: "Wandering is not the way to grow wise," a sentiment sure to be indorsed in some rare lucid blinks by the student who is hot-foot after that will-o-the-wisp, "the contemporaneous pursuit of a multiplicity of diverse studies." John Stirling's studies were of "the most discursive, wide-flowing; not steadily advancing along beaten roads towards college honors, but pulsing out with impetuous irregularity. . . . And perhaps it was not the express set of arrangements in this or any extant university that could essentially forward him, but only the implied and silent ones; less in the prescribed course of study that seems to tend nowhither than—if you will consider it—in the generous (not ungenerous) rebellion against the said prescribed course." This Carlylese is true literally—if John Stirling and such men are not of that great company of men who are largely in excess of the John Stirlings everywhere, and are therefore entitled to consideration. And it is still possible that even Stirling would now be owing his reputation rather to himself than to a friend's generous tribute had he been of a less wide-flowing and discursive disposition. He furnishes one of those rueful instances of splendid ability frittered away by indirection. And where the talent is not of this transcendent kind, there is all the greater need for compression. It is bad enough when Bardo lies overthrown in his learning like a cavalier in heavy armor. He may be altogether a brave scholar, maugre his predicament and inutility. His actual worth is nothing; what he might do is not calculable. It is worse when he is no wiser than the moths which

"have eaten more  
Authentic learning than would really furnish  
A hundred country pedants,"

but worst plight of all is when a man is compelled to maunder like a child lost in a thoroughfare and ready to boo-hoo for the sheer strangeness and inconsequence of his condition. His capacity is not consulted. Relatively he is asked to cram into his finite, God's infinitude. Let him be master of some one thing, however poor and small, rather than be in servitude to many subjects. When a student is "capped" *Artium Magister* he receives the degree much as he would purchase goods at long credit, and conscious that neither the goods nor the degree belongs to him until he has wiped out the arrears, he honestly falls to work. Mastery is the keyword. "I can't help remembering," says Holmes, "that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had *small* libraries, I think, if any, yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood; and, I think, if we could ask Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company."

In a great variety of subjects there will be some uncongenial and most will be but lightly learned. Only what is deeply pondered and slowly assimilated remains. The rest is largely loss. The ordinary student is capable of much within his power. He is capable of *nothing* be-



yond that. Beyond that, every demand made upon him, if he tries to respond, only injures him. Friswell says: "Unhappily prize boys and prize poems and prize everything except ploughs and sewing-machines turn out badly here. . . . Cramming produces a boy who blows early like a flower forced in a hot-house, and which afterwards puts forward neither flower nor fruit. . . . The purport of education is only to fit a man to learn, not to fill him with learning. We do not take all our meals at breakfast time."

A SCOTCH GRADUATE.

### THE NEW LEARNING.

Mr. Biggar, in last week's VARSITY, extended to us so genial an invitation to join him in discussing the evils of our University system, that one undergraduate, at least, has found it impossible to resist him—especially since he has hospitably provided us with arguments of so toothsome a fallibility. My readers may remember that Mr. Biggar found two very obvious defects in our Alma Mater, one arising from the curriculum, the other from the presence of a body of students, who are the innocent cause of class socials and of a mysterious "bad effect" upon the men. We presume, from the becoming deference with which Mr. Biggar has approached this latter origin of evil, that he has reference to the lady undergraduates of this institution. It is doubtless owing to the large sufferance of the afflicted gentlemen that attention has not been called to this "effect" heretofore. Or it may be that some (not so badly affected as others) find it possible to attend to their studies as well as their class socials, and are willing to forgive the unfortunate young women who annoy them with this unwholesome influence, on the supposition that the offence may be mutual. The disturbing element, of course, must be careful. We are only enduring their presence among us on condition that they behave themselves, and if they manifest so eager a desire for our company that we cannot attend to our books, we shall be compelled either to exclude them altogether from the delights of our society or to leave the place ourselves.

The second great fault of our system is the length of the present curriculum. We have with us a large number of students who came to this University to acquire culture—and the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The two are inseparable. No one would think of seeking an education outside of the curriculum, because no one can gain his degree outside of the curriculum. To possess a degree: that is the aim of all education, the crown of all culture. Now, the students who are seeking culture may be in the minority—but has the minority no rights? What do the authorities know about drawing up a curriculum, at any rate? Have not some of us been attending lectures here for *four years*? Can we not teach everybody everything? Gentlemen, the curriculum must be shortened. If the powers refuse us, let us organize an agitation, mob the janitor, and shake the walls of this abode of ignorance to the last pane of glass in its foundations!

The third sin in Mr. Biggar's catechism is a sin of omission. The professors, we are told, do not show that interest in their pupils which the many admirable qualities of these young gentlemen should win for them. Now, we admit that young men—for Mr. Biggar has altogether ignored the young women in this section of his discourse—are by reason of their inexperience, their ignorance, and their general immaturity, peculiarly interesting to those who have long since ripened out of such green acidity; yet one can imagine that after a professor has seen some half-dozen classes enter the lecture-room with the howl and stamp of freshmen, pass through their several removes, and attain at last to the sober arrogance of a B.A., he may begin to grow slightly *blasé* and indifferent to their innate attractiveness, and feel not a little weariness, even,

to find the seventh invasion of the great uncultured quite as rough and as juvenile as was the first. Professors are, after all, no more than human; and if they content themselves with teaching us how to be scholars, and leave us to learn our "manners" elsewhere, pray are *we* to upbraid them? Are the professors, then, to teach us etiquette? We are told to turn our admiring eyes upon the English tutorial system. *There* is perfection itself. Yet the historian Gibbon, who had some experience thereof, cannot find a good word for it. He wished Oxford to adopt a method similar to that which we have at Toronto. Of course, it may be argued that the abuses of which Gibbon complained a century ago have been all corrected since then. We do not doubt it—remembering the ease with which our own grievances were lately set right by means of this almighty "organized agitation."

It is not necessary to consider in detail the remainder of Mr. Biggar's bill of grievances. Let us grant that the undergraduates of Toronto are "overflowing with high ideals and aspirations," which an unfortunate conjunction of circumstances prevents them from inflicting upon one another; that the situation of the University has its disadvantages; that there are some trifling difficulties in the way of its removal; that the defects in our Residence prevent the growth of a too narrow college spirit, and are not favorable to the formation of Greek Letter Societies and other cliques of mutual aid and admiration. These misfortunes are not unmixed evils, and moreover we undergraduates do not need to be taught more than once that we cannot change the direction of the ocean currents by raising any tea-cup tempest of "organized agitation" around the lecture-rooms of this University.

H. J. O'HIGGINS.

### THE CONVERSAT.

There was a *Conversazione* on Friday last. The invitations announced (although they were not intended to), that it would be a "*Conversazione and Ball*" They were quite accurate—they would have been even more so if they had said "*Ball (and Conversazione)*." Socially it was a "howling success." Almost all of the people that one doesn't know, but has heard of, were there, and as they were good enough to wear very gorgeous gowns, they were interesting to contemplate. Furthermore, there were some of the prettiest girls there I ever saw. I met two of them—I think they were twins—and I don't know now which was which; and as I bored them both almost to death, it really doesn't matter.

Individually the work of the *Conversat* Committee was excellent. The decorations were handsome, and for once not too lavish, the refreshments were by far the most satisfactory I have ever found at such a function, the music was first-class, the programmes were original and tasty—even the Heating and Lighting Committee performed its arduous labors in a due and proper manner, and was greatly blessed, more because it had discreetly left undone (in Room 9, etc.) that which it ought not to have done, than because it had done what it ought to have done in the rest of the building. There are many that love darkness rather than light, but who shall say it is because their ways are evil? Some of the people who were within ten feet of the platform said that the concert was good, and everybody said that Miss Miller looked charming—further than that I could get no information. The exhibits were exceedingly interesting, but failed to interest, which may sound curious, but is true. I looked into Room 3 once and saw an S.P.S. man, all by himself, gazing ecstatically at a stereopticon view of the Coliseum, and murmuring "The next slide, ladies and gentlemen, will be —." Then I slid. I wanted to see the chicken embryos, in order to be



able to tell my landlady just how long the breakfast eggs had been incubated, but somehow I failed to connect.

Everybody came to the Conversat to dance, at all costs, and pretty nearly everybody danced. The floor of both halls was crowded—every now and then a solid mass of humanity (I think that is the correct phrase) would come together at one end and wobble helplessly around until the storm centre shifted to another latitude. Both the music and the floor were splendid, and the temptation was simply irresistible, but there were far too many people dancing to allow of much real enjoyment. It must have been a magnificent lesson to many in the suppression of profanity.

There was not a detail of Friday night's arrangements that anyone could reasonably censure (many people said the ticket limit should have been lower, but the Society cannot afford to lose money); but the general scheme, in the opinion of most of the guests, was not an advantageous one. A dance is perhaps the ideal of social enjoyment, but it is not a Conversat, and it will not mix with a Conversat. The Society's annual function has now become a dance, exactly like the T.A.C. dances and the Grenadiers' Ball, except that skeletons and chicken embryos are provided for the amusement of the dowagers whose dancing days are over. It is rather foolish for the Society to spend money on a concert, and the scientific clubs to spend time on exhibits, which receive as little attention as these do now. Let us either give a dance, pure and simple, cut down our expenses and rigidly restrict the sale of tickets, or else let us have an At Home, at which there will be nothing to occupy the minds of the guests to the exclusion of every other interest during the whole evening. We have several dances now every year, in the Gymnasium, which is better adapted for the purpose. Let us have a Conversat.

#### Varsity vs. T. A. C.

Varsity showed in this match the combination which they had unfortunately lost the night that they met Stratford. Time and time again throughout the first half, the blue and white line swung down the rink, passing freely and unselfishly. The team was greatly strengthened by the changing of Morrison for Parry, who showed all the necessary qualifications of a first class player. Barr's weight, too, on the soft ice was a great strength, and as long as he lasted the T. A. C. defence had to keep wide awake. Shepard and Snell both played with the greatest effect, Shepard's erratic rushes completely foiling the T. A. C. defence. Snell, too, was always in his place, and played a remarkably unselfish game. The defence in the second half had their hands full and did their work well.

The teams were as follows: Varsity—Goal, Waldie; Point, Scott; Cover, Parry; Forwards, Shepard, Barr, Snell, J. Parry. T. A. C.—Goal, McMurrich; Point, Windeyer; Cover, Brumell; Forwards, Johnson, McArthur, Miller, Carruthers.

The game began with hockey of the most brilliant description, and after erratic sallies by both forwards, Shepard tallied two minutes from the blow of the whistle. Score, 1—0. The puck was hardly faced when Miller and Johnson broke away with the rubber, and successfully eluded Waldie. Score, 1—1. Varsity now went one better, and in less than fifteen seconds Parry shot, the puck coming out in front to Shepard, who slammed it through. Score, 2—1. The next game, though quite as fast, was longer in duration, and though the "blue and white," and also the "garnet and black" forwards made gallant efforts to distinguish themselves, the honor fell to Windeyer, who scored on a roof-scraping lift. Score, 2—2. "Biddy" was responsible for the next, as he stopped Windeyer's lift, and immediately scored. Score, 3—2.

Two minutes later Parry scored on Shepard's pass. Score, 4—2. Carruthers now tied his sling to the puck, and after passing Parry and Scott, passed to Miller, who scored 4—3. Shepard and Windeyer now came into collision, but Parry seized the puck, handed it to Barr, who did the trick. Score, 5—3. Two minutes later Snell scored, 6—3. The players were beginning to be rather tired, and the games were longer. McArthur and Johnson were guilty of deceiving Waldie, and the score rose to 6—4. For the rest of the half the puck wandered up and down, all parties missing chances to score, but at last Shepard found the puck in the midst of a "scrim" and hurled it past McMurrich. 7—4.

The second half began with a lot of clean, fast hockey, interspersed, however, with some rough play and lots of crosschecking. Johnson at last achieved the coveted honor. Score, 7—5. Parry, the cover-point, hurt his knee, and the players took a short rest. To and fro the puck travelled, sometimes determinedly, sometimes aimlessly, and it was not for a quarter of an hour that any one could call the puck his own long enough to score; but at last Parry tallied with a shot from the boards. 8—5. Windeyer saw a golden opportunity, and starting from before his goal he carried the disk past the Varsity defence and scored 8—6. The T. A. C. were working hard to even up, and after a series of determined rushes they notched another, 8—7. In the minute that was left they were unsuccessful in scoring. So ended a hard-fought and brilliant game. E. P. Brown showed himself to be a model referee, and both teams were thankful for his fairness.

#### INTER COLLEGE HOCKEY LEAGUE.

It has been decided to hold a series of inter-year and inter-college games. Representatives of colleges and years met on Saturday and drew up a schedule. Owing to the lateness of the season the games will have to start this week, in fact some are played now. Owing to the fact that the first team might be in the finals, the dates for the second, third and final round were not fixed. The schedule is as follows:

- A—'97 Varsity vs. '98 Varsity—Tuesday, 2 p.m., at Varsity rink.
- B—'99 Varsity vs. '00 Varsity—Tuesday, at 4 p.m., at Victoria College rink.
- C—McMaster vs. St. Michaels—Wednesday, 2 p.m., at Victoria College rink.
- D—Knox vs. S.P.S.—Wednesday, at 4 p.m., at Victoria College rink.
- E—Dentals vs. Meds.—Wednesday, at 2 p.m., at Varsity rink.
- F—Victoria College—Bye.

#### SECOND ROUND.

- A and B—G.
- C and D—H.
- E and F—I.

#### THIRD ROUND.

- G and H—K.
- I—Bye

#### FINAL.

- K vs. I.

#### BASEBALL.

The annual meeting of the University of Toronto Baseball Club was held Thursday afternoon in the Students' Union. The attendance was very large and enthusiastic, and everything points to a successful season. This year's material is better than ever before and the teams are confident of giving a good account of themselves. Two teams will be put on the diamond, an unprecedented step in Varsity baseball circles. A number



of home games have been arranged as well as two extended tours to the American colleges and through Ontario. The services of Marr Phillips, who has had over twenty years' experience and is consequently an old veteran at the game, have been secured at great expense, as coach for the coming season. The list of officers will be published next week.

### S. P. S. NOTES.

The Engineering Society held its regular meeting on the 10th inst. This meeting was expected to have been of special interest on account of the promised appearance of a prominent architect, Mr. W. B. Mundie, of Chicago, who was to have read a paper entitled "The High Building Problem." A number of architects of the city were present. And great was the disappointment when it was learned that, through pressure of business, Mr Mundie would not be able to appear in person. However, he sent his paper to the Corresponding Secretary, by whom it was read.

The paper was prepared in such a way as to be of interest to both undergraduate and experienced architect. It dealt with the subject in a general way. High buildings, or commercial structures, as the writer calls them, are necessitated by the great value of land in our large American cities. The architect has very little scope for artistic effect. He is limited by the cost and the wishes of the owner, who is building in order to get the most for his money, and not with a desire to add to the beauty of the city. But several good suggestions were given, showing how architectural effect could be arrived at without adding to the cost, and still maintaining the convenience and economy of the "factory-like" structure. From an engineering standpoint, also, the modern, high building is a difficult problem. It consists principally of a "cage," or skeleton of steel, built so as to support itself, all the masonry outside, and all the interior construction work. The question of foundations is perhaps of greatest importance; the weight resting upon every part of which must be calculated, and the footings designed accordingly, in order to prevent uneven settling, and hence straining and cracking the structure. The cage must be well braced all over to withstand the effects of wind pressure. The above are some of the points considered in the paper, of which we regret that space will not permit a full synopsis. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Mundie by the Society.

Following this paper was another entitled "Specifications for Concrete Sidewalks," by Mr. A. J. McPherson, Town Engineer of Gal., Ont. A letter accompanied the specifications, and consisted of general advice concerning such to the inexperienced graduate who was setting out on this line of work. As Mr. McPherson was not able to appear in person, both were read by the Corresponding Secretary. Discussion followed the reading of the papers, and some interesting facts were mentioned by those experienced in high building architecture and in concrete road work.

The prospecting class has gone, and comparative quiet once more reigns in the north end of the school. The following lines were written by one of the specials in mining, and are very appropriate at this point, although, for the sake of the departed heroes, they should have been brought to light at an earlier date:

In the spring of '97, forty men with joy elate,  
Started out to make a fortune for the year of '98.  
Forth they went with little hammers, little magnets, little  
files,  
Little lunches in their pockets, hoping soon for little  
piles,

Off they started, bravely singing, "We are from the S.P.S."  
"Now we're miners, forty niners, knowing nothing;  
more or less."

"Soon we're going to make our fortunes, in a month or so  
at most,"

Thus these happy miners (?) started, trusting in the  
foolish boast.

But alas their golden visions vanished like a cloud of  
smoke

As first one and then another of their little hammers  
broke

Then they found their files were useless, and their magnets  
wouldn't pull.

So these broken-hearted miners (?) straightway went  
and each got full.

Up and down, and back and forward, round and round  
these miners (?) went

Hunting gold by sun and moonlight, till their ready  
cash was spent.

Still the gold was not forthcoming, so these weary miner  
men

Gave up hunting, gave up hoping, turned their faces  
home again.

And, while tramping home, they chanted "'All things  
come to those who wait,'

"But I wish I had 'eight dollars' for my fare home  
on a freight."

### THE CHARGE OF THE HUNDRED PROSPECTORS.

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,  
Into the woolly west marched the one hundred,  
Jeered at with laugh and yell,  
Bravely they walked and well,  
Into the land of gold, alias the Mouth of Hell,  
Tramped the one hundred.

Miners to right of them, miners to left of them,  
Miners behind them busted and blundered,  
No time to reason why,  
No time to make reply,  
Gold, gold, their only cry,  
Noble one hundred.

Shovel and pan in hand, boldly they made a stand,  
Picking up gold bricks, while all the world wondered.  
Gold, did I say, alas!  
Not even decent brass,  
Iron pyrites dismayed the one hundred.

Calespar and plagioclase, feespar and orthoclase,  
Hornblende and quartzite, confused the one hundred.  
Massive and schistose rocks,  
Crystals and rhombic blocks,  
Till they felt certain that  
Some one had blundered.

When can their memory fade, oh! the mistakes they made.  
Loudly and deeply they cursed, and they wondered.  
Then they turned home again,  
Sadder but wiser men,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of one hundred.      PROS SPECTRE.

"O tell me where is fancy bred?"  
She asked, and getting bolder,  
She placed her little darling head  
And chignon on my shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in  
My soul than in a Shaker's,  
Replied with idiotic grin  
"You'll find it at the baker's."—E.r



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## STATE AID TO HIGHER EDUCATION.

IN THE Speech from the Throne, delivered during the past week, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly, there was one item of particular interest to University men—the proposal to set aside certain lands in the New Algonquin Park district as an aid to the work which this University has been doing so long and so nobly, under what those in the best position to know consider to be very straitened circumstances. The insertion of this in the programme for the coming session is, it is supposed, the result of the appeal made some weeks ago by our authorities to the Provincial Executive, an appeal, the effect of which was watched with considerable interest, alike by the general body of citizens and those in one way or another connected with this institution. A large section of the newspaper press of the Province, for by no means the first time, addressed itself to a consideration of the question of state aid to the higher learning, for which a university stands. As was perfectly natural, we find some very diverse opinions expressed, but on the whole a fair spirit was manifest. As to the general merits of any of the contentions raised, we do not intend to express an opinion here, for several reasons. In the first place, we do not think that the general question can be adequately treated in the space or with the capability at our disposal. The great trouble with all such matters of discussion is that men are too apt to make a few rash generalizations from which to derive their rules of practice, neglecting to notice the many qualifications which must be made with all the complex conditions to be considered. The subject is one within a large department of political science; and that government which would act without due consideration of the opinions of those who have spent their lifetime over such problems as this would indeed be neglectful of its

trust. Further, we do not think that, even if we were competent, what we would say would be of much value, as our columns are not addressed to those who (at least for the present) would have any great influence in changing the general current of governmental policy in this regard. At any rate, the question as to how far higher education should depend upon the state for support is to a great extent an open one. It is, however, fraught with much importance to the nation and to the individuals who make up that nation, and should, therefore, be considered carefully on all its sides.

But from time to time, and particularly within the last week or so, some have gone further than to criticize the policy of supplementing the ordinary University receipts, by contributions from the Provincial funds. They have seized upon the question of the rightness or wrongness of that policy, to belittle, as a whole, the work which is being done by the higher seats of learning in this country. They have advanced the same, old, time-worn arguments, pointing to the stock of impecunious professional men in our midst, and to the hardy sons of toil removed from a prosperous agricultural life to waste their energies in a soft-handed calling for which they are unfitted. They have, in short, by indicating some of the difficulties in the way of the spread of university education, and by emphasizing some of the evils which arise from it, striven to show its general undesirability. Here we have no open question. No true graduate or undergraduate can allow such attacks to pass unnoticed. There are without doubt numerous difficulties in the way of the wide extension of this higher education. In the present state of the world's development it is quite impossible to make it, in the words of a distinguished educationist (Pres. Angell), "free as the winds that blow." It must be admitted that it is mostly incompatible with certain forms of manual labor, without which we cannot at present get along very well. As a result, there is much justice in the contention that the means of gaining a university training should not be made too easy.

But not for one moment let us consider that such hindrances should detract from the general regard for its splendid results in the individual, and through him in the race. We cannot here expatiate upon the great advantages which we, in common with the cosmopolitan brotherhood of university men, enjoy over the rest of our fellows. If that institution, which a man calls Alma Mater, is doing its work properly, if he seizes the rich offering that she makes, no one who has any experience of the college man, and has had the means of comparing him with others, can deny that his life is the more in uniformity with the ideal, to which every life should aspire. He may not become a man of great material wealth, but if his natural powers are such as to make him worthy of a university training, he need never fear, with industry and patience, of earning a livelihood necessary for the realization of what really constitute the highest aims of existence. The truly successful man is not always he of fabulous riches, nor yet he who wields the greatest power in the world of thought or action.

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



We cannot better convince ourselves of the importance of the university man in the national life than by reference to an article by President Thwing in the *North American Review* for November, in which he brings out some statistics. Out of 1,170 clergymen named in the standard work of reference as to notable ministers of religion in the United States, seventy-four per cent. of the Episcopalian, seventy-eight per cent. of the Presbyterian, eighty per cent. of the Congregational, and ninety-seven per cent. of the Unitarian, are graduates. Five out of the commonly accepted six great poets are graduates. The five greatest historians are also university men; of the Presidents there are fifteen, of the Vice-Presidents thirteen. Every Chief Justice has been a graduate except John Marshall, who was a student at the College of William and Mary, when the Revolution interrupted his course. More than two-thirds of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court and about two-thirds of the present Circuit Court Judges have also been college men. It is when the facts of the matter are thus so directly brought home to us that we realize the importance of university work to a country, and satisfy ourselves, despite the many efforts to disparage it, that our sojourn here is not altogether useless, either to ourselves or to humanity as a whole.

#### AT THE CONVERSAT.

##### A TRUE STORY.

I am young yet, but I don't think I am impressionable, that is, not easily impressionable; and if people think I am, I would much rather they wouldn't express their opinions to me as they often do. Well, I am young, but I am somewhat of a "masher." Even I will admit that; so when, in the early part of Friday evening, a pretty girl dressed—how well I remember how she was clad—dressed in white organdie, with a bunch of violets gracefully pendant on her breast, coyly looked at me from underneath her eyelids and gave me the prettiest smile I ever received, I immediately, metaphorically speaking of course, fell at her feet. I hastened around, seeking some one who knew her to introduce me. I waltzed up to grave seniors and strode up to baby-faced freshmen. All in vain—no one knew her! I had discovered an unknown goddess. Meet her I must. How little did I suspect the fluttering emotions I had excited in her breast. I had always maintained, to myself of course, that my eyes were heart-breakers, but I have never before had such proof of their powers. I met her again in the hall. She was alone; so was I. "My eighth and ninth are vacant," were the melodious words that fell on my delighted ear. "Mine were, but they are not now," was my gallant answer. I had always felt ambitious to be considered gallant. We passed on, but her sweet face and gracious manner haunted me ever. The dances passed slowly one after another. At last the seventh was over, and with beating heart, conscious flush of triumph, beaming eyes, head erect, etc., etc., I proceeded to our rendezvous. She was there waiting for me, with her beaming smile. She took my arm. Tremulous quivers—well, never mind about that.

"This room is so crowded, let us sit the dances out," I suggested. "Yes, that would be much nicer," and I noticed her eyes seek my face. (Again the tremulous quiver act was repeated.) So we strolled down stairs along the long corridor on the way to room 9, which, with my usual foresight, I perceived was dark.

"Ain't the decorations nice?" Oh the charming disregard for conventionalities expressed in that one little word "ain't." How much nicer I thought it would be if all of Toronto's society would adopt the style of my "Queen." "Yes," I observed, "the decoration committee worked well." (I was on the D. committee.) Now I knew the proper way to give her the opinion that I was no mere nobody was to show my acquaintance with Toronto society. So I began, "I suppose you were at the Grenadiers' ball last Friday night, weren't you?" "No, I didn't go to that one." "Well, I suppose you were at Sir So-and-So's ball on Jarvis street?" "No, I didn't go to that one either." She *must* have been sick. "How was that, have you not been well?" "O, yes, I have been very well; but I feel so tired after being in the shop—" "What!" I gasped, "in the shop?" Her face turned all of a sudden from being charming to a really most common face. Her beaming smile was beaming no longer. The tremulous quivers had stopped quivering. I turned and fled. She sold me this writing paper at Eaton's the next morning—afternoon, I mean.

Yes, I am young yet.

H.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The last German meeting of the term was held on Monday last, in room 4, and was one of the most instructive which the class has held. The committee was fortunate in securing two members of the staff to discuss the difficult subjects before them. Prof. McCurdy read a paper on Ruckert, as Poet and Orientalist, and was followed by Dr. Needler, on Napoleon and the German Poets. The closing number was a German reading by Miss Lapatnikoff. The meeting next Monday will complete the course of study on The Development of the French Drama. The programme is as follows:—1. Alexandre Dumas fils, R. H. Rowland. 2. François Coppée, Miss Mullins. 3. Maeterlinck, J. G. Muir.

#### BANJO, GUITAR AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

The coming concert of the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, with the College of Music Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the patronage of Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, promises to be one of the most popular concerts of the season. It will take place on the 26th of February, in the Pavillion. The Banjo Club, which is a favorite, has some strong new pieces, one of which is a Chinese characteristic piece called Ah Sid, by Baur. The Ladies' Mandolin Club are working hard, and are at present having double rehearsals. One of their numbers will be the very pretty Spanish song La Polona, in which Miss May Dickenson in costume sings the solo. The clubs will be assisted by the very best of local talent, Miss Jessie Alexander, Elocutionist; Miss Francis World, Soprano; Miss Edith J. Miller, Contralto; Mr. Paul Hahn, Cello; Mr. W. S. MacKay, Basso and Mr. G. F. Smedley, Banjo and Mandolin soloist. Mr. Paul Hahn's Cello solo will be one of the best numbers, as the ladies are preparing a very pretty obligato. Exchange tickets may be obtained from any member of the club, and the lowness of the prices should certainly meet the approval of the students. The plan will open at Nordheimer's, Monday, February 22nd, at 10 o'clock.

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St. W.



## Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

At the meeting of February 4th Mr. Fred H. Barron, who was Varsity's delegate to the Y. M. C. A. Convention, recently held in Ottawa, made his report to the Association. Among other things he said: The number of delegates from the different universities and colleges was small, but the College Session was of a very interesting character. Mr. Fraser, of Queen's, read a paper on "Method and Means for Association Work in our Colleges." Some of the points emphasized in the discussion which followed, were: (1) All students should heartily co operate in the work of the College Y. M. C. A.; (2) Association men should be thoroughly in sympathy with the different phases of College life, *e.g.*, Literary Society, Football, etc.; (3) As believers in Jesus Christ, our spiritual life should be pure, warm and vigorous, and should occupy first place in our thoughts. Another feature of the Convention was the Bible Readings on the "Holy Spirit in a Believer's Daily Life," by Dr. Scofield, of Northfield, Mass. The Holy Spirit is given for our guidance. He will guide us in every detail of our life, both secular and religious, and He will guide us towards the ideal life in Christ Jesus. No Christian should rest content with anything less than such daily guidance. One delegate also pointed out that each member of the Association, after graduation, should identify himself with the Local Association of the town or city where he may be residing. The training which we get at College should not be spent all on ourselves, but should be used for the benefit of our fellow-men, and one of the places, where we can come face to face with young men and give them the benefit of our training, is in the Young Men's Christian Association. The Y. M. C. A. is one of the most powerful bodies for good in our land. It does not work in opposition to the Christian Church, but is really the young men of the Christian Church, doing special work for young men, and College graduates can be a tower of strength to such organizations.

Our delegate, while attending the Convention, assisted in the morning service of the West Methodist Church, and also gave a five minutes' address at the "Farewell Meeting" on Sunday evening.

A highly interesting address was given last Thursday by Mr. T. S. Cole, Travelling Secretary of the Provincial Y.M.C.A. Mr. Cole gave a very interesting account of the growth of the Association movement in the towns and cities of America. When he entered the work 27 years ago there were only 12 Association buildings in America. Now there are over 300. He told of the days when old Shaftesbury Hall was the Association building in Toronto. Referring to the Railroad Department of the work, Mr.

Cole stated that there are at present 120 railroad Associations, and that \$150,000 a year is given by railway companies. The G.T.R. had just made a grant of \$18,000 to be spent this year on Railroad Association buildings in Canada. The speaker went on to tell of the amazing growth of the movement in the colleges of America, and of the development, within his memory, of the University College Association. There was at present a great need for men of education and ability to become general secretaries. This, the speaker explained, was a very hard field, but a very needy one. Concluding, Mr. Cole emphasized the oneness of Y.M.C.A. work, whether in towns or in colleges, and called on students to help the Associations in their own towns in every possible way during vacations and after graduating.

Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, secretary of the Canadian Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, addressed the Student Volunteer Union on Saturday.

This week Prof. Hume will speak at the Thursday afternoon meeting.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held in Room 16 Friday, Feb. 5th, a large number of the members being present.

Mr. Hedley, '00, treated his subject, "Physical Research," in a fashion that elicited the well-deserved applause of the audience. Starting from Archimedes' discoveries in Hydrostatics, he reviewed Galileo's work in Optics, Newton's on Gravity, Fizeau's on Velocity of Sound, and closed with a review of the electrical discoveries of the last two centuries.

Miss M. Northway, '98, gave the third of a series of papers on "Recent Science," contributed by the ladies of the Physical Class, '98, and in her hands the enviable reputation of this class was fully maintained. The principal subjects dealt with were the work of a French astronomer on the action of the different rays of the spectrum on vegetation, an electrical apparatus for opening and closing doors automatically (which chivalrous students would gladly see introduced here), and an application of the phonograph to teaching languages.

Mr. E. T. White, '99, contributed one of the best biographical sketches the Society has listened to this year. "The Life of Cayley" probably furnished better material than usual, but much of the credit must also be given to the writer. Cayley was the greatest of modern pure mathematicians, and at the same time a most modest and unassuming man. His death, which occurred in August, 1895, was lamented by all his contemporaries. COR. SEC.

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## A BIT OF LIFE.

"What meaneth life? Why do we live?  
 'Tis strange we seem to but begin  
 To serve our God, that is to live  
 To tear away from clinging sin  
 When He calls us."

Thus thought the old man on his bed,  
 His brow deep knit, his teeth tight pressed,  
 He smiled—"I see it now," he said,  
 "Who only *learns* to serve is blessed."  
 And God called him.

## THE ROWING CLUB ASSURED.

From the temper of the large and enthusiastic meeting, which was held in the Students' Union on Wednesday last, it looks as if a Varsity Rowing Club would certainly be a thing of the future. Its success is all the more certain on account of the strong support which the scheme is receiving from President Loudon, Prof. Baker, Prof. Hutton and others, and on account of the liberal offer which the Argonaut Club has made to the promoters. Indeed, from all appearances, the prospects for a strong club seem to be particularly bright, and before many years we may expect to see a Varsity eight, which will make as creditable a showing for its Alma Mater as the clubs in other branches of athletics have already done.

Before calling upon President Loudon to take the chair, Mr. D. B. McDonald, chairman of the organization committee appointed at a previous meeting, explained the origin of the movement and the purpose of the present meeting.

President Loudon, in opening the meeting, expressed the great pleasure which it afforded him to preside on such an occasion. To have a rowing club at Varsity, he said, had always been one of his greatest desires, and was an object which he had made spasmodic efforts to attain about fifteen years ago. The attempt, however, proved a failure at that time; but now, with the favorable offer of the Argonaut Club, he hoped to see the University of Toronto Rowing Club date its birth from the jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign.

Prof. Hutton cited a few of the difficulties which would meet the students in forming a club, but thought these could be surmounted, as others had been, without much difficulty.

Prof. Baker, who, by the way, is himself an old oarsman of repute, also added his share of encouragement to the scheme, as well as Dr. Fick, of Victoria, who has had a varied rowing experience in Germany.

The President then asked Mr. Bunting, a graduate of '92, to say a few words on behalf of the Argonaut Club,

and he explained the terms which his club proposed to give. Students are to receive all the privileges of the club for five dollars a year, but he suggested that they form an organization of their own, whose officers could treat with the Argonaut officers as a whole, and not individually as the students had formerly done. He expressed the opinion that inter-year matches, which could be brought off about the third week in June, at the same time as the Argonaut races, would be a good idea to infuse interest into the movement.

Mr. Denison, as an Argonaut officer, promised the Varsity organization a hearty welcome to his club and assured them that every assistance possible would be given.

The kind welcome of the Argonaut Club was thoroughly appreciated by President Loudon, who thanked Mr. Denison most heartily on behalf of the meeting. He then, after some brief reference to his phenomenal career, introduced "Ned" Hanlan.

The great oarsman demonstrated to the meeting the marvellous advantages which were derived from rowing. By being an oarsman he had visited every part of the world where the English language was spoken, and had since the opening of his career won more races than any man ever born. If a club was formed at Varsity he promised that "Hanlan is at your service for any assistance he can give." He expressed faith in Varsity's athletes by saying, "I am ready to stake my life that I can get the material in Varsity to whip any eight-oared crew in the world."

The meeting then formed itself into the University of Toronto Rowing Club and proceeded to draft a constitution. Mr. McDonald had one ready, which was read and adopted clause by clause.

The next business was the election of officers. The list drawn up by the organization committee was satisfactory to the meeting, which elected the following gentlemen:

Hon. President	-	-	President Loudon.
President	-	-	Mr. D. B. McDonald.
Vice-President	-	-	Mr. G. C. Sellery.
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	Mr. J. G. B. Merrick.

A committee composed of three undergraduates from University College or affiliated colleges is to be chosen by these officers.

Before the meeting broke up, Mr. McDonald asked all those who wished to become active rowers to send in their names at once to Mr. Merrick, in order that arrangements might be made with the Argonaut Club.

The Big Seven, reinforced by Mr. Jack Baird, of Victoria, held their séance last week, at 252 McCaul St., on Thursday, from four to six. Sunday morning, without reinforcement, they attended service at the German church.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

We regret that lack of space causes the exclusion of much valuable material from our columns this week.

The Mathematical and Physical Society hold an open meeting on Tuesday, Feb. 23rd, notices of which will be seen on the bulletin boards.

On Saturday, after the Executive of the Modern Language Club had sat for their photograph, Professor Vander Smissen invited the body to luncheon at Webb's. There a most choice and dainty repast was partaken of, and the officers parted, voting the president a thoroughly jolly good fellow.

'97 Arts students intending to enter the Law Society of Upper Canada should give notice to Herbert Macbeth, sec. of the Law Society, Osgoode Hall,

Toronto, on or before Monday, April 19th. The necessary papers for admission can be had from Mr. Macbeth. Students must pay \$1 with their admission papers and \$50 as soon as admitted. The Law School exams. are as follows: first year, April 26; second and third years, May 4th to 15th.

A meeting on Weismann was held on Tuesday by the Natural Science Association. The subject was treated by G. W. Ross, '99, and F. H. Scott, '97. This Association purpose holding their popular open meeting on the evening of Friday, the 26th. A programme of addresses and music will be presented for the early part of the evening, after which the museum will be open for inspection and promenading.

In our issue of Jan. 20th we published a review of the Cabot Calendar, in which there appeared slight errors

that we desire to correct. It was Miss Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon who assisted in the work of compiling it. Most of the drawings were done by Miss M. Cary McConnell, the remainder by Mrs. Fitzgibbon, while the designing, was done by the Toronto Lithographing Company.

A very interesting meeting of the Political Science Association took place last Thursday, at which a question was discussed which is now of very great importance in county administration. The County Poor-House was made the subject of very able and interesting papers by Messrs Hancock, Bray and Rutherford. This was the meeting which was to have been held on Thursday, February 4th, but which was postponed on account of the unavoidable absence of several of the expected participators, notably of the audience and the officers.

**Shorthand Class**

One of the members of the Class lately concluded is taking copious notes of lectures, beautifully written, and one of the lady pupils of the same Class writes to a pupil in the present one that she has attained a speed of 120 words a minute.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 17.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1897.

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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1897.

No. 17.

## SHADOWS.

O life, so young, so wild, so sweet,  
Thou dost not deem forlorn  
Those wearied souls where grief has beat,  
And joy'st while others mourn.

But ah! within the future years,  
When those by Sorrow's throne  
Have gained a respite from their tears,  
Thy heart may mourn alone!

J. T. SHOTWELL.

## BOOKS AND OTHER MATTERS.

In making a beginning at this column I fear I shall be thought to have "opened up in opposition" to my friend, "Brian Boru." Far from that, this is the long-delayed fulfilment of a promise to attempt to supplement the delightful *Meanderings* on occasions when his classic stream proves altogether too sluggish to move his barge. But I fear I have undertaken a rash task. Shall the most pensively frivolous of Shakespeare's fools take the place of that fierce whiskered sovereign of Old Ireland? Perish the thought!

\* \* \*

Talking of the Irish, there seems to be a genius for narration running through the whole nation. I believe there are a score—nay, a hundred—Mulvaney's in the world, and their offspring rival them. There is a small, ubiquitous Mick living next door to me, whose thrilling exploits make my youthful brother's eyes almost pop out of his head for wonder and horror. Here is a very ordinary example of his prowess. He told it himself, and he ought to know the facts of the matter. "I got a pistol at Christmas. They didn't know it would shoot bullets, but it would. I used to go out and shoot dogs with it." (He is ten years old.) "I got found out, an' they were going to hang me. I dug a hole in the yard an' got into the back end of it. Radcliffe, the hangman, came up to get me, an' I shot him an' dragged him into the hole an' buried him. Then another policeman came up, an' I shot him too, an' two more too. But I buried them all, an' when they didn't go back to the gaol, they thought I'd moved away, an' give up trying to find me. You can believe me or not, but I wish I may die if it ain't all true. I'd show you the pistol, but I threw it away so as not to get caught." The police may have the street and number by applying through VARSITY.

\* \* \*

After all, good stories—new ones—are what we of this fag end of the century are craving for. We are, for the most part, sick of hearing of drawing-room insipidities. We are waking up to the fact of the world's being a big place. A man like Kipling makes us feel what a tremendous engine it is. And we want to see the wheels go round. We feel that we've been kept on the passenger's platform long enough. We want to go down below and stand in the glare of the furnace and inhale the salty sweat of the stokers, and let our linen get coal-dusty if it will. And we

want to see the *big* wheels go round, and see the pistons slip like living things bound in an eternal groove. Anyone who has read Kipling's "Seven Seas" has had his or her blood stirred to be up and out among the people who do things and do not only talk.

\* \* \*

Books of the other class—I mean even the great novels by Thackeray and George Eliot—are more apt to catch our attention from their subjectivity relative to ourselves. They make us see, and at last look for ourselves in the characters; and this is pernicious in the end. We are less held by the plot than we, perhaps, suppose. A man like Arthur Pendennis will attract a great following of readers from the ranks of young men, for they all feel that he is, for his time—and it is continuing still—the most natural of young men in fiction. And they are attracted to him by their own mirrored virtues and follies and vices. With his training and education his story is like the reader's own diary. I think few women find Pendennis strikingly natural. He is not the man of their theory. Hence, too, George Eliot's women are not always very real to us. We can refer their experiences and emotions to no passages in our own private history. Herein is one of the hidden criterions by which we judge an author's ability to paint true men and women.

\* \* \*

Dr. Parkin's prominence in a recent Varsity article reminds me of a little incident which befell a friend of mine at a little evening party. They were playing games, and in one of them one of the players was sent from the room, and those remaining having settled upon some man and some article or idea, the other was to return, and by questioning the circle find out what they were. Now, my friend had suggested the name of Dr. Parkin, and Imperial Federation. The others had looked wise, rather too wise it seemed to him, when he had done so, but they accepted the words. When the questioner entered and began to make inquiry regarding the unknown gentleman's qualities and state in life, it became evident that the questioned knew rather less than the questioner. At every query they turned their eyes upon my friend for assistance. But when it came to Imperial Federation, "Is it east of Bathurst Street?" asked the anxious inquirer. With one accord the questioning eyes were fixed upon my friend! O, ye well-groomed, empty-faced youths, and inane pink and white creatures, wherefore do ye exist and afflict the earth?

\* \* \*

But idiocy is not quite confined to the darkness beyond the pale of Varsity. Here is a picture, which is only unreal inasmuch as I cannot draw it skilfully enough. Indeed, I greatly fear ruthless Mr. Editor will exercise press censorship upon this as being too personal, so familiar will the incident be. A few mornings ago a hopeful youth drifted into the library and proceeded to seek the furthestmost bench. On the way thither he managed to put his elbow into the ribs of several disgusted readers, and his wit quite overpowering him, he closed the book of another. Having sprawled himself forth in a chair, he regarded all and sundry with an ample all-embracing grin, and proceeded to talk to the nearest in a manner expressive



of great gaiety of mind. They were unappreciative, but he was a long time becoming discouraged. Finally, having had enough of this exercise of the intellect, and having found in his pocket a bit of rubber, a new programme of amusement opened glitteringly before his vision. He proceeded to cut the rubber up and throw it about, especially among the ladies, accompanying the same with many unspeakable smirks and grimaces, and gleamings of the teeth. For the most part Dr. Nansen himself never encountered a more chilling frost, but one or two susceptible maidens were melted into a subdued but touching giggle. After a time the darlings picked up their books and left the library. This killing charmer followed after, calling down upon himself an avalanche of stamping. *O tempora, O mores!* Let us groan together, brothers and sisters who like it not, for these things at last cease to be amusing.

\* \*

As the ladies' college graduate hath it in her pink-ribboned essay, "Whither are we drifting?" Yea, whither? These grievous things have come amongst us in the last year or two. They put us in a state of mind which is neither pleasant nor healthy. I venture to say that most of the men watching such a maudlin exhibition as I have just described, are, in spite of their better selves, thinking nasty things about co-education; and if it is so with the men, what must not be passing in the minds of the women? Has it all come to this? If so, it is a failure, and will be a more exasperating failure every year. These are dreadful reflections, and, indeed, only born of an irritating moment. It is hard for us to be turned aside from hoping all things of a system which gives the same education to men and women, which keeps them complements of one another, as was manifestly the great first purpose; for this is the destruction of the female agitator and the sneering misogynist. The spectacled bearer of the awful green umbrella may rant and rave as she pleases. From the time of Elizabeth to the latter end of this century men have not regarded women as their equals, simply because they were not so. As Goethe tells us, it all comes to feeling in the end; and the fact that men felt the need of other men for their comrades and companions ought to show us that their own wives and sisters could not satisfy the want. Men are eminently natural; the equality of women will not be acknowledged by Act of Parliament until it is felt in the individual mind. And towards that is mightily working our great system of common education. No man can go forth from an institution such as we are now a part of without feeling this much-talked-of equality—possibly deep within himself he owns it a superiority. And he rejoices in this new-found power of companionship, in this appreciation and understanding of so many sides of his being, which he would never have been led to throw open to women whose lives have not been made in great measure common with his own. He finds the spooniness of the quondam *tête-à-tête* turned into the delicious fencing-bout of a conversation where there is opposition, where there is a foeman worthy of his steel. The women who bow their tired heads under the green lamp are fighting the battle for their foolish and indifferent sisters. The time will not be long when the 'gay Lothario' and the 'tabby-cat woman' will find their occupation gone, and vanish like the pterodactyl and the megatherium.

FESTE.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting held on Friday 19th inst., was one of unusual interest. Mr. M. A. Shaw, B.A., gave an excellent paper dealing with the problem of time from a psychological standpoint. Mr. T. C. Hood, '97, compared the ethical positions of Green and Sedgwick.

The programme for the next meeting, which has been postponed until March 5th, will include a paper by Miss

H. B. Mills, '97, on the relation of Neo-Platonism and Theosophy, and one by W. B. Lane, M.A., on some aspects of Lotze's Theory of Space.

J. W. BAIRD, Sec.

#### FACTS VS. ASSERTIONS.

In an article which appeared in VARSITY two weeks ago some statements were made which, as they reflect anything but credit on the work, the students, and the staff of the University, should not be allowed to pass by unnoticed. It is not to be supposed that the University is perfect, but any criticism offered should be founded on a knowledge of circumstances. Every reasonable undergraduate knows that whatever weaknesses there exist in our system, are not the result of the ignorance or the perverseness of the authorities, but of conditions which they would gladly alter if they could. My purpose, therefore, will be to examine the statements made, to inquire what part of the grievances complained of are real, and to find out how far the remedy of any real grievance lies within the control of the persons criticised.

Many of the weaknesses of which the writer complains are really not weaknesses at all. Before fault is found with any institution, this question must be answered, What is its function? Afterwards it is in order to inquire how far it fulfils that function. What he considers the function of a university, the writer does not tell us plainly. "Culture" seems to be what is aimed at, but we are told on "high authority" Canadians have difficulty in understanding the meaning of this word. What I glean from the whole article is that the purpose of a university course is the development of character. But is that the primary function? Is it not rather to afford facilities for the ardent, independent, disinterested pursuit of truth? Such pursuit of truth certainly results in mental and moral development, but that is incidental. Let me quote from Professor Laurie of Edinburgh: "I do not believe that the university forms character. Character in all its essential features is already formed in the young matriculant. The home and the school have done this." Self-reliance is the feature of university life. While in the kindergarten and public school, the student needs kindly, affectionate sympathy, and constant supervision of his work; but when he enters a university he should no longer crave for the discipline of the nursery, but be a man. No doubt, great men were produced under the English tutorial system, but this system is not followed in the universities of Germany, the greatest university country in Europe. Professor Seeley, in comparing the systems of these two countries, says: "We have isolated celebrities equal to the greatest of Germany, but we have not anything like the number of students engaged, each in his own department, on original and fundamental inquiry." To say, then, that the system followed at Toronto is not like that at Oxford or Cambridge is not by any means to prove it bad. A system which works very well in one country may fail entirely in another.

The function of a university, being to facilitate the earnest search for truth, what is the function of a professor? It is certainly not to play at "guest and host." It is not to sympathise with the "high ideals and high aspirations" of the youth who is "full of his own ideas." It is to inspire the student with something of his own love for his subject; to present truth in its most attractive form, and, most important of all, to be to him a living example of the fact that knowledge is power. How paltry it is, then, to apply this criticism: "No man can be said to be educated or cultured whose 'grammar is deficient,' yet there are university graduates now nearly connected with their Alma Mater who cannot say many words without murdering the Queen's English." I do not say that



the inaccurate use of words is of no account whatever, but I do say that it is too trivial to mark the distinction between cultured and uncultured, gentleman and boor. There may be men on the staff whose "grammar is defective," but what student cares for the husks and shells? If the kernel is sound he is satisfied. A lecturer, especially in Science, Mathematics and Philosophy, may use "shall" and "will" quite contrary to established usage, but may notwithstanding be capable of imparting information and stimulating thought.

That *defect* in the system which permits the presence at the university of "a large number of students who have, by the accident of sex and through no fault of their own, a bad effect upon the rest," is not dwelt upon. It is left untouched. But such a statement shall not be left untouched, because it is certainly unkind, and surely it is untrue! When we remember that many of the leading universities of the world have opened their halls to women; when we are not able to accuse them of any fault of their own, we might at least refrain from passing judgment on the problem of co-education. But that "large number of students who have a bad effect upon the rest" need no defence of mine. The common sense of the undergraduates is their best defence.

The statement that the professors have no personal interest in the men is a pure assumption. Take these statements: "The professors care little whether the undergraduates attend their lectures or not." "The undergraduates never discuss the professors as men." "When the professors do discuss individual undergraduates, it is as to their capacity for obtaining marks at the May examinations." "The students have no chance of making their acquaintance in any other capacity than that of a section of a peripatetic encyclopedia." I am not in a position to say that some of these statements in a qualified form might not be true of one or more of the professors. There are a great many of them, and I do not know them all. But the statements as they stand are untrue. Such sweeping general statements are their own contradiction. And further, what amount of personal interest and intimate acquaintance is possible? What amount of personal supervision of work can reasonably be expected? By last year's class list there were sixty-three students in Political Science, in Ethics sixty, in Honor English one hundred and sixty-one, while in Modern History in the third and fourth years alone, there were one hundred and four. Consider the lectures to be prepared and delivered, the essays to be critically read and valued, the amount of reading absolutely necessary to keep in touch with current literature, and then consider the statement, "the remedy is wholly under the control of the professors and lecturers." What time has the professor of English to spend with each of his one hundred and sixty students, either by way of taking breakfast with him or discussing those "high ideals and high aspirations with which he may be overflowing"? It is for the lack of these breakfasts and discussions we are told that "Toronto University—perhaps all Canadian and American Universities—are centres of nothing except perhaps foot-ball." If the claim is valid the professors ought to consider it seriously. If a few breakfasts and discussions can change the position of our University from being a "centre of nothing," to a centre of the most advanced thought of the time, by all means let us have them.

Another defect in the system is that it does not provide means by which we may acquire knowledge of men and of the world; yet, having claimed this, the writer goes on to say: "An unavoidable evil, one which must ever impair the usefulness of the University, is its location in Toronto. We shall always be too much dominated by the political and industrial movements of the place." Is it really an unavoidable *evil* that men who want a knowledge of the world should spend four years of their lives in a

political and industrial centre? The fact that our University is in touch with the world of political and industrial activity is a help not a hindrance. It is from the industrial classes that the University receives its support. Prove to the people of Ontario that Toronto University is not and does not want to be in touch with their political and industrial activity and it will very soon cease to receive government support. Where would the student of Political or Social Science go to verify his hypotheses, or to obtain data for new conclusions if not to a political and social centre? What the undergraduate needs at that age when he is "fullest of his own ideas and readiest to accept those of others," is not the seclusion of an academic village, but at least occasional glimpses of the world in which he must fight the battle of life.

The wearing of the gown is a relic of past days, a superstition from which we are not yet quite free. But we need never hope to enforce a university spirit by demanding a distinctive dress. Spirit is too subtle a thing to be thus created. We do want a university spirit, but its presence should be marked by good-fellowship, honesty, truth and Christian manhood, not by a garb.

That a university life is not all pleasure is evident to every student. The May examinations are a deep and dark valley ahead of us. Our work is not seldom tedious. Lectures are not always interesting. If these things which make life unpleasant are faults which can be corrected, they certainly ought to be discussed openly. But they must be met fairly. The undergraduate who condemns the whole examination system must be prepared to suggest something, which will take its place. The amount of work in each department has been planned by skilled educators, who were once, like ourselves, struggling undergraduates, and who are in a position to know something of the matter. They are not infallible though, and may have done wrong. If so, their attention should be called to it. It is simply absurd, however, to speak of "organized agitation." We have had some experience of this and we want no more. What we do want is a dispassionate, logical statement, based on a full knowledge of the facts. For the demagogue and his harangue we have no place. By making his claims too great he spoils all. As undergraduates who have the welfare of our University at heart, we may often feel justified in criticising; but if we are to accomplish anything we must not exaggerate or agitate, but, with becoming respect towards the Faculty and Senate, state our case with a rigid adherence to fairness and truth.

HUGH MUNROE.

#### S. P. S. NOTES.

The fourth year are the happy possessors of a bicycle, adapted especially for indoor riding. A quarter-mile track has been laid out down stairs and some of the men have gone into actual training. On Friday, however, the bicycle, which is a "Donka" make, had its rear wheel bent into a figure 8, so operations on the track have been indefinitely suspended.

Mr. H. V. Haight has returned to the school after a week's illness.

We were informed by a notice on the bulletin board on Friday last, that the S. P. S. was to take part in the prize fight tournament down in Carson city on March 17. An S. P. S. man was to be at the ring at the finish and challenge the winner. Cheap rate tickets could be procured from Mr. S—y, chairman of the S. P. S. committee appointed for the occasion. The Faculty has consented to close the school for the week of the date in question.

Verily we are an energetic institution. We might safely look forward to the day when the heavy weight championship of the world will be held by John Smith, Grad. S. P. S., or by Tom Jones, B. A. Sc., C. E.



There will be no boy-caught-in (boy-cotting?) third year lectures for a few days.

As a general thing troubles in the School arising from the misconduct of the students can be laid down to two or three who are notoriously bad; but in the present crisis "None but the righteous" was (were) at the bottom of the whole thing.

### THE STREAM.

I love to linger near thy leafy banks,  
To wonder what thou art and whence thy way.  
So human like thou seem'st; for now, sad looks,  
And then, bright smiles across thy mirror play.

A life thou art! with here a merry glide,  
—A shallow calm, scarce wrinkled by the breeze.  
Ah! Thou too soon away from here art led;  
And then thy restless spirit onward flees.

Whither? Thy course, that once so smoothly ran,  
Is now much broken—here, a water-fall,  
And there, a rock,—but last the sea is reached,  
Where meet all streams—the great and small.

Then where? With all earth's other streams, thou art  
Through Time's broad fields swept far from side to side,  
Until the dawn of Judgment day, then all  
In mid-stream meet God's throne, the great divide.

And now, dear stream, thy fate on God depends;  
If mercy fails, thou to the left must go;  
But if it holds, through time's eternal days,  
In sweet Elysian valleys, thou wilt flow.

WILHELM.

### THE LACK OF UNIVERSITY SPIRIT AND A REMEDY.

If you question any undergraduate on the subject of University spirit he will be almost certain to answer, that there exists very little of such a thing around Varsity, that is generally speaking. Of course, there are a goodly number who, in spite of the many adverse conditions and with the greatest lack of encouragement, maintain a most pronounced spirit; and it is upon these comparatively few that the whole burden of upholding the honor of their *Alma Mater* falls, and what is more astonishing is the fact that those very undergraduates, who take but little interest in things Varsity, except it be for their own delectation, enjoy the labors of their few fellow-undergraduates without exhibiting the slightest appreciation, and, I believe, in a great many cases, even feeling it.

Now such a state of affairs is deplorable. The undergraduates of this University do not seem to realize that they belong to the greatest University in Canada, and that this University, which I firmly believe every one of us loves from our hearts, has an illustrious past and demands a glorious present, which, in spite of so many adverse circumstances, we are all proud to say, she has.

The University has many obligations to fulfil to its friends, and obligations that can only be fulfilled by the undergraduates, for example, the graduates and the numerous friends of the University expect *us*—the undergraduates—to entertain them once a year at Varsity. Now some of us do so; but is it not deplorable to think that very few more than twenty-five per cent. of the students patronized the *Conversazione* this year? Every student has friends in the city, and should he not feel it his very duty, if not his pleasure, to bring them here, show them around the building, of

which we are all so proud, see that they enjoy a pleasant evening, and thus add his friends to the many friends of the University?

Now this is just one instance. I could give many more; for example, the way in which the University dinner was patronized, less than thirty per cent of the students attending; and also the Glee Club Concerts. I might also mention the "mass" meetings of the students, called to consider questions of importance in University life, at which sometimes a hundred assemble.

I cite the above to show that there is some evidence, at least, to support the assertion that there is very little existing University spirit. When I say "little existing," I am perhaps wrong, for I believe that deep—very deep with many—in the hearts of the undergraduates, the fire of love for their University lies smouldering and only needs careful fanning to have it burst into flame. And it is this flame of enthusiasm that we would all like to see about Varsity, instead of the prevailing dormant, indifferent spirit. Nothing inspires one more than to hear a person eloquently and enthusiastically declare his love for his native land; and so nothing raises the enthusiasm of the most indifferent of us undergraduates more than to see a fellow-student uphold, with heart and soul, the honor of his and our *Alma Mater*. Indeed, "*this very spirit of affection for your University will inspire you with the very depth of patriotism for your native country.*" These, I believe, are the sentiments of our esteemed friend Dr. Parkin.

I hope I have pointed out conclusively enough that the evil exists, and now for the causes and their remedies.

It is difficult to point to this and that as definite causes of a thing, which is in itself rather subtle; but I hope I may succeed in giving you a few of the chief reasons.

One of the principal causes forces itself upon us, and it is this very indifferent spirit that I referred to above. The remedy, of course, is self-evident, and lies totally in the hands of the undergraduates. No one else can accomplish it, although its early death might be hastened in many ways.

Another and far-reaching cause is that the majority of us have too much work to do well in the time allotted us, and still take an interest in affairs Varsity. It may seem rather extravagant to assert this as a reason; but think for a moment of how a great number of the students at Varsity are placed. Many come here under difficulties, and in fact have to "push" themselves through; and in the face of this they feel, and rightly so, that in order to take a high stand, which seems essential to them for their after-success, they must work night and day, and focus all their energies on the work prescribed. You can see the effect of that. They are forced to exist in their little world of books, without adding to the benefits therein obtained the great advantages of living, to some degree at least, in the world of human nature, which is found in no small measure in the company of their fellow-students. The remedy for this, too, is apparent, and lies to a great extent with the University authorities, although the students might assist greatly by uniting in expressing clearly and distinctly to the "powers that be" their belief that the curriculum should be shortened.

There is still another reason, for which I hope to offer a remedy, and it is this: There prevails at Varsity a class spirit, which is undoubtedly detrimental to a university spirit. The students are divided up into four classes. I admit this is very convenient in some cases, but in many others it is foolishly strained.

You want instances of that? Well, tell me, did you hear that good old Varsity yell at last? Convocation once for every ten times a class yell was given? Did you not hear coming from groups of undergraduates of the *same* university defiant yells for their *class*? Last Hallowe'en,



when we assembled as *Varsity* students, class yells were frequent; and even at the dinner, that most laudable function of Varsity, the class spirit asserted itself on one occasion, and it was agreed that that was the only flaw in the whole proceedings, excepting perhaps the non-expression of sufficient enthusiasm.

Now there cannot be the slightest question but that the spirit of class distinction is cramped and narrow-minded compared with a university spirit. But is it not fostered to a great extent here? Every one of us will remember how the class spirit was instilled into us when we were freshmen; a class society and a class yell were expected of us. Again, the Literary Society arranges debates between the representatives of the different years, and these are pitted against one another, and urged to uphold the honor of their year.

I have asked the opinion of quite a number of the students regarding this prevailing class distinction, and especially the class societies, and invariably they deplored this class spirit and expressed their opinion that the class societies, as far as meeting the wants of the students was concerned, were practically useless. They all agreed that they were instrumental in providing several enjoyable social evenings for their year, chiefly, but beyond that their usefulness does not extend. Think for a moment, then, of the position in which the students as a whole are left. It means that in most affairs they have no general representatives. Take the dinner, for example. Some energetic fellow or fellows push it ahead and accomplish a splendid success; but these men are not looked upon by a great number of the students as their representatives, and consequently the students are not appealed to in the same way as if their own representatives were enthusiastically interested in it. I took the dinner as an example, but I might have taken almost any other Varsity function, and the same would apply to it. G. W. Ross.

(To be continued.)

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Let any man search the book of records of this time-honored institution and he will fail to find, at least in recent years, a meeting of a more phenomenal character than that which was held last Friday evening. In its course every man present took some part in the programme. Here indeed was the ideal attained of that large section of the Society's members, who have been clamoring for a method of conducting its meetings, by which the evil could be avoided of having a small coterie monopolize its advantages.

The vice-president, Mr. J. H. Hancock, took the chair, and announced that all notices of motion for changes in the constitution must be in by next Friday night, as a week later is constitution night. Mr. B. K. Sandwell gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that Massey Hall be engaged to hold the future meetings of the Society. Mr. C. Dickens Creighton gave an admirable reading, during the course of which the genial secretary, *pro tem.*, took upon himself in the Lit. the same privilege as the famous Otto von Bismarck took in the sleepy diet of Frankfort, by lighting his pipe. The debate was now opened by Mr. Martin in an excellent speech upon the question of England's justification in extending her colonial system. Mr. Pringle followed on behalf of the negative, showing as intimate an acquaintance with the subject at issue as with Biblical anecdotes. Messrs. Clegg, Watt, Nicol, Cohen, Wallbridge, and Elmslie followed with exceedingly interesting extempore efforts, Mr. Martin closing the debate. The chairman gave his decision, declaring the contest a draw. After Mr. Wallbridge had favored the Society with one of his inimitable solos, of

which only a first bass in the Glee Club is capable, the meeting adjourned.

\* \* \*

### NOTICE OF MOTION.

I give notice that at the next regular meeting of the Society I shall move: "In view of the compilation of the new lists of life members of the Society, it shall be permissible for members of the Society at present in their third and fourth years to have their names enrolled as members for the years in which no elections occurred, on payment of a fee of \$1 for each such year." H. M. LITTLE.

### PROF. STEPHENS' LECTURE ON ROBESPIERRE.

It was a large audience which greeted Prof. Stephens last Saturday afternoon. The lecturer prefaced his remarks by saying that he was one of what they had pleased to call the new school of history. Hitherto history has been written for the purpose of proving some thesis or building some theory. Men were represented as great heroes or great villains, all white or all black. The new school believed that the men of the past were, like other men, partly good and partly bad, not all white or all black, but some shade of grey, and it was their object to match the right shade of grey, to get the exact truth and tell it. Robespierre was one of those men who has been represented by historians and contemporaries as all or nearly all black. To him was attributed the chief part in organizing and directing the Reign of Terror and leading the Committee of Public Safety. Steeped in the doctrines of Rousseau, with as absolute belief in his works as the English Puritans in the Bible, he was opposed heart and soul to the Hibertists. The open celebration of the feast of reason made Robespierre, in his desire for their suppression, willing to become a member of the Committee of Public Safety. The committee, with the exception of Danton, was composed of men utterly unknown to the people. When Danton, tired of the bloody work, retired, the committee needed some man with a great name among them. Robespierre was one of the most popular and best known men in France, and so the choice fell on him. There were nine members of the committee, there were four departments, two to each department. Robespierre was left without any. Whatever any member proposed the whole were to concur in. Robespierre had no department, made few proposals in consequence, and was not the originator of any of the acts of the Reign of Terror. At the end of 1793 the members of the committee perceived that the Reign of Terror must cease, and that vengeance would be wreaked on the parties responsible. Robespierre believed that this was his great opportunity for putting Rousseau's doctrine into practice. A disagreement with the other members of the committee occurred. They had been seeking someone to make a scapegoat for all their crimes. They settled upon Robespierre. They assiduously disseminated the idea that Robespierre was responsible for the Reign of Terror. He retired from Paris to compose an oration, imagining, like many other idealists, that right would surely conquer. He returned and delivered a great oration, which carried the whole assembly with him. Through the adroitness of Robespierre's enemies, however, the tide quietly turned. He was arrested and guillotined. He was a sentimental idealist who carried his ideas to extremes. He hoped to inaugurate on earth Rousseau's humanitarian dreams. To accomplish his purpose he sanctioned the Reign of Terror. But yet he was opposed to bloodshed on principle, and opposed the war in 1791. Altogether there is much to admire in such a character, with such ideals.



# The Varsity

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## EDITORIAL.



ONE time or another in the course of a lifetime, one must be struck by the enormous inconvenience and expense, which is entailed upon a State by the necessity under which it lies of restraining those of its individual citizens who have a tendency to infringe upon the rights of their fellows. We cannot help indulging in that ever-present dream of the true social philosopher, of the time when "the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe," when there shall be a due restraint of individual interests for the sake of the general good. A far-away day it seems, indeed, when a man's own natural inclinations will bring him to respect his neighbor's rights without being brought to do so by the use of force; yet the contemplation of its possibility cannot but suggest the thought that perhaps even now much could be accomplished by sometimes trusting to a citizen's own good qualities to keep him from doing what, as a rule, is now forbidden to him by the rigor of law. There has always been, from the time of Adam downwards, a sort of charm about forbidden fruit which makes the eating of it very attractive. Max O'Rell aptly illustrates the point, instancing the fact that in the great English school centres the cigarette is seldom, if ever, seen, while in France its popularity is very great. In the latter case, the smoking of the weed is forbidden; in the other it is not. A man's honor is often an admirable instrument to play upon to keep him from doing certain things, which otherwise it might be very difficult to prevent. Punishment in a great many cases might well be left to popular disapproval. There are people

who look upon a small misdemeanour, which has escaped the penalty, that is legally placed upon it as a clever trick; but, if there were no such penalty, if the matter were left in a man's hands to do as he liked, according as he wished to be considered an honorable man or otherwise, then we think that we should often see that these same people would severely censure the act. When the supreme power in the State takes upon itself to punish, men generally are apt to think that they themselves, as individuals, are relieved from every part of the duty. It seems an anomaly, but it is an undoubted fact of human nature.

To apply this to ourselves, it is clear to us that there are many cases in which it would be well to rely upon a man's honor in connection with his life as an undergraduate, where at present his conduct is strictly guarded. This reliance may be either express or implied. As an instance, would it not be an experiment, worthy of attempt, to allow an undergraduate to have easier access to the books at the library. This was advocated in these editorial columns last year; and it was then pointed out how at Oxford, where the student is allowed to come and go freely to the shelves, the number of books which disappeared were fewer than with us. When this permission is given, a man's honor is implied, and with that implication he would be an unworthy sort of a man if he proved false to the trust imposed in him. Yet where this trust is not shown, where the authorities show that they have no confidence in a man, many would not hesitate to keep a book in their possession, if they saw a good chance of escaping detection. And further, in such a case, those who were aware of the fact that such a book had been taken, would not feel as much bound to endeavor to secure its restoral.

In this connection, it is interesting to notice a plan, which the authorities at the University of Michigan have adopted, to do away in a measure with the annoying vigilance which now seems necessary in the conduct of examinations. Each person is required to write upon his paper on completing his examination: "I pledge my word of honor that I have neither received nor given help in this examination." A court is constituted for the trial of cases of dishonesty, which consists of seven members of the class, who are elected at the first regular meeting of the year. The trials are conducted secretly, no one being present but the members of the court, the witnesses, and the accused. The ballot of the court is secret, and judgment must be unanimous. In case of acquittal, absolute silence is to be maintained concerning the trial. Each member of the class is required to pledge himself to assist in the observance and execution of these laws. The proposal is interesting, and it would be useful to watch the results. But there is no doubt that it could prove really effective only in case of a healthy student opinion. If that opinion is so educated as to bring the greatest disfavor upon all such as are found unworthy of having their faith relied upon, then alone can an appeal to the honor of a student ever be used to make smoother, some of the features of our college life.

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



## THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE O. H. A.

The referee blew his whistle and the better team won. Again Queen's hockey team is safe in calling themselves the champions of Ontario and the Collegiate champions of America, and incidentally of the world. They played the fine combination game that is sure to bring victory to rest on its banners. Time and time again the forward line swung out, and by unselfish passing carried the puck down for the shot. The visitors' defence was not so strong as their forward line, and Merrill very rarely stopped the Varsity rushes. Curtis at point and Hiscock in goal, however, played strong, reliable games, and atoned for Merrill's defects. Although Varsity at times showed that they understood the combination game, they were unable to make use of their knowledge. Sheppard played his usual brilliant and erratic game, and his end-to-end rushes always raised the hopes of the "blue and white" supporters. Snell, too, lent his best efforts to maintain Varsity's honor: his play throughout was hard and unselfish, and his ducking was especially useful. Morrison and Parry both showed occasional brilliancy, but unfortunately neither were on hand at critical moments. Parry at cover and Scott at point both played hard and were kept steadily at it. Both of them were readily foiled by the Queen's combination, but lifted with great success. Waldie in goal was exceptionally brilliant, some of his stops being the equal of anything, seen in the city this winter. If all the Varsity defence had been as brilliant as he was, Queen's would in vain have tried to score.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Varsity—Goal, Waldie; point, Scott; cover, Parry; forwards from the right, Parry, Morrison, Snell, Sheppard.

Queen's—Goal, Hiscock; Point, Curtis; cover, Merrill; forwards from the right, Weatherhead, Harty, Dalton, Brock

Referee—E. P. Brown. Again Brown showed that he was one of the best referees the city has ever produced, and he captured offside and fouls with unfailing accuracy and fairness.

Before the Varsity defence had realized that the game had begun Weatherhead carried the puck down the side, passed to centre and scored. Before Brown's whistle had stopped sounding at the face the puck was passed to Dalton who successfully shot, but fortunately he was offside. Sheppard now made a rapid sally on the Queen's defence, but lost the puck to Curtis, who in turn rushed and passed to Dalton, but here the puck went again to the "blue and white." Scott and Curtis now indulge in long lifts, which Sheppard follows down closely. Merrill and Dalton now combine, but Weatherhead is offside on the pass. From the face Morrison secured the puck, made a brilliant short rush followed by a long shot, which Hiscock stopped nicely. Morrison charged him, but Hiscock and Curtis carried the puck away. Snell and Sheppard, by a combined rush, again carried the puck to the corner, where Curtis and Brock also went. Several times the puck was sent to the centre and as often returned. Then the puck travelled determinedly down to Varsity's citadel, but the defence was good and Jack Parry hurries the puck up the ice to Merrill, who secured it and sent it back with a lift. Suddenly Sheppard again magnetized the puck and sallied again to the end, but a counter rush made work for the Varsity cover and point. Snell twice now made dangerous rushes, but had no support. Dalton and Weatherhead together manipulated a rush and Waldie was called on for a stop. Scott and Merrill and Curtis exchanged complimentary lifts. Snell again rushed the puck down, but Morrison failed in his shot and Harty rushed to the other end. Sheppard and Snell again brought the puck back, and "Shep" did some magnificent work in the

corner, but the centre was impregnable. Dalton now had a chance to shoot, but Waldie again was hit by it. Sheppard and Brock made gallant forays, but the score was not yet. Snell again worked the puck down, but Curtis held him and Merrill fed the puck to the forwards and Weatherhead scored, 2—0. From the face the game goes to Queen's end and Parry and Weatherhead engage in hard but good-natured checking in the corner. Sheppard and Snell again and again rushed, but lack of combination caused a failure to score. Dalton and Harty, too, got away, but could not get through the defence. After some minutes of even play the puck disappeared from the ice, and from the face off, Weatherhead secured and shot with effect, 3—0. For the remaining few minutes the defence of both sides were kept busy. Queen's organized a grand combine, but a shout of joy told that Waldie had gone one better. Snell at last got a clean shot, but Hiscock touched it and it went too high.

The play of the second half was almost as fast as that of the first, and was mainly a succession of individual brilliant rushes for Varsity and good combination ones for Queen's. The puck at once sought the Varsity end, but found it too hot, so under coaxing of Snell and Sheppard, tried the other end. Snell and Sheppard both had shots, but Hiscock stopped both. Brock, by hypnotic influence, induced the puck to travel with him, and Dalton was able to avoid Waldie, and a long-drawn sigh announced a goal, 4—0. Scott and Curtis tossed the puck about, and then Harty, Brock and Dalton formed up and succeeded in scoring, 5—0. Waldie is again demanded to stop and lift the disk away. Dalton and Curtis rush, but are called back on an off-side. Snell and Sheppard worked the puck down, and from a "scrim" Morrison scored, 5—1. Brock forced Waldie to work and almost scored. Snell now was working splendidly, and he and "Shep" continually bothered the "striped" defence. Hiscock is called on for two stops. Harty, then Snell, then Dalton, made relieving rushes, but the play for a minute or two settled at Varsity's end. The visitors now combined for splendid rushes. Dalton, Harty and Weatherhead came down and drew out the defence, but Waldie single-handed averted the score by a piece of magnificent work. Morrison and Snell combined and almost scored. Again Hiscock proved that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The visiting forwards were now forming up and showing more combination than in the first half, and only the hard checking of the defence and forwards averted the scoring. Snell and Sheppard, or Morrison, found a plan for combination, but had no effect, although they had two good chances. Waldie again made a phenomenal stop, but a minute later Weatherhead scored on one from the side, 6—1. Three distinct times in the remaining minutes Varsity almost scored, but Hiscock and Curtis were successful in saving. Queen's, too, tried hard to increase their lead, but failed; and so closed the hardest fought game Varsity has played this season.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The regular meeting of the club was held Monday evening last in Room 4. The programme consisted of three good papers which concluded the series dealing with the French Drama. They were as follows:—

Alexandre Dumas, fils.	- - -	R. H. Rowland
François Coppee	- - -	Miss Mullins
Maeterlinck	- - -	J. G. Muir

The closing meeting of the term will be held next Monday, at which Miss Lawson will read a paper on Jane Austen, and W. H. Alexander one on George Eliot. All are invited.

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St. W.



## THE CONVERSAT BALL.

Editor of VARSITY:

Dear Sir,—The years of student life are a four years' interval from the wide world of action. In the seclusion to which curriculum necessities force each student more or less, there cannot but arise the need for dropping to some degree out of the course of present events and living in the sequestered worlds of science or literature. When a student turns from his seat at the library tables, or from investigating in the laboratory, and goes down into the heart of business Toronto, he can feel for himself how the academic world has influenced his mind and mode of living. When our undergraduate days are over, we should look back to them and their environments as to a sort of ideal world—the calm, quiet preparation for the activities of a life among men.

Now, as our University has before it this purpose—to prepare a man for intelligent work in life in various spheres, in short education, it will not be out of place to note here a phase or two of student life which bears directly on his ability to take a stand in the world. We have spoken of the natural tendency of a student to get to some degree out of touch with the work-a-day world. There is no denying that every true student has a world of his own. Just as one mill-hand or railway porter associates with another of his class, so a Varsity man feels more at home with his fellows. This association of students is a factor in his culture which must not be ignored. Naturally a student must limit his time of recreation and so the result of each little bit of contact is all the more apparent.

We have heard more than once the statement that "Canadian students as a rule are not cultured," and we acknowledge it is true; but, what is more, present circumstances are against developing culture *in that section of the student body in which it is most lacking*. Without entering on discussions of chimerical things, let us look at a fact or two which front us now, and which may be remedied by us.

The question of dancing is still a disputed one in many minds—in many student minds; but most generally in the minds of those very students who need, and feel the need of contact with higher social life, to give them that ease, grace and polish which they lack. Casually asking some of the boys if they were going to the Conversazione this year, we met with this answer from fully a dozen, "No, I can't dance, and there won't be any use going if you can't dance." In nearly every case there was added a regret that they couldn't go to the one social event of

their Alma Mater. More than one went farther and recalled the fact that other social functions of a smaller scale were falling into line; but it is improper and out of our sphere to look at anything but the one event before us. Gradually the undancing element (Is it a small one?), of the student body is being proscribed, and the circle of its social life has dwindled to one or two class receptions a year, at which the student has little chance of gaining any idea of "society" in its wider meaning at all.

This is the negative side of the question. On the other hand, those who dance are monopolizing an undue amount of the pleasures of these events. To say, "If you don't dance you can promenade," is deceitful, putting it mildly. It is likely that a man who is in sound health, and not a too ardent devotee of Bacchus, will be able to walk—if he wants to! He knows that much himself; but he also knows that when a programme of any event announces that dancing starts at 10:15 p.m., it is merely a ball to which he is going, and that the other parts of the programme are accessories of the dance.

There is a wide-spread belief among the men students that the girls of Varsity are more than normally fond of dancing. We only mention it as a fallacy which has deceived many of the men. We are sure they are not, as a class, more fond of it than other girls—possibly a little the opposite—and would be quite willing to have some social events in which they could meet some of the men who have scruples against the ball—rightly or wrongly does not concern us here.

It is a thing to be regretted that this question has arisen, for it is based on moral beliefs to a large extent, and the foundation of the difficulty cannot be reached. But when there does exist a difference of opinion so marked as is universally known to exist upon this point, would it be anything but a graceful thing for those who dance to leave open one event in the year, so that no division could arise? The only way in which such a programme can be at all fair is to have dancing removed to such a late hour as to make it secondary, or else two separate events; for experience shows that when a dance comes on equal footing with other attractions, at our University at least, it calls away the majority and sets going a movement ending—as last year's conversat.

There are other things to be said, but we leave them. If any student wishes to controvert this article let him not stray into the moral question of dancing, for neither he nor we, nor this paper, have any right to discuss things like that before the student body.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN W. FARMER.

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## BASEBALL.

The following is the list of the officers of the Baseball Club, omitted from last issue:

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President	-	Hon. A. T. Wood
Vice-President	-	J. C. Breckenridge, B.A.
Second Vice-Pres.	-	B. French.
Sec.-Treas.	-	J. R. Meredith.
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		{ E. N. Armour.
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First Year Rep.	-	H. Robertson.
Third and Fourth Year		
Meds.	-	G. A. Campbell.
First and Second Year		
Meds.	-	W. B. S. Donald.
Victoria	-	J. R. Parry.
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		{ P. A. T. Johnston, B.A.

# CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ROWING CLUB.

## Name.

1. This Club shall be called the "University of Toronto Rowing Club."

## Membership.

2. (1) Graduates and undergraduates in the University of Toronto and in any of the affiliated Colleges shall be eligible for membership.

(2) Members of all the faculties of the University of Toronto shall be eligible for membership.

## Officers.

3. The officers of this club shall be an Hon. President, President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and Captain, and a Committee composed of three members.

## Elections.

4. (1) The Hon. President, President, Vice-President

and Secretary-Treasurer shall be elected annually at the annual meeting of the club.

(2) The officers of the Club shall select from the Undergraduate body of the University of Toronto, three members to form with themselves an Executive Committee of Management.

(3) This selection shall be made at the first meeting of the new officers each year.

(4) The Captain shall be elected by the active rowing members of the Club at such time as is deemed advisable by the Committee of Management. On his election he shall become *ex officio* a member of the Committee of Management.

## Fees.

5. (1) The annual membership fee for this Club shall be \$5.50.

(2) No one whose annual membership fee is not paid shall be eligible for office.

(3) Only members whose fees are paid can vote at the annual meeting.

6. The Annual Meeting shall be held in February.

7. (1) This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of those present at the Annual Meeting, provided that notice of such proposed amendment has been sent to the Secretary-Treasurer at least one week previous to the Annual Meeting.

(2) Notwithstanding, if such notice has not been given, the amendment may be adopted by a unanimous vote of those present at the Annual Meeting.

## Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Tuesday last. The attendance was not very large, as the members do not seem to have become accustomed as yet to the change in the day of meeting. After the business part of the meeting was disposed of, the topics for the day were taken up. A paper was read by Miss Darling, '00, on the parable of "The Two Sons," and another by Miss Sealey, '99, on the "Ten Virgins." After calling attention to the Bible Class on Sunday afternoon, Miss Bapty dismissed the meeting.

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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Do not forget the Banjo Concert on Friday night.

The Political Science Club meeting for last Thursday was postponed.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. B. K. Sandwell gave a delightful afternoon tea, in his room in Residence, to a number of his friends.

For the past week or so, a visitor to the Parliamentary library might well mistake it for an extension of the University library reading-room.

On Monday morning Prof. Morse Stephens lectured to the fourth year class in history on "Nationalism." Needless to say, it was much enjoyed.

Mr. W. B. Scott, '97, the representative of the Literary Society to the Trinity Conversat, and Mr. H. M. Little, '97, to the Pharmacy dinner, discharged their respective duties during

the past week. Both report very enjoyable times.

Mr. Ivan L. Hyland, B.A., '95, is holding forth as curate of St. Stephen's church, Seattle, U. S. A.

The general meeting of the Glee Club, for the purpose of nomination of officers for the ensuing year, and of allowing amendments to be made in the Constitution, will be held next Friday.

The following clipping may show the disadvantages under which our various athletic organizations labor in competing with those upon the other side of the line: "The Candidates for the lacrosse team have been prevented from regular field practice for some time owing to the cold weather. The squad work on the asphalt or in the gymnasium, however, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Since the holidays most of last year's men have been resting, only the new can

didates coming out every day. No regular games have been scheduled yet for the spring, but scrub games will be played as soon as the ground becomes soft enough.—*Harvard Crimson*.

After the lecture in the Students' Union building on Saturday afternoon, President and Mrs. Loudon entertained, at their home on St. George Street, a large number of their friends, for the purpose of meeting the University's distinguished guest, Professor Morse Stephens.

Everything seems to point to a most successful season for the Baseball Club. An extended tour is being arranged by the manager, Mr. J. L. Counsell. A second team will be put in the field, so that all may have an opportunity of gaining practice in matches. The membership fee will be one dollar. It will be endeavored to secure the playing of inter-year matches.

## Shorthand Class

One of the members of the Class lately concluded is taking copious notes of lectures, beautifully written, and one of the lady pupils of the same Class writes to a pupil in the present one that she has attained a speed of 120 words a minute.

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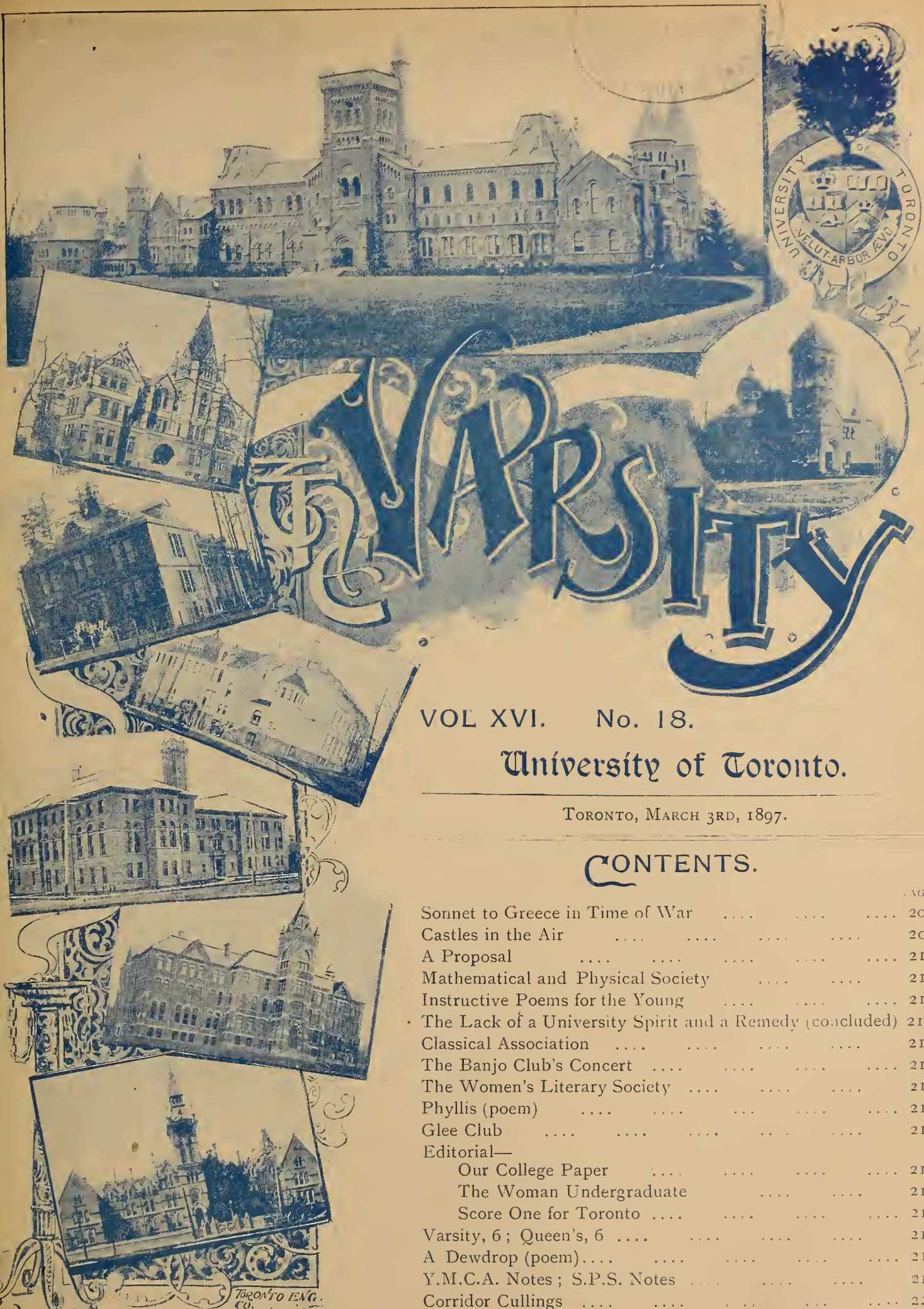
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VOL XVI. No. 18.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, MARCH 3RD, 1897.

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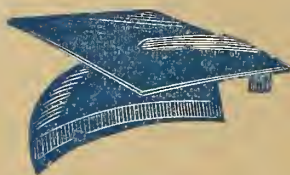
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*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1897.

No. 18.

## SONNET TO GREECE IN TIME OF WAR.

Hellas, all hail! We greet the new-born life  
That thrills through all thy veins, gladsome behold  
The patriotic passion which of old  
Fought straight to freedom's goal through stress and strife.  
Land of Leonidas! The sacred fire  
That burnt so bright in hoar Thermopylæ  
Leaps high again and leads thee o'er the sea  
To blast barbarians with vengeful ire.  
Strike home, Hellenes! Britain, hang thy head,  
Shudder in shame while English shot and shell  
Boom on behalf of cursed infidel,  
And dare to smite one son of Hellen dead!  
Sweet Liberty! Haste thou thy healthful feet,  
And strengthen Greeks to burst the bonds of Crete.

—W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I am a mail-carrier, just a plain, ordinary postman, and you, when you meet me on my route day after day, think what a humdrum, commonplace life mine is. And so it is, maybe—tramping around in all sorts of weather, rain and snow, and stormy, blustering winds beating down upon me as I travel along to bring you news—sometimes good news, sometimes bad, but still news, and so you are glad to see me. On stormy mornings you look out of the window and wonder when the postman will come; in fine weather you linger near the door and wait to welcome your mail. And did you ever, I wonder, think how you would miss me, even though I am only the postman, if some fine day I should forget to go on my rounds?

There are compensations for everything, and even in the routine of a postman's life there is much that is interesting. Many a pretty story I tell myself about the letters I am carrying, and the people to whom they are going; for I soon get to know the handwriting on the regular letters, and sometimes I can identify the people who are going to get them. So I build up romances and castles in Spain, and sometimes I have come nearer the truth than I ever thought to do. Of one such time I will tell you.

There is on my route one house which always interested me. It is such a quaint, old-fashioned home-like looking place, and from the glimpses I have caught I know it is pretty and dainty inside. They call it "Merton Cottage," and many a time I have thought I should like to know what manner of people lived there. About two years ago I noticed letters went there regularly every week—they were good big letters too, postmarked "British Columbia," and addressed in an easy, flowing, masculine hand to Miss Nora Carlyle. I remembered when I saw these letters, that not so very long before I had sometimes had notes from the city addressed in the same

writing to Miss Nora Carlyle, and I wondered. I am only a postman so I examined the seal, but all it bore was the monogram "A. N." Then I set myself to discover Miss Carlyle.

It was one morning as I waited at the door of this house, that a polite, young girl with the merriest laughing blue eyes, opened the door; I recognized her at once as a girl I generally met further up on my route. She smiled a bright good morning as I handed her the letters with the one for Miss Nora Carlyle on top. Before I turned away I saw a glad smile part her lips and a blush creep over her face, and I told myself I had found whom I sought. So it was for several weeks; and sometimes when I had that letter and I met her on her way in the morning, I would stop and give it to her, just for the sake of the sweet smile and hearty thanks she gave me, and we grew quite friendly, for I am only the postman, you know.

But as the spring came on, the letters ceased, and several times my "little girl," as I called her—just to myself—would stop and ask had I a letter for her. Sometimes I had, but never the right one, and though she smiled as she went on, I could see her heart was heavy, and in my mind was the thought that "A. N.," whoever he might be, was a fool and worse. The weeks passed on and still no letter came, and the blue eyes of "my little girl" grew less merry. She still smiled as she wished me "good morning," but the smile was forced, and deep down in my heart I wished all manner of evil to "A. N." As if she understood, she never stopped me now to ask for a letter—nor did I ever stop to give her one when I had it, for I never had the right one and she would only be disappointed.

During the summer I did not see "my little girl," and somehow my work seemed very dull and tedious, but in the fall she was back again. I did not meet her now in the mornings, and I missed her merry smile, but several times I saw her on the street and thought she was brighter. Now there was a sad look lurking in her eyes.

One morning, as winter came on again, I got my mail to go out on my round, and to my surprise I found therein a city letter addressed to "my little girl," in the same writing, and sealed with the same seal. My first feeling was one of delight; then a jealous thought went through me as I put that letter in at the door—but I am only the postman and it did not matter. That afternoon I met her on the street; the sad look was gone from her eyes, they seemed dancing with happiness, and her smile was bright and sunny as of old, and I, as I passed on my way, built castles in Spain.

The next day I saw them. I say "them"—I don't know that it was "them" and perhaps I never shall—but anyway the next day I saw "my little girl" and a young man coming up the street. She smiled at me—such a bright, happy smile; the man looked happy too, as indeed he well might. I heard her speak to him and call him "Alex." and I said to myself that at last "A. N." had recovered his senses. Again, I was a little jealous, but I am only the postman, and I passed on.

Just the other evening I saw this notice in the paper:  
"Norton-Carlyle.—At Merton Cottage, by the Rev. A. B. Stuart, Alex. Norton, of British Columbia, to Nora Carlyle, of this city."



I dropped my paper and sat in silence, and only then I knew I had been building two castles, one was real, the other was and would ever be in Spain.

But the next day I carried the mail as usual—I am only a postman.

CARR.

### A PROPOSAL.

Jerry always was a bungler. His mother used to say she never saw any infant who got things so generally mixed up. He would get his boots on the wrong feet nine times out of ten, and the chances for Jerry being ready to go anywhere at any particular time were so infinitesimally small that he was never counted on. He nearly always was late for school, for he always thought it was Saturday; he never by any chance was prepared for church, but he would wander dismally down stairs about 9 a.m. with his books under his arm, under the fixed impression that it was Monday. If sent down town for biscuits, he brought back bread; if for bread, biscuits.

As he grew older he acquired the peculiar knack of getting so wrapped up in any subject that happened to be in his mind that he was perfectly oblivious of the persons and things by which he was surrounded. Once at a dinner party he became very much interested in a discussion of the relative effectiveness of militia and regulars, and when his hostess asked him to take Mrs. A. in to dinner he politely offered his arm to Major R., with whom he was talking, and walked in with the blushing veteran hanging on his arm and enjoying the sport immensely. That was just like Jerry—always wrong and always in hot water.

When he was twenty-one he lost his heart completely—not an unusual occurrence, you know—and to the eye of the superficial observer Jerry's wooing prospered mightily. The course of true love, however, in those secluded portions of the stream that superficial observers know not ran none too smoothly. Poor Jerry was forever putting his foot in it. He sauntered over one Sunday afternoon, dressed in a tennis outfit and swinging a racquet quite unconcernedly, and enquired for Miss March. Her mamma came down, and presently a gaily clad youth might have been seen hurrying along back streets to change his clothes and scold his good-natured landlady for failing to inform him it was Sunday.

Another time he nearly broke poor Bessie's heart by inadvertently calling her "Lilly." It took months to recover all the ground he lost by that unlucky slip, and it was after Christmas before he was thoroughly himself again.

At last one night he went with her to a dance at Osgoode Hall. It was Jerry all over to forget all about asking her for any dances, but she reminded him, and, as she knew everybody and so did he, their programmes were filled up in short order. Bessie looked "perfectly adorable" in a confection—doesn't that make you think of hot buns and chocolates?—of black lace and cherry silk, and Jerry got it into his head that he was going to propose. That settled it—of course he did it, and this was the fashion of the doing:

Just after supper he had a dance with Bessie Travers, a great friend of the idol of his heart, and this Bessie was a mischief and a flirt. She knew Jerry was preoccupied, and flustered, so she got him away in a cozy corner, and started to draw him on, as only a girl with witching eyes can. He only knew that he was off far from the crowd with a girl and that he was going to propose—so he did it.

"Bessie, I love you; will you?" he whispered taking her gloved hand in his own.

"No you don't" said she, and laughed.

"Does it all—does everything mean nothing?" pleaded Jerry, only conscious that she resisted.

"Oh no! Everything generally means a great deal," teased Bessie.

"Then!" said he, and stretched his arms coaxingly toward her.

"No! now and always," logically replied the object of these pleadings.

"Am I to think you only a flirt?—that all your glances and your confidence were only playing and but a summer's fun?" groaned the victim.

"Ask Harry Beecher," heartlessly replied the maiden.

"Is that all?"

"Yes—that is—" they had left the corner and were nearing her rendezvous. "What's our next number?"

"Eighteen," he said, looking abstractedly at his programme.

"Well, if I call you Jerry when you come, I've changed my mind—Good-bye," and she laughed again and kissed her hand to him as he turned and made for the refreshment room, where he stayed and drank sherry for the next ten numbers, only coming out to torment the bugler by asking, "Is this eighteen?"

Bessie Travers made her way to the other Bessie, and astounded her by the announcement that Jerry had proposed.

"Oh! no, no, no!" moaned Bessie number one.

"Yes, dear, and I said no; but if you want him, call him Jerry when he comes for you at eighteen," said Bessie number two, "for he thought—you know how funny" (all-embracing word) "he is—he was proposing to you, and now he is away in some dark corner crying to himself, I suppose—I would be."

More explanations followed, and Bessie number one was so moved by the vision of Jerry in some dark passage, full of the ghosts that haunt old Osgoode, weeping over her defection, that she wanted Bessie number two to go with her and find him, but Bessie number two only laughed and said it would do him good, and so the faithful Bessie waited with what patience she could for number eighteen.

At last it came, and with it Jerry, feeling better (wine is a great reliever of pain), and she met him with only "Oh, Jerry!"

He kissed her right there—just like Jerry—and now he is Jerry number one, and Jerry number two is only three months old, but is just like Jerry number one, Bessie number one says. At any rate, he always, if left to his own devices, gets his bottle in his eye, and straightway howls. Poor Jerry!

NOMAN.

### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The open meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, held last Tuesday evening, was one of the most successful of its kind this year, Room 16 being crowded by an attentive and enthusiastic audience.

Prof Baker, after a few introductory remarks, called on Mr. Rush for his paper on "Women in Mathematics." Mr. Rush seemed perfectly at home in his subject, his charming descriptions of these various ladies being especially pleasing to the Residence contingent.

Miss A. Lick's solo was enthusiastically received, after which Mr. Chant showed how "light turns around corners." The lecture was illustrated by several experiments and by photographs of shadows, showing bright spots in the centre.

After Mr. Merritt's solo, Messrs. Race and Plaskett gave an exhibition of cartoons, which was greatly enjoyed. At the end of the meeting the laboratories were opened and the use of the instruments shown by the third and fourth year physical students.

COR. SEC.



## INSTRUCTIVE POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

## ELEGY OF POOR LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie ate in gloom ;  
 His tears dropped in his tea ;  
 With quivering hand he took a bun ;  
 " 'Tis very sad," sobbed he.  
 " I think they're very light," replied  
 His frigid landlady.

" Ah ! 'tis not of the buns I speak,"  
 He said, and wept anew ;  
 " But I would with my teachers sup,  
 And eat my breakfast, too."  
 She sniffed : " You'd better go elsewhere  
 If my board don't suit you ! "

Resignedly he wiped his eyes :  
 " You do not understand ;  
 They ought to ask me out to dine—  
 'Tis all I do demand ;  
 For how else do they think I'll meet  
 The great men of the land ?

" Nought do they but advise and teach ;  
 Of culture I despair ;  
 Ruth Ashmore's ' *Side Talks* ' nought avail ;  
 'Tis very hard to bear ! "  
 He sobbed : " Whole days I do aspire,  
 And yet they do not care.

" Now, never mind them ; there's a dear "  
 (Touched was that landlady),  
 " For manners try the little girls  
 And see how kind they'll be "  
 But Willie anxiously replied :  
 " I fear they'd flirt with me.

" I've never liked them at our school ;  
 They ought to go away ;  
 A humbler place would them become,  
 Especially in May,  
 But yet I'll sacrifice myself,  
 And do whate'er you say."

So next morn from the janitor  
 Some " crested note " he bought ;  
 He hastened to the library  
 And gloomily he thought :  
 " Well, if I must, I must ! I first  
 Will call on Betsy Naught."

" Toronto, February 10.  
 Dear,"—then stopped suddenlie—  
 " If they should o'er my shoulder look !  
 The name they'd surely see !  
 I'll leave it blank till I am done ! "  
 How crafty was Willie !

Politely did he write that note,  
 And condescendinglie,  
 But as he closed, a distant bell  
 Thrice tolled—'twas all of three !  
 Swiftly 'twas folded and addressed ;  
 He sealed it hurriedlie.

That lecture little Willie reached.  
 That note did reach Betsy ;  
 She opened it—she gasped for breath—  
 Her brother sought Willie ;

And now there is no joy for him  
 In *Bohn* or in *Kellie*.  
 (If I should write aught more of him,  
 His epitaph 'twould be.)

But to the moral, little ones :  
 'Tis plain the facultee  
 Should be reprov'd ; and this " Co-Ed."  
 At once abolished be.  
 " And what's the good of anything ?  
 Why, nothing." Woe is me !  
 Above all, those who read these lines  
 Should take them seriouslie.

FESTE.

## THE LACK OF A UNIVERSITY SPIRIT AND A REMEDY.

(CONCLUDED)

I endeavored to show in last week's VARSITY that there is a lack of University spirit, and that the class societies, which foster a spirit of class distinction, are to a great extent responsible for it.

What, then, is the remedy for this? In the first place, *the abolition of the class societies*; and in the second, *the institution of some representative body for the whole of University College*, that will practically be a " Students' Council " and govern all the affairs of the undergraduates. I have pointed out above that we lack such an institution, and also that we need one, and I am sure that every student must feel that such is the case. If the class societies could fill this want, then we would have all we desire; but they can't. It is absurd to think that four societies, having equal powers, and representing four distinct divisions of a University, could possibly administer to the wants of the students as a whole, unless there existed some bond of union between these societies. You might as well say that it would be possible to rule a country with four distinct governments, having no bond of union; such would be impossible, because for good government it is essential that there be a centralization of power. I say we do not have this in the class societies—then why not abolish them? On consideration, I think you will all agree, we *would* have this centralization in a " Students' Council " elected by the students—then why not adopt it? It is true class societies are old institutions, and you third and fourth year men, especially, might feel somewhat " canny " about meddling with them; but then ask yourselves the questions—*first*, Do they meet the wants of the students? and *second*, Do they tend to cultivate a University spirit in opposition to a class spirit? You emphatically answer no. Then why not abolish them?

In order to have something definite, permit me to outline briefly a possible formation of such a council.

I would suggest that the men of each year should meet at the time of the present class elections, and select a certain number to represent their year on the " Students' Council " If it were considered desirable, let some be elected to use their energies in special directions, besides being general representatives of their year; for example, let each year elect their athletic directors, but let these also represent their year on the Athletic Directorate of the University of Toronto.

With regard to the part our lady-undergraduates would have in such a council, let me say a few words. Since the lady-undergraduates have not a great deal in common with the men, that is generally speaking, it would be unadvisable that they should be members of such a body at *all* times. For example, when arrangements were being made for the Dinner and our night at the " Grand," the presence of the lady representatives would not be necessary. One way to meet this difficulty would be for



the lady-undergraduates to hold separate elections and select their own representatives, with the understanding that these should only become members of the council wherever the interests of the lady-undergraduates, as well as those of the men, were involved.

The council would thus be composed of representative men and women from *each* year, who would unite in forming a representative body for the whole of University College; and having full control of the students' interests. Now, surely there can be no doubt but that the students' interests would be more satisfactorily administered than under the existing circumstances; for as I have stated before, we absolutely have no representative student body.

When stating that the students have no representative body, I should have considered the Literary Society, which, by the way, is the most representative body we have. The students of University College do not look upon the Literary Society as a governing body, in any sense of the word; and they are quite justified, for the officers of the Literary Society, are elected by not more than one hundred and fifty undergraduates. You argue that it is the fault of the rest that they do not vote; but the fact is the students of this University take but little interest in the Literary Society, and, as is more and more becoming the case, are losing confidence in it, from the fact that it does not do its duty as a "Literary" Society; in fact the *literary* is becoming to too great a degree subservient to the *social*. Hence, since the Literary Society is not representative, we students have still no representative body.

If you will permit me, let me consider such a body, as proposed above, in power. How would it act on the undergraduates? It seems to me that one of its chief effects would be to consolidate the four years of the University and tend greatly to eliminate the prevailing class spirit. Again, when the freshmen would arrive at Varsity, and find the seniors welcoming them with open arms and allowing them some say in University matters at once, by thus permitting them to send representatives to the governing body of the students, there would be no chance for the class spirit to assert itself, the freshmen would never think of such a thing, and it would die a natural death. We would also not be tortured by a freshman's class yell, but the first thing the seniors would teach the freshmen would be *Varsity*, *Varsity*, *V-a-r-s-i-t-y*, etc., and we would at once enlist two or three hundred stalwart enthusiasts for things Varsity. I think the reader will agree with me that that would happen to no small degree and must undoubtedly foster a University spirit.

When we would assemble as Varsity students, whether it were at Convocation or at the "Grand" on Hallowe'en, an enthusiasm for the University would assert itself, were the class distinction thus abolished, which would tend to make up that prevailing indifferent spirit, and give rise to a pure enthusiastic University spirit. We seniors could there set the freshmen a good example, both by our unity in the expression of our love for our University and respect for our professors. They say that the best time to teach children is when they are young, and, if the present generation of freshmen will pardon me, I say the best time to teach freshmen in the ways they should go, is when they first enter the doors of good old Varsity; and it devolves upon the seniors to do this.

Let me suggest, briefly, another and most important sphere of usefulness of such a representative student-body. We would in it have a satisfactory means of communication with the faculty, which would doubtless tend to create a greater intercourse between the professors and the students. Let us look back for a moment. All of us will remember, either by hearsay or experience, that unseemly "row" that took place some years ago, which the public and the friends of the University have not yet forgotten. Now had such a representative body of students existed then, there would probably never have been that

clash between the professors and students, for the faculty would have met with such a body in an "arbitration tribunal," as it were, and matters would have been settled amicably. Now there always exists a possibility, however remote, of the students having to meet the authorities to express their opinion with regard to matters with which the student-body cannot agree; at present we have no means, but if we had some such "Students' Council" we would in it have a perfectly satisfactory medium.

Again, such a body would have a comprehensive means of feeling the minds of the students on any question that might arise. For example, should the question of the revival of that old and laudable custom of wearing caps and gowns ever be brought forward, we would be able to reach the minds of the students and find out the prevailing opinion. At present such is practically impossible.

Here is another case that might occur at any time. Suppose that some distinguished person should honor our University by visiting it. We would have in such a body a means of calling out every student to do honor to our guest, and join with the rest in evincing our love for our Alma Mater.

Before concluding, let me say that in thus consolidating University College, the nucleus of the University of Toronto, we would have gone a good way towards the accomplishment of the formation of a body representative of the whole of the University of Toronto, which would govern its athletic, its social and its literary functions. But, in the meantime, let us all unite in laying the corner stone of this project by using all our energies to the consolidation of University College.

I hope I have made clear what I intended. In the first place, that there is a lack of University spirit; in the second, that the prevailing class distinction, fostered by the class societies, is to a great extent responsible for it; thirdly, that we undergraduates have no *representative* student-body, and lastly, that these three *great* evils would, to no small degree, be eliminated by some such organization as suggested above.

In going into details, as I have, with regard to the formation and functions of such a "council," I would have you to consider that these suggestions are not the *necessary* complements of the *underlying principles*, but were only given that we might have before us something definite. And it is these *principles* that I would keep before you, and upon which I appeal to every student of University College, namely, in the first place, *the abolition of the class societies*, in order to assist in eliminating the existing class spirit; and in the second place, *the establishing of some such "council" as suggested*, for the purpose of fostering a University spirit, and in order to take over the functions of the class societies, as well as serving the important office of being the representative undergraduate body.

Concluding, I sincerely hope that this letter will not be fruitless. Will you who read it discuss the question brought up here with your fellow-students; give it a reasonable consideration, and express your approval or disapproval, or offer suggestions through the columns of VARSITY?

G. W. Ross.

#### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Classical Association was held on Tuesday afternoon, in Room 3, with Mr. McFayden, B A, in the chair. Miss Wright's essay on "Horace as a Lyric Poet" was an ideal treatment of the finished productions of the lighter and gayer moods of the "gentleman" poet. Mr. Edgar, '97, in his paper on "Social Life in Greece and Rome," limited himself to the two golden eras in Athens and Rome, and the comparison he instituted between the social life of the two was especially interesting.

The next meeting of the society will be held on March



9th, and Dr. Johnson, lecturer in Latin, has kindly promised to read a paper. Nominations will be received at this meeting for next year's officers.

### THE BANJO CLUB'S CONCERT.

The concert given on Friday by the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club of the University, in conjunction with the College of Music Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club, was one of the most successful performances in the history of musical effort in the University. It attracted a large and decidedly fashionable audience who were by no means disappointed by the entertainment provided for them. The programme was a trifle long, and it might have been better had the banjo and mandolin number which was omitted in the printing been also omitted in the performance. The club was in excellent shape, and made a very good impression, as did also the Ladies' Club from the College of Music, which, however, owed its most distinct success to the singing of Miss May Dickenson in "La Paloma." Mr. Paul Hahn's 'cello solo made a hit, as did also his rendering of the "Simple Aveu," in which he had the accompaniment of the Ladies' Club. Miss World was unfortunately suffering from a cold, and gave only one number, which received a deserved encore. Miss Edith Miller was, if possible, in better voice than ever, and her giving of Thomas' "Winds in the Trees," was simply superb. Mr. McKay sang the "Bandolero" very well indeed—everyone knows by this time how Mr. McKay sings the "Bandolero." Miss Shipe's accompaniments to a very varied collection of numbers and encores showed exquisite taste. One of the most enjoyable things on the programme was Miss Jessie Alexander's clever reading of "The Hazing of Valliant," which for some reason, however (possibly the small number of freshmen in the audience), failed to create an impression, although her other numbers brought down the house. The audience, by the way, was not noticeably academic. It is the duty of the student body—but who cares what is the duty of the student body anyhow?

### THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in the Students' Union on Saturday evening, Feb. 27th. There were a large number present when the President called the meeting to order. The Secretary read the minutes, which were afterwards adopted. Miss Nichols, '97, moved a vote of thanks to the graduates who had so kindly contributed to the funds of the Society. This motion was seconded by Miss Hills, '97, and was carried unanimously. Miss Tennant, '97, moved that a Nomination Committee, to name officers for next year's Editorial Board of *Sesame*, consist of the following young ladies: Misses Glashan, Scott, Northway, MacDougall, Lawson and Hughes. The result of their work is to be voted upon at the regular election meeting.

Miss Allen, '98, was to favor us with a piano solo, but was not present. Her place was ably filled by Miss Rosenstadt, who is always ready and agreeable.

Miss C. Benson, '99, gave a very interesting report of the literary events of the past month.

Owing to the lateness of the hour Miss Street, B.A., made her exit with her political report, much to the regret of every one.

Miss Rumball, '98, sang Tosti's "Good Bye" very sweetly; we are sorry that another opportunity will not be given us to hear her this term.

Miss Dickenson then favored us with a guitar solo, and the Society testified to the appreciation by an enthusiastic encore.

Then the final inter-year debate took place between

the seniors and the freshettes. The speeches were limited to five minutes, again owing to the late hour.

The subject: Resolved, *that the death of Cordelia, in King Lear, is an artistic defect.* The subject was ably handled by Miss Tennant and Miss Forbes on the affirmative, and Miss Grant and Miss Fleming for the negative. Decision was given in favour of the Century class, who seemed to have the weight of argument, to say nothing of the flow of rhetoric. Thus closed the last regular meeting under the regime of '97.

Nominations will take place on Friday for next year's officers, and the elections the following Saturday. Here endeth the records of A. W. PATTERSON, *Cor. Sec.*

### PHYLLIS.

She was dimpled, rosy, sweet,  
And her dress was very neat,  
And I loved to watch her feet  
When she danced.

She had lovely dark brown eyes,  
Always full of meek surprise;  
How those pretty orbs told lies  
When she glanced!

And her voice so soft and low  
And her utterance so slow,  
Yet her words would sometimes go  
—If it chanced.

And to love her as I should,  
Oh, I know I surely would,  
If my fancy only could  
Be entranced.

M.

### GLEE CLUB.

The annual meeting of this organization for the purpose of revision of the constitution and nomination of officers for the ensuing year, was held on Friday last. Mr. W. R. P. Parker, B.A., a past-president and honorary member of the club, was in the chair. The election of auditors was first requested, and Messrs. Merrick and Armour were chosen. After the constitution had been read through once it was taken up clause by clause. Mr. Black offered several amendments, all of which were carried. The number of officers was reduced from thirteen to seven, and the offices of secretary and treasurer were combined, leaving the complete list as follows: Besides an honorary president, a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, business manager, librarian, and two pianists. The duties of the business manager were modified to include all the work of correspondence, formerly belonging to the secretary, leaving the secretary-treasurer the work of recording secretary along with that of the treasurer. Mr. Wallace Scott then moved that the fee of the club be increased from \$1 to \$3, if paid after November 1, or \$2 if before that date. For new members, three weeks after date of admission was given for the payment of the \$2.

The officers were then nominated and resulted in elections by acclamation in all but one case.

Honorary President, W. R. P. Parker, B.A.; President, G. H. Black; Vice-President, E. N. Armour; Secretary-Treasurer, H. R. Stovel; Pianists, E. D. Carder, E. H. Smith; Librarian (to be elected), R. B. Scarfe, — Dickenson, D. Urquhart, T. Archibald.

Next Friday the election for librarian will take place, and the secretary and the treasurer will read their annual reports.



# The Varsity

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## OUR COLLEGE PAPER.



PAPER like VARSITY had better have no existence than be a mere chronicle of college gossip. Until Toronto University follows the example of her sisters in the United States and publishes a daily paper, VARSITY must continue to be a chronicle of college events, but it should be far more. The tone of the University spirit will be judged by the tone of its accredited organ, particularly among the sister universities to which it is a weekly visitor. If it be immature in thought or frivolous in expression the faults will be attributed to its environment, and very properly so.

For this reason the best thought of the University should be at the service of the paper. This should be given freely, cheerfully, ungrudgingly. Little is ever expected from the student who does not feel a genuine pride in his Alma Mater, and this expectation is easily disappointed. The "plug" who comes to college to take away as much as he can, and leave as little as possible, may possibly make his mark in the world, but it will not be a mark bordered by many kindly memories.

But while the student should take a pride and interest in VARSITY, the paper owes a duty to the student and to the University. It should endeavor to be worthy of that pride. While the editors should strive to have its columns contain the best available matter, the business management should cordially co-operate with them. While it is imperative that the paper should be self-supporting, and that those who labor for it should not labor for nought, it should not be used as a medium for money-making. We wish to be distinctly understood here. We have no objection to seeing a good surplus at the end of the season, but the interests of the paper should not be made subservient to that object. It does not appeal to the outside world as a mercantile speculation but as a phase of the intellectual life of Toronto University, and nothing should be permitted to interfere with it.

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where

## THE WOMAN UNDERGRADUATE.

When such an authority as Professor Goldwin Smith declares himself opposed to co-education, the humble advocates of the system may well put off their shoes from off their feet, and proceed reverently and cautiously with the discussion. But in the web of the Professor's old-school liberalism there is many a tough strand of ultra-conservatism. Though, indeed, the system has now become so firmly established in this land that he who would abolish it would be looked upon as the radical, its champion as the liberal conservative.

But, surely, even Goldwin Smith would acknowledge that co-education is not without its good features. That the influence of woman is great, is admitted by everyone; that that influence has tended, with remarkable uniformity, towards culture, is the verdict of all experience. The University, therefore, that desires to impart culture may well avail itself of the refining influence of the woman student.

Let our educationalists, if they must, leave out of their scheme of studies all mention of Differential Equations; let them, if they will, say not a word of the Theory of Interest. But the University system that disregards the influence of woman is, to our minds, a system very ill-suited to Canada.

Oxford, steeped as she is in sentiment, her countless customs wedded to traditions that carry us back far within the age of chivalry, her very buildings redolent with the quaintness of mediæval culture—Oxford, with all these charms, may not need the further charm of woman's presence to breathe into her students the spirit of culture. And the Oxford student, coming as he does from a refined home and from wholesome associations, may not suffer if the gentle influences of his home-life are temporarily removed. But the rough Canadian lad, often ill-mannerly, sometimes boorish and seldom knowing anything of society, is greatly in need of just those influences which are offered to him by the system of co-education.

The defects of the system are very evident, though it is the women, not the men, who suffer. That there is a danger, however, of some men being too much swayed by the influence of the woman undergraduate is, no doubt, true. But that man—if man he may be called—who is so devoted to the society of the ladies that he cannot enjoy the society of his books and his fellows, that he cannot enter soulfully into the sports of his companions, is a person with whom we would fain have no further converse. But far worse is that student who is so dead to the finer, sweeter, better tendencies of human nature that he cannot, or will not, lay aside his boorishness and enjoy the society of the gentler sex. He is a creature as utterly odious to us as were Scotchmen to good Charles Lamb.

That there is a certain lack of University spirit among us has long been acknowledged. That this is due to the narrower class distinction it seems quite reasonable to suppose. But we are naturally suspicious of the efficacy of any ready-made remedy.

\*\*\*

Our college paper is the one thing that we, as students of Toronto University, give to the outside world as a pro-



duction of our own. When we forget this we are apt to be a little too indifferent to the tone of the paper.

\* \*

The man who comes to college to bleed it of its scholarship money, who esteems a high place in the class lists above everything else, who does not enter into the social life of the students, who leaves his companions no better for his presence among them—such a man may grow wise, but —. His counterpart in the business world may grow rich, but is he honest? The honest man is expected to pay for what he gets.

\* \*

The duty of our University is not to produce educated Englishmen or Scotchmen or Germans. Let it strive to produce good Canadian men.

### SCORE ONE FOR TORONTO.

Your woman hater is a hard man to convert. Even though he be a college man he will not argue the question squarely. He simply points to the woman undergraduate and shakes his head. And one can hardly be blamed if that significant shake of the head recalls the advice of Wiche to his son: "My son, shun, as you would the devil, learned ladies." But, naturally, the undergraduate would not be bold enough to express his views so strongly.

If appreciation for the finer arts can reside in a breast where gallantry has no place, these opponents of co-education will thank us for recalling to their minds that passage in "The Little Minister" in which the Dominie tells how Adam Dishart, the rough fisherman, checkmated him in the game for Margaret's hand and heart:

I remember a Yule night when both Adam and I were at her mother's cottage, and, as we were leaving, he had the audacity to kiss Margaret. She ran out of the room and Adam swaggered off, and when I had recovered from my horror I apologized for what he had done. I shall never forget how her mother looked me over and said, "Ah, Gavin, I see they dinna teach everything at Aberdeen."

Had he been able to comprehend that remark as he could comprehend the wise sayings of his professors, the young graduate would have learned from it the greatest lesson of his life: he would have learned that scholarship's proper place is far humbler than he had thought. And a woman would have been his teacher.

But Gavin understood his teacher not. He went back to Aberdeen to write a poem about her, and, while he was at it, Margaret became Mrs. Dishart.

Aberdeen's system is not the same as Toronto's. There is a certain branch of knowledge—and that a not unimportant branch, albeit it is but the knowledge of the work-a-day world—that Aberdeen fails to teach.

There are always "two sides" to a question. Sometimes there are more.

\* \*

Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was certainly one of the great educators of the day, and his views are worthy of our con-

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St. W.

sideration. "The one intent and aim before him in the building up of the Institute," says the *Review of Reviews*, "was to make the course so vigorous that only the strongest could hope to complete it. It was an institution where men went to equip themselves for life work, not a hospital for the treatment of mental weaklings."

\* \*

To say that the student should shut himself up in a University town away from all the disturbing experiences of a busy city is certainly trite, but none the less untrue. "After all," said Mr. Arnold Toynbee, "a learned man is not much better off than a man who knows a great many common-place people."

\* \*

The present number of this paper is under the editorial management of Mr. Burriss Gahan, '98, well known to VARSITY readers under the pseudonym of *Brian Boru*.

\* \*

The worker in ivory does not use the same tools as he who chisels from the marble some artist's fancy. We cannot expect the methods of Oxford or Edinburgh or Harvard to be applicable to Toronto.

\* \*

The public parade of a meerschaum pipe with a small boy attachment does not make a man out of the boy. On the contrary it usually marks him as a "cad." Nor will any such superficial formality as the wearing of a gown transform a boor into an educated gentleman. But surely there is something of education, yes, and of learning, to be gained from association with the clever and refined women of our college.

\* \*

Englishmen could hardly expect an arbitration treaty from a nation whose whole system of primary education is simply an extension of the principle seen in the early one-syllable reading lessons telling how "your grand-pa-pa beat the Brit-ish."

\* \*

Though many of us are thirsting for the education that will give us culture, we must not forget that our position as students in a Provincial University demands that we form part of that great army of "truth-hunters," as Mr. Augustine Birrell contemptuously calls them.

### Varsity, 6; Queen's 6.

The Varsity hockey team travelled to Kingston last Wednesday to play their return match with Queen's. Little hope was there that Varsity would win, since Queen's had demolished Varsity by 6 to 1 the previous Friday. Most people indeed thought it was going to be a repetition of two years ago, when the Varsity team went to Kingston and were beaten 19 to 3. Bets were offered that Queen's would win by 10 goals, or that they would treble Varsity's score, and some wanted to bet Varsity would not score. I don't think any money was lost, because there was no Varsity money in sight. Varsity surprised everybody, but perhaps the most surprised people were the 800 spectators who filled the rink to see Queen's do Varsity by 10-0. They did not cheer much, except when Queen's evened the score one minute before time.

I have said Varsity surprised everybody, but I should



make one exception, and that is the members of the team; and even to them it was a surprise—not that they played well, but that their form had returned. Varsity played six League games this season, and only in two did they play their game—once at Stratford and once at Kingston. It may have been the width of the Mutual street rink, but certainly Varsity never played in Toronto the way they did away from home. The Varsity team is to be congratulated on doing a thing only one team—the Ottawas—ever did before, and that is keeping themselves from being defeated on Kingston ice. The Ottawa team is the only team that ever defeated Queen's in Kingston, and Varsity is the only other team that Queen's didn't beat.

Jack McMurrich, of T.A.C., was a good referee, and suited both teams better than Percy Brown did.

The teams lined out the same as on Friday night. From the first it was seen Varsity was in to win. Queen's pushed things at first, but soon the puck settled down in Queen's territory, and except for an occasional brilliant rush on the part of Queen's forwards, rarely passed half-way. Queen's scored first on a shot by Harty, which hit the goal post and bounded in. Then Varsity scored three straight games. Queen's were fagged, but played for all their might, and just before half-time added another goal.

The second half opened, and, by a mistake on Varsity's part of thinking the referee blew his whistle for stopping the puck in the air, Queen's evened the score. Varsity played like demons and soon had two more goals to their credit. Queen's were on the defensive all the time, when, with only eight minutes to play, and the score 5—3 in Varsity's favor, Brock's nose began to bleed. This took about fifteen minutes to stop, and this rest saved Queen's. Soon after starting again they added another. Then Shepard scored for Varsity, and Dalton added two for Queen's, and the match closed.

#### NOTES.

Queen's seemed to have great luck. The last two goals should never have gone through.

The Kingston papers praise Varsity's playing very much. Indeed, all who saw the match agree Varsity had the better of the play.

Biddy Barr and Jack Parry accompanied the team.

"Reddy" Lamont did not go along with the team.

Secretary Beaton, of the O.H.A.,—a Queen's man—says Varsity should have won. He also says that it is the first time he had seen Varsity play as they ought to.

We must congratulate Queen's on their record of

holding the championship for three years. Ottawa held it for three years also. Will it be Varsity's turn next?

Brock's nose saved Queen's.

Of the team which Queen's beat two years ago by 19—3, only two men played on Wednesday—Shepard and Scott.

Varsity's prospects for next year are very bright. Scott is the only one who graduates this year, and even he is not certain whether he will be around or not.

This was the first year Varsity reached the finals in the hockey league, and their record in them is not a disgrace.

Kingston rink is better proportioned than the Mutual street rink. The light is nothing to brag of, and the sides are a little low, but the ice on Wednesday was the best Varsity played on this year.

#### A DEWDROP.

She gave me a rose at parting,  
A blood red rose and rare;  
And she smiled and softly whispered:  
"My heart is hidden there."

I fingered those petals gently,  
And I breathed on each delicate scroll,  
But nought could I find but a dewdrop  
That passed as the death of a soul.

But perhaps in that drop of water,  
That flashes as it lies,  
Is the emblem of a passion  
That flashes, melts and dies.

MERVYN.

As an educator, Francis A. Walker was especially impatient of that tendency in some educational centres, to set before the young the thought of a college degree as a mere ornament, or of connection with a great university for the sake of getting a "pull" in life.

\* \*

Among the articles in *Cassier's Magazine* for March is "The Age of Electricity," by Nikola Tesla, with the author's portrait, and some illustrations of early and modern electric motors, and of the Niagara Falls powerhouse. This is one of the most interesting articles that has appeared on the subject for some time, and coming as it does from the most eminent electrical engineer on the continent, it is well worth reading.

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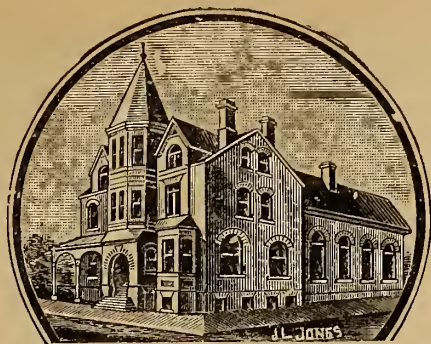
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## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Milligan will lecture next Thursday evening.

In addressing the Association two weeks ago, Prof. Hume made a stirring statement of the history and present condition of the Canadian Colleges' Mission. He first explained the duties of the Board, making special reference to the work of Travelling Secretary, Mr. Rae; the Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. W. H. Smith; the Editor of the paper, Mr. Abbott, and the Advisory Board. Prof. Hume then mentioned some of the outstanding results of the work at home—in the Province generally, and more especially in the 54 schools and colleges which it has entered. Special mention was made of a number of former members of the Board, who are now in the foreign field. After giving a brief account of the Mission since Mr. Gale went out in '88 as the representative of the Varsity Y. M. C. A., Prof. Hume spoke of the present position of the Board. In '92 Varsity Y. M. C. A. and the Medical Association each agreed to raise \$250. Neither Association has succeeded yet in reaching that amount. Last year Varsity Y. M. C. A. gave \$180. This is a time of crisis for the Mission. A special effort is necessary to pay all debts at home and in Korea—missionary's salary, home fare, missionary buildings, to properly equip the dispensary, and to send Dr. Hardie back. Instead of being behind in our payments, we should be ahead. Further, the Board would not be justified in sending Dr. Hardie back without furnishing him with a more comfortable home. This means that \$2,500, for all these purposes, must be raised in the near future. If undergraduates would double up in their contributions for one year, the debt could be removed; and if graduates and friends would triple up, the dwelling could be erected. The meeting closed with prayer by Dr. Hardie.

It is to be hoped that Prof. Hume's splendid appeal will have a strong and immediate effect. It would be greatly to our discredit now to be obliged to drop our work in Korea. The Board wants the prayers of the students and the friends of the Mission at this time of crisis. More; it wants 100 willing Varsity men to whom the additional sacrifice of five cents a week would not mean any great discomfort. This will reinforce the coffers of the Mission to the extent of \$250.

Last Thursday afternoon Mr. John A. Paterson, M.A., addressed the Association in his own original and vigorous style. The key-note of his remarks was to be found in George Eliot's words, "Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds"—the gospel of action. We shall yet be asked what we have done for the world we live in. The Christian life is not a single pitched battle; it is a campaign. Only after a struggle are we fit to stand on the sunlit hills of victory. *Via crucis, via lucis.* Cæsar

shamed his mutineer soldiers into obedience by addressing them not as *milites* but as *quirites*. We want the spirit of *milites*—men of the Caleb stamp, who will ask for nothing short of a formidable Hebron for a possession. The question of this year, the question of the age is: What is practical? and what can *we* do that is good and useful? One of the many things is to take a strong stand in preserving the sanctity of the Sabbath. The age is tolerant—in some respects too tolerant. There is too much of the circle with its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere. If the old heritage of the Christian Sabbath is to be upheld, we shall have to look to it. The door is ajar; it is easy to shove it farther open; let us stand inside and push it shut. The *milites* must take a decided stand.

God hath anointed thee with His inodorless oil  
To wrestle, not to reign.

## S.P.S. NOTES.

Mr. M. A. Bucke, who graduated from this school in 1890, passed through Toronto, *en route* for British Columbia, last week. He has had five years' experience in Slocan district, mining, and last fall his duties took him through all the mining camps. His advice to young men who contemplate going out in the spring is to settle in the Slocan district, as it affords the best openings for men who want to grow up with the country.

The Executive Committee of the S.P.S. Sporting League, have decided not to challenge the winner of the fight in Carson City on March 17th, as stated in last week's VARSITY. We understand it was impossible to get gloves to Fitz-Simmons. Many will be disappointed.

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, February 24th. We were pleased to have with us J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., who gave an interesting description of the engineering features in connection with the development, by hydraulic means, of the great placer deposit, owned by the "Bridge River and Lilleott Mining Co." (British Columbia). The company's property is favorably situated for development, and is quite rich in free gold. The description was of considerable interest to all the members, and elicited some good discussion. Following this was a valuable paper by J. B. Goodwin, B.A. Sc., entitled "The Sewerage Problem of Niagara Falls, Ont." Mr. Goodwin was assistant engineer on this work. The system possesses some unique features, which made the paper of special interest. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Messrs. Tyrrell and Goodwin by the Society. The president announced the arrival of two books which had been presented through him to the Society by E. B. Merrill, B.A. Sc., an old graduate of the school, who is at present in England.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Someone has been unkind enough to start a rumor that the business manager of the late lamented *Quarterly* grew weary of his job

The Athletic Association purpose holding their annual assault-at-arms in the Gymnasium, on March 11th. Full particulars will be given next week.

Curious as the coincidence may seem, there is no connection between the chopped up appearance of the editorial page this issue and the fact that to-day is Hash Wednesday. For the one, this week's editor alone is to blame; the responsibility for the other must be shouldered by old Anno Domini and the boarding-house keepers.

On Saturday evening Professor Ramsay Wright, Hon. President of the Glee Club, entertained the members of the Committee at a most enjoyable dinner. Those present were: Messrs.

MacKay, A. B. Watt, W. A. Scott, J. L. R. Parsons, McDougall, Ruthven, G. W. Black, Martin, W. B. Scott, W. D. Love, and J. R. Meredith.

Everything points to this being a most successful season for our baseball club. Everyone who can play the game is requested to come out for practice as early as possible. The management gives the assurance that the best twenty men will be chosen for the tour, independently of their pull, and that no favor will be shown to any "has-beens" or overly ambitious "would-bes."

At the meeting of the Glee Club to be held next Friday, in addition to the business of choosing a curator for the coming year, the meeting will be addressed by a number of prominent graduates, on the subject of a "New College Song Book," to replace the old one, which is now gradually becoming out of date. Among those expected

are Mr. J. L. Jones, Dr. D. J. Gibb Wishart, Mr. W. R. P. Parker, and others. The question of the amalgamation of the Club with the Banjo Club will also come up for discussion, and members of the latter organization are invited to be present and take part in it. Considering the importance of such matters, there will undoubtedly be a large crowd in attendance.

Owing to the Lit meeting on Monday night instead of Friday night, it was not possible to get a report of it in this number of VARSITY. The chief business transacted was the appointment of the committee to nominate the members of the Editorial and Business Boards of next year's VARSITY. Messrs. Greenwood, Sandwell, Burwash and Wallbridge, together with the present business manager and the editors of the fall and spring term, will pass judgment on the literary and executive ability of the various candidates.

**Shorthand Class**

One of the members of the Class lately concluded is taking copious notes of lectures, beautifully written, and one of the lady pupils of the same Class writes to a pupil in the present one that she has attained a speed of 120 words a minute.

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VOL XVI, No. 19.

University of Toronto.

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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1897.

No. 19

## MUSKOKA MEMORIES.

We were in a canoe at sunset,  
Afloat on Rosseau's lake,  
And the forest afar was blazing  
Red in Apollo's wake.

The water cooingly murmured,  
Kissed by the amorous blade,  
And the after glow of even  
Was just beginning to fade.

And naught but the water gurgling,  
And the pickerel plashing there,  
Could be heard, as we onward glided  
In the darkening evening air.

But the lights were beginning to twinkle  
From the cottages on the bay,  
Each moment twinkling brighter  
In the disappearing day.

'Twas time we were turning shorewards,  
For the air was becoming chill,  
And on every side was darkness  
O'er water, vale and hill.

KERRY.

## THE RISE OF THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES:

Among the charming pages of Mr. Green's "History of the English People," I find none more interesting and instructive than those which sketch for us the beginnings of University life in the mother-country. To the student of literature, whether a college man or no, the section of his work on the Universities is worthy of all attention as a remarkable piece of English prose, but it should have an especial interest to all who are daily engaged in the pleasures and the cares of academic life, inasmuch as it pictures to us that life in its origin and earliest developments. I would seek in this brief article, if possible, to arouse interest enough in those who have not read that part of the historian's work to cause them to examine it at their leisure in the near future, and to recall its main features to the minds of those who have been so fortunate as to have studied it ere this.

It is just eight centuries since Peter the Hermit's frenzied appeals roused all Europe to champion the cause of the Holy Sepulchre against the infidel; but Peter never, in all probability, foresaw the vast results in all departments of human activity which were destined to proceed from the enterprise of arms which he had preached. Apart from the fact that the Crusades effectually broke the back of feudal oppression and developed among the nations of Europe a feeling of brotherhood up till that time unknown, they had the further important effect of bringing the West into contact with the brilliant civilization of the Orient. Long had the western world, wrestling with the problems of a new social order, been wrapped in the darkness of a narrow self-sufficiency, when, fortuitously enough, a series of military expeditions illumined the night by introducing Europe to the comparatively advanced state of science and general learning in the East.

The Crusades opened up avenues of travel and of intercourse between Christian and Mahomedan civilization: and adventurous spirits, like Abelard of Bath, learned the rudiments of mathematical and physical science at the feet of the infidel. From the same fountain-head apt European pupils drank in their first knowledge of Aristotlean logic, which the keen appreciation of the East had rescued from oblivion.

But it must not be imagined that the continent of the west was so submerged in ignorance as to be incapable of an internal revival of general culture: nay, the facts disprove it, for while from external aid much was being received, a wide resumption of classical study in the twelfth century and a commencement of investigation in the principles of Roman law about the same time, evidenced the fact that the western nations were coming to realize that it was high time to awake out of sleep. The general enthusiasm of that wondrous period of nascent vigor manifested itself not only in the fervor of a campaign in the Holy Land, but also in the ardor of studious research at home; and the passion which had led many abroad drew not a few young scholars "to the chosen seats where teachers were gathered together." In such stirring times the English universities sprang into being.

But it is of Oxford, where the mediæval renaissance at first and most strongly made itself felt, that our historian speaks more particularly. It is possible that there existed in that town some earlier educational foundations which drew the "masters" thither, but, however that may be, we may see the beginnings of the University of Oxford in the lectures of Vacarius on the civil law, delivered during the anarchical reign of Stephen, and so free and outspoken as to provoke the condign displeasure of that monarch of unhappy memory. But in those early days the fame of Oxford was overshadowed by the reputation of the truly international University of Paris, where a throng of students from many a shore struggled through the elementary training of the trivium and the more advanced instruction of the quadrivium. Yet, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the English seat of learning, perfected gradually through the peaceful years of Henry the Second's reign, "took rank with the greatest schools of the Western World;" and when we have seen it thus firmly established, we may assuredly feel that the period of growth has passed that stage which we denote by the word "rise."

But our task is nevertheless far from completed; it is our duty to investigate with Mr. Green the environing conditions of the rise of the universities.

When the freshman of the Middle Ages (lo! hath he not always existed?) came up to college, no stately piles of academic halls broke upon his wondering vision; it was in church porch and house porch that the mediæval undergraduates assembled for lectures, and thus learning was at that time essentially peripatetic in the literal sense of the word. Nor did he, like the Oxford man of to-day, find numerous residences under college control where he might bestow himself and his belongings; on the contrary, he discovered that rudimentary state of affairs existing with which most of us are more or less well acquainted—a state of affairs best described in the words of the historian: "Thousands of boys huddled together in bare lodging-houses." The modern "sport" would not have found



himself very much out of place among students whose chief amusements outside of lecture hours were "drinking, quarrelling, dicing," not to speak of nocturnal rambles, which were not confined to Hallowe'en alone, nor of "defying bailiffs and cutting down honest burghers at their doors," though I fancy he would prefer betting to the begging which the "clerks of Oxford" resorted to in order to supplement their scanty incomes. Debts contracted by the gownsmen in those days were conveniently cancelled by burning the houses supposed to contain the obnoxious I.O.U's., and the police appear to have been as ineffectual then as ever. The "Caer Howell" of six hundred years ago seems to have been as well patronized as its lawful successors in trade, and tavern rows between scholar and townsman were the experience of every day. The monotony of such common acts as knifing an adversary and burning a dwelling was varied by occasional battles in the street between the academic section and the town mob, or by feuds between retainers "who had followed their young lords to the university." Threats of expulsion availed nothing, when a student driven from one group might in the most facile manner attach himself to another; and as we have already hinted, civic authority was powerless before the audacious vivacity of the undergraduates.

The closeness of connection between the national life and that of university circles in the early days—a closeness which I believe still exists in large measure up to the present time—is proved very conclusively by two facts cited by Mr. Green: the first, that "when all England was growling at Papal exactions the students besieged a legate in the Abbot's house at Osney," and the other, that "a murderous town and gown row preceded the opening of the Barons' War." "When Oxford draws knife, England's soon at strife," and, though of course we do not wish for the return of days of violence and outrage, one cannot help thinking what an inspiring thing it must have been to see the artery of college life throbbing in unison with the great heart of a nation, or refrain from a passing regret that we in Toronto know so little of this immediate union of sentiment "heart to heart and hand to hand." But if the student of early Oxford days found time and strength to show his sympathies with national movements, or to indulge in pranks in tavern or on street, he could with a versatility, remarkable in the extreme, devote himself passionately to study, and all roystering ceased and every whisper hushed when the "master" lifted up his voice to set forth the treasures of wisdom. Sublime, indeed, it must have been to sit at the feet of men who had endured privation and travelled afar to obtain learning at its very sources, and I doubt not that the scholar of early times often felt a tender sympathy, where the student of to day would perchance display an indecorous mirth if the lecturer, worn by asceticism, spent with the weary vigils passed in study or in prayer, fell asleep even as he sat upon his dais, elevated even so little above his admiring pupils. Those were whole-souled days, and the innate energy which roused the academician to brawl in the streets or wrangle in the lanes was not incompatible with a loving respect for the good and the learned, nor with a diligence, as yet unskilled and untrained, but full of passionate earnestness, of a burning desire to know for the sake of knowing. Neither poverty nor rusticity was any bar to progress; the student forgot either or both as he feasted on a repast of novel science and culture with a gusto that puts our efforts to shame. In a word, the Oxford student of the thirteenth century was quick-blooded, even to taking offence at trifles, quarrelsome even to the extent of creating pretexts for broils, lawless even to the verge of anarchy, but he was reverent almost to the point of pious worship of the "master," ambitious even to the extent of enduring the deepest pain to win the academic laurel-berries, diligent even to the point of dubious devotion to his tasks: he was a man and a scholar.

Mr. Green, lastly, invites our attention to the democratic spirit which pervaded English, and, in fact, all university life, even in days when the author of the now famous declaration that all men are free and equal would have been hung, drawn, and quartered—that most excellent democratic spirit which has descended to our own days, by reason of which men at the universities are taken as they actually *are*, not always perhaps as they would *like* to be considered. "Among Oxford scholars the son of the noble stood on precisely the same footing with the poorest mendicant." The University was a state "whose citizens were admitted by a purely intellectual franchise," and those traits of character, feats of physical prowess, or accidents of birth, which counted for so much outside the lecture-room counted for naught within. In a time when in the realm of state polity might was invariably right, it is marvellous to find even within university precincts free recognition that "knowledge makes the 'master,'" that in the field of knowledge, at least, all aristocracy is that of intellect. The free and independent university spirit is exemplified by the early refusal of the University of Oxford to accept a chancellor appointed by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and the successful establishment of a claim to elect this officer from among the "masters,"—an action which shadows forth with a grave solemnity a certain great Bill of Rights, obtained on the fall of a reckless tyrant, who raised his accursed hand against the ancient and honorable faculties of the great universities. It was this very spirit, inculcated by the universities, that completed the overthrow of feudalism; the movement toward a new form of society, which the Crusades had initiated by giving great opportunities for the growth of the middle class, was taken up and carried to its logical conclusion by the universities. "The University in its very essence was a protest against the isolation of man from man"; it was, as its name signifies, the symbol of a common intellectual relationship between men as men, without account being taken of wealth or rank. Thus Feudalism, which rested on a system of hierarchical subordination, villain to baron, baron to king, and thus recognized as its vital principle the inferiority of vassal to feudal superior was diametrically opposed to the spirit of the universities where, when the searching lamp of truth was turned on all alike, peasant and lord might often be found to have reversed the comparative position held by them in civil society. From the moment when the University sentiment woke to life, it was fated that Feudalism, already on the decline, should gradually succumb before a power which in the palmy days of feudal order had been slumbering in a sleep like that of death, only however to display an unparalleled vigor when the hour of awakening came.

Such, in brief, is the statement of the rise of the English universities, its accompanying conditions and some of its effects; and it is inspiring to think, despite any aspersions cast on our University, either from without or within, that in large measure we, as undergraduates of Toronto University, are reaping the abundant harvest of those painful years of the long ago, when, in the university foundations of the mother country, the principles and practice of academic life were cast into a good soil, destined in the course of time to bring forth fruit even to the overflowing measure of the hundred-fold.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER, '99.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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SOCIALISM.—G. F. Swinnerton, '97.

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J. W. B.



## A YOUTHFUL MEMORY.

The quiet hour, when even falls,  
And weaves her love-alluring shades,  
Oft tempted us, thro' arching halls  
Of green, to seek the forest glades.

Love's life is sweetest when no sound  
Disturbs the whisperings of love,  
Unless kind nature from the ground  
Breathes out a song, or from above

The nightingale lets loose its soul  
In sweet, entrancing notes, that fill  
The air with blissful sounds, which lull  
Our souls to rest, our spirits still.

And so we sought, my love and I,  
From every sign of world in this  
Retreat ourselves to lose, and sigh  
Our vows—and seal them with a kiss.

—GAWAIN.

## A WOMAN GRADUATE ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

Some weeks ago the VARSITY brought out an article "Education *vs.* Learning," in which certain defects of the University training in Canada are laid open, and the education which English Universities offer is represented as the ideal system for bestowing "culture," not only "learning," on men. Since, however, the author admitted that it was hard to define the term "culture," especially for Canadians, the article failed to give information on the nature of the benefits that would accrue to students, if the University authorities saw fit to adopt the different methods suggested in the paper towards bringing culture within the reach of the University man.

Before investigating the validity of some of the arguments by which the writer tries to prove the insufficiency of Canadian University training, we shall try to find, if not an exhaustive, yet a working definition of the terms "culture" and "education," which are used interchangeably in the paper. We have the authority of Fröbel, the great German educationist, on our side, if we say: "Education is the harmonious development of all human faculties." This, he explains, means the development of the physical, intellectual, emotional and volitional side of our nature. Culture, as understood by a European, differs from education taken in this sense, only in so far as it implies a more particular training of the æsthetic faculties by works of art, including those of polite literature, and the intercourse with men and women of broad, enlightened views and refined tastes. Whether culture according to this definition can be obtained in a young country which cannot boast of a Praxiteles, a Raphael, Michel Angelo, Beethoven and Wagner; or, whether it is even desirable for Canadians to prefer a more pronounced æsthetic training to a harmonious development of all human faculties, we shall leave undiscussed.

The advocate for an English University education declares that two of the most obvious defects in the system of Toronto University are: 1. The large amount of work prescribed in the curriculum, and 2. "The presence of students who by accident of sex, and through no fault of their own, have a bad effect upon the rest." We shall leave the first "defect" untouched for the present, but say a few words about the second. He pronounces the presence of women a defect in the system, although he very generously declares he has no desire to enter with us upon a quarrel. If the presence of women has no other beneficial effect upon men than the refinement of their

manners, a fact which all civilized nations acknowledge; and if, according to the author of "Education *vs.* Learning," culture consists in "the acquirement of manners with a smattering of learning," what does this reflect on his capacity for obtaining culture, if he objects to the society of women at the University?

The gentleman regrets that Toronto University furnishes no opportunity to young men for acquiring good manners. Even if we overlook the fact that he wishes to withdraw the male students from the refining influence of woman in the lecture-room, we think that his charge against this University is unfounded. What are good manners but the manifestations of the spirit of a gentleman or gentlewoman? But this spirit should be fostered in the domestic circle, under the special care of the mother. At an age when a young man enters the University he may be reasonably supposed to possess good manners. If the majority of Canadian students do not evince the ease, grace, self-possession and conversational talents of the European college man, it is because the former do not come, as a rule, from homes of leisure, where culture and refinement have been fostered for several generations. But whether the sterling qualities of Canadian character have suffered from the lack of conventional and æsthetic training, we leave for better authorities to decide. With regard to the state of the curriculum of Toronto University, we agree with the author of the above mentioned article. The amount of work prescribed is so considerable that it cannot be properly assimilated by the student, and consequently not always converted into power. However, we want no "smattering of learning," "non multa sed multum." What we need is less cramming and more oral reproduction as a test that we have made the material thoroughly our own.

We don't deem it necessary to prove that it could hardly be desirable for a student to gain nothing but good manners and various disconnected information from his college course, and raise the question now: What should be the aim of University training? It seems to us there is only one answer to it, namely, Education, in Fröbel's sense. This education implies, as we have seen, the development of all human faculties; therefore one half of the human race, the women, should never be excluded from the ideal University. Since perfect humanity is originally not found in man, nor in woman alone; but since it consists of the highest qualities of manhood and womanhood combined, as seen in the character of the one perfect Being that fulfilled His divine mission nearly two thousand years ago, we must admit that there can be no higher ideal for education than cultivating this kind of humanity in each individual. Psychologists tell us that at the present age there is yet a great difference between male and female character; and without entering into details we may say, it is held that the intellectual faculties are more pronounced in man, the moral faculties stronger in woman. In order to bring about a greater uniformity of character in men and women in accordance with the Divine model, it is necessary to educate those sides in the mental and moral constitution of both sexes which heretofore have been neglected. The University is the place for this most noble work.

Let us imagine a class of earnest men and women, thoroughly devoted to the search for truth. They are at seminary work. Every student has previously investigated some point bearing on the subject under discussion, and is prepared to give an account of the conclusions he or she has arrived at as the result of faithful study. Can it fail that by such course of training woman's intellect becomes broadened and widened, that her individuality is brought out and she feels in harmony with the Source of Being, with which, by intuitive insight, she is perhaps more closely connected than man? Can there be a doubt that such training would produce a manhood of a higher and nobler



type, that it would teach the men to see in their sister students, in the first place, not the "femina," but the "homo," a human being endowed with the divine light of reason like themselves? The results of co-education at the University in its highest sense, which we have not reached yet, are true manhood and noble womanhood. We do not want mannish women or effeminate men; this country needs women with a clear head and sympathetic heart, women with a strong individuality, not mere dolls that take no active part in the great work of life. But it needs, no less, men of powerful intellect and strong moral principle, men that have learned to conquer themselves and sacrifice their interests to those of their fellow beings.

This ideal humanity has never been more beautifully represented than by Tennyson, the graduate of an English University, who, in his prophetic mind, saw the results of ideal co-education in the distant future:

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,  
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other as ev'n those we love.  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:  
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.  
May these things be!"

HEDWIG S. ALBARUS, '95.

#### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

On Saturday, at four o'clock, the Students' Volunteer Missionary Union of Toronto, will meet in Yonge Street Y.M.C.A. Officers for '97 and '98 will be elected, and Dr. Apsland will give a short address on Medical Missions, with special reference to the work among Deep Sea Fishermen.

The last lecture, of one of the best series the Association has ever had, will be given on Thursday of this week at 5 o'clock. Hon. S. H. Blake will be the speaker, and no doubt the large audience which greeted Mr. Blake last fall, will be repeated on this occasion. It is to be hoped that no student—and especially no member of the Association—will fail to make at least a strong effort to attend.

Last Thursday Rev. Dr. Milligan addressed the Association and, in his usual vigorous and sparkling style, delighted his hearers. He spoke on the true conception of "liberty," found in Gal. 5: 13. "For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." The chief end of man, viewed from the manhood side, is the development of himself into this true liberty. Because the idea of liberty has been perverted—as in the theories of Rousseau and others—it must not be set aside. The great problem of life is the proper adjustment of the individual to the universal. God has set men here in organic relations—not as so many aggregates. Such relations are those of the home, of the community, of the church (for believers, and not organization, make the church). Then, as the whole prospers, so does the unit. The individual is never so truly expressed as when working for the universal, and the universal is never so greatly blessed as when the individual is truly himself. We reach liberty when we realize ourselves in the most perfect way after the image

of God. To find the truth in regard to a religious doctrine, you ask what is the consensus of opinion among Christian thinkers. The truth in art, music, etc., is similarly reached. So to find out what true manhood is, we must ask true men—men after Christ's spirit. Now, there has only been one over whose cradle it could truly be said, "behold a man." He was a *man*. The rest of us are mere fragments of men. He alone was real, free, stable, composed, symmetrical. Paul was "free" when he said "none of these things move me." We are free when we realize our normal selves. The only way to get men to forget fear on a battle field is to fill them with courage. The only way to get men away from the abnormal is to fill them with a passion for the normal. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The first step in the liberty of man is that he be divine in his choices. It is possible for man alone of all creatures to say "I am I." When a man chooses Christ he experiences the true transubstantiation. The carnal becomes spiritual. Christ said "Be not *conformed* . . . but be ye *transformed*." The second step is that he employ fittingly his liberty in the world in which he finds himself—that he live it out in the spirit of justice and kindness. This is true heroism. The marvellous is not that which eye hath seen. It is not the hail storm, but the sunshine and the gentle rain that mature the crops. We shall see no great miracles between now and the grave. Heroism is the way in which we meet the providences of life. The miracle is within us—in the life which is "hid with Christ in God." The life where whatsoever we do, we do to the glory of God and in the spirit of charity is the life of power, and freedom, and growth. That lesson to-night, that exam. in May, go at it like a man and for the glory of God. It is the commonplace that is marvellous; then why should we go after the catastrophe? "Grow in grace." The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Remember you are the creature of habit. Your nervous system is the net result of what you have felt, and thought, and done, wisely or unwisely. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Doing all to the glory of God; in the degree in which you thus realize your individuality will you send out an influence which will make men true and followers of Christ. All these privileges of yours are means of grace to lift men into the liberty of God; and then the earth and the fulness thereof are theirs because they are the Lord's.

#### GLEE CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Glee Club was held on Friday last. Mr. Black, President-elect, occupied the chair, and, after a short address, proceeded with the election for the office of Librarian, the other officers having been elected by acclamation at a previous meeting. The election resulted in the appointment of Mr. R. B. Scarfe, '99, to the office of Librarian.

Messrs. Parsons and Ruthven, Past-Secretary and Treasurer respectively, read their reports for the year, stating the musical attainments of the Club during the past season, especially the marked popularity of the concerts given while on tour, as well as those given in Massey Music Hall and at Hamilton.

The President then called upon Mr. Parker, Hon. President of the Club, to introduce a discussion as to the advisability of issuing a new University College song book, and this matter was dealt with at length by Messrs. Jones and Spence, President and Secretary respectively of the old Song Book Committee. Mr. Gibson, who was president of the Club, when the present song book was issued, also offered valuable suggestions regarding the new project. The scope of the book and the stamp of music which it should contain, were matters of discussion. A committee was chosen to make more definite inquiry into the matter,



the members of the Committee being Messrs Parker, Black, Parsons, Ruthven and Meredith.

Efforts will be made to secure the co-operation of the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Clubs and the Ladies' Glee Club, and it is hoped that should the work be undertaken, the clubs may have the assistance and patronage of the whole undergraduate body, in order that this book, when issued, may be even more popular than was the first, and in order that it may not only be a credit to the musical organizations of the College, but may redound throughout our province to the honor of our Alma Mater.

B., '98.

### ALCHEMY.

I read, once in an idle hour,  
Some lines about a maiden's hair,  
That clustered richly, fold on fold,  
Above a brow serenely fair;  
And when the sunlight lingered there  
It turned its dun to gold.

Would that a like transmuting power  
Might work its charm for me some day,  
When bills crowd in, and friends are cold;  
Might flood my room with mellow ray,  
And, drifting all the cloud away,  
Turn every dun to gold! —Ex.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Literary Society, which was postponed to enable all the lovers of music to attend the Banjo Club concert, was held on Monday evening, and for the first time this term the President had the pleasure of looking down upon a large and fairly enthusiastic crowd. The attendance since Christmas has been miserable, and we are forced to the lamentable confession that the Society cannot be conducted on a purely literary basis apart from the other functions which it enjoys. However, at last the crowd came, and it was easily perceived, from the unusually large number of S. P. S. men who were present, that something special was on hand. When the President called for notices of motion in regard to amendments to the Constitution, Mr. Hancock, 1st Vice-President of the Society, and, consequently, the representative of last year's University party, rose, and amid a few scattered cheers gave notice that he would move that the Medicals be admitted to the Society. Mr. W. M. Martin, to everyone's surprise, gave notice of a motion to hold the elections in the Students' Union, and consequently to do away with that time-honored institution, "the scrap," a custom which has survived the lapse of time and the departure of its originators, and has now come to be looked on as the necessary adjunct of a hot and exciting election. Mr. H. M. Little was on hand with three or four pages of written amendments, but as they were altogether concerned with "technicalities," he refrained from wearying the Society by reciting them, and handed them in bodily to the long-suffering Recording Secretary. But the chief interest of the evening centred in the election for the VARSITY Nominating Board, which was the next item on the programme. Mr. Little tried to impede the election on constitutional grounds, but the Constitution happily has provided for occasions when the Society desires to act unconstitutionally, and the elections being proceeded with, resulted in the appointment of Messrs. Greenwood, Sandwell, Burwash, and Wallbridge. During the counting of the ballots a varied and excellent programme of vocal and instrumental solos, and readings was rendered by such well-known

men as Messrs. Ruthven, Fitz-Randolph, J. S. Martin, Sandwell and Hancock. The President then called upon Mr. Charley Carson for a song, but Mr. Carson bashfully declined, as did also Mr. Counsell, when asked to perform the same office; Mr. Counsell, however, suggested that Mr. Martin play another piano solo, and Mr. Martin gracefully complied. The other contributors to the programme, evidently fearing a similar request, stole silently away "like as a bird unto the twilight," and when Mr. Martin finished his selection, the President found himself under the unfortunate necessity of declaring the meeting adjourned.

"C."

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The beginning of the end of the Literary Society year was reached on Friday, with Constitution night. Two more meetings and the glorious 'Lit of '96-97 will have passed into the ranks of the things that were. As a rule, the opportunity which this meeting affords of tinkering a little more with the already tinkered-to-death Constitution calls forth a crowd, and the assembly on this occasion was certainly by no means small, despite the fact that it was the second meeting of the week.

The minutes being read and approved, the Secretary of the Conversat Committee stated that he could not make his report as yet, since all the tickets had not been returned. The report of the Business Board of VARSITY was read by Mr. Scarfe. Its adoption was moved by Mr. A. J. McKenzie, seconded by Mr. Little, a motion which was carried. Mr. Martin then proceeded to drop a bombshell in upon the usually placid assemblage, in the shape of a motion to do away with the time-honored "scrap," by holding the election, in the Students' Union. Mr. Alexander seconded the motion, and a hot discussion followed, in which Mr. Pritchard especially distinguished himself in favoring of the proposal. Despite the eloquent efforts used on its behalf, however, it met defeat by a vote of 35—22.

Mr. McKinnon read the report of the Nominating Board of VARSITY, which was as follows:—

Editorial Board—Fourth year: Messrs. Gahan, Gunn, O'Higgins and McFarlane. Third year: Messrs. Alexander, Ross and Johnston. Second year: Messrs. Kay and Scott.

Business Board—Fourth year: Messrs. Cleland and Black. Third year: Mr. Armour. Second year: Mr. Mitchell.

The report was adopted on the motion of Mr. McKinnon, seconded by Mr. Inkster.

Constitutional amendments were now called for, and Mr. Little proceeded to move the various items of which he gave notice a week ago. The majority of his proposals were voted down, but several of the most important carried. Henceforth no one is to be allowed the use of the reading room who has not paid at least one year's fees. In the case of freshmen (amended to read "male members of the first year," on Mr. Sellery's motion), a nominal fee was to be charged, to be deducted from their first year's fee. A motion by Mr. Burwash to have the books of the VARSITY carried on from year to year, was voted down.

Mr. Hancock moved, without comment, seconded by Mr. Burwash, that the first and second year Meds. be admitted. Mr. J. D. Webster, '94, asked the Society not to pitchfork those into its ranks who did not wish an entrance. The motion was then overwhelmingly defeated.

On Mr. Keith's motion, the Secretary of Committees was requested to report, under Act IV., Sec. 6, the names of the frequent absentees from the meetings of the Executive Committee. This ended the business of the evening. The meeting adjourned, after accomplishing very little in the way of constitutional changes.



# The Varsity

TORONTO, March 10th, 1897.

Published weekly by the Students of the University of Toronto.

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W. A. MACKINNON, *Business Manager.*

GEORGE BLACK, *Assistant Business Manager.*

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*Business Board.*—Miss M. Harvey, '97; H. M. Little, '97; Miss F. E. Kirkwood, '98; E. N. Armour, '99; R. Telford, '00; L. J. Burwash and A. N. McMillan, S. P. S.

## EDITORIAL.

REFERENCE was made in our editorial columns last week to the growing necessity of a division of the work of college journalism into two distinct branches. At present the VARSITY is, according to the words on our first page, a weekly journal of three separate things, the "literature," the "thought" and the "events" of this University. The idea that to fulfil all these functions in an adequate manner is too much to expect of a single organization, has come home to many in recent years. And as we consider the matter, the opinion certainly does seem to contain much truth. There is much more local news that might be recorded in this paper than what really finds a place here. In the registering of events, we believe that we have been of recent years sadly deficient. A newspaper to fulfil its function as a chronicler of the happenings of a locality, cannot wait for news to come into its office. It must have an efficient reportorial system, with agents always on the alert to gain an account of whatsoever may take place of interest to its readers. We firmly believe that if a newspaper at Toronto University should discharge its functions properly in this regard, its management would have quite enough to do in addition to regular academic work. They certainly could not so discharge them and at the same time direct a University magazine. We are at present combining the newspaper and the magazine sides of journalism, and we believe that, though, taking everything in consideration, we have done well in the past, it would be better for all concerned if the division between the two were made. With the amount of our local news and the literary productiveness of the student body, increasing, as it is, from year to year, it does not seem in our best interests to load both duties upon one journal.

We think that the solution of the difficulty is found in the establishment of a real University newspaper, such

as we find at many American colleges. Cornell, Pennsylvania and others have most creditable daily publications. We, of course, are not their equals, in the number of our undergraduates from whom to draw our subscribers, and as a result, perhaps the formation of a daily paper would be for us, perhaps, a little too ambitious. But with considerably over a thousand students now represented on our editorial and business boards, and with several large affiliated colleges that we should be able to interest in the scheme, we see no reason why we should not be able to publish at least a bi-weekly or a tri-weekly. If we could succeed in establishing either of these, and could manage to have them do really good newspaper work, then not only should we have the events of our life here more carefully and fully reported, but we ought to be able to have them related to us in a much shorter time after their happening. The VARSITY proper would then go on as the depository of literature and undergraduate thought. It need not be published more than monthly or at least fortnightly. Those in charge of it would have more time to keep up an interest in literary work among us, to solicit contributions for its columns, and, in short, to bring out a literary publication which would do much more credit to our University, through the quality of the work which it contained, than the VARSITY does at present. The two functions, which we are discharging together, we do not believe are very compatible. We think that it could be much better for the manner in which both are attended to, if such a separation as we have outlined could be accomplished. The scheme seems at least feasible, and it would certainly be time well spent if those who next year will take the reins of power in undergraduate life, would examine it carefully and ascertain whether or not it is practicable.

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We are now in the midst of our usual series of spring elections, of minor or greater importance. The largest interest naturally centres around those of the Literary and Scientific Society, a fact due to the distinct division into parties which they create. As to these parties, we do not wish to venture on any question relating to the positive merits of either, but we think that it is quite in keeping with our neutral attitude for us to place ourselves on record against their perpetuation throughout the year. They have very few excuses for their existence outside the dependence of the Treasury of the Society upon the election contest. Wherever possible, then, it is to be hoped that the party struggle will be conducted without any great animosity, and that the separation into parties will be for the most part confined to election week. In no case let a political bond lead a person to sacrifice the interests of the student body as a whole.

And just here, we desire to refer to another matter, which cannot help but have impressed itself upon the observer of undergraduate affairs in recent years. A man is quite frequently brought forward as a candidate for a certain position, whose general qualities are such as to commend him for the office, taking him as a man and independently of any of his private relations and com-

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



paring him with his rival. Yet from jealousy of a particular locality from which he may have come, dislike for some coterie to which he may belong, or perchance for some social organization of which he may be a member, preference is given to others who are recognized as less capable of fulfilling the duties incumbent upon the holder of the office. We have had instances of this, many of which are well known to our readers. To be actuated by these motives is certainly not worthy of University men. Let the spirit which pervades our ranks be broad enough to lay aside all such pettiness. A man's private matters, as long as they do not interfere with performance of his public duties, should never be a bar to his holding a position of trust.

#### EDUCATION vs. LEARNING.

As a member of that class of students who have, "by the accident of sex, and through no fault of their own, a bad effect upon the rest," it may seem presumptuous for me to take part in the discussion begun by Mr. Biggar's article of Feb. 10th. But, as a member of Toronto University, and as a sincere lover of Alma Mater, perhaps I may be excused the expression of a few immature ideas on the subject under consideration. In passing, I should like to deny the accusation that the women undergraduates have had a bad effect upon the men. Apart from my own observations, various graduates of the days before the admission of women, have told me that the presence of the ladies has had the greatest effect of any force in late years in transforming the undergraduates into gentlemen. But I, also, have no desire to enter upon a quarrel; the day for that sort of thing is long past and ought to be forgotten.

Yet it is too true, as Mr. Biggar says, that Toronto University, in the majority of cases, does not hall-mark a man, and that if he comes a boor he generally goes away a boor. There are, however, many exceptions, exceptions so great as to make one doubtful whether the fault is more in the man or more in the University.

Undoubtedly, it is true, the curriculum is not perfect, yet it is worthy of note that many of the best students spend a vast amount of time in other ways than study. It is also true that there is a deplorable lack of personal interest between professors and students, and among the students themselves. But these difficulties are far worse in the older colleges on this side of the line, owing largely, apparently, to the sway of Greek Letter fraternities. Indeed, the men, and also the women, I am sorry to say, hold aloof from the members of a rival chapter-house, with not only coldness, but often animosity, such as they would be ashamed to show towards a rival institution of learning. The student who attempts a college career without joining some fraternity might better stay at home. Happily, such a condition of things has never found favor in Canada. When we add to this our individual freedom, the marked improvement in the ordinary conditions of college life since I was a freshman, there seems to be an opportunity now for a broad culture, such as there was not, even then.

At that time everything about college was in the chaotic condition of a new institution. It was the first year of lectures in the rebuilt east wing, and everything inside was startlingly new. Outside, with the exception of parts of the front lawn, the grounds were a howling wilderness. The library was not nearly finished and the gymnasium was a dream of the future. Add to this the confusion incident to confederation and the disturbed state of student organizations. It was rather difficult to follow one's ideals with a single eye in those days.

Again, in justice to the Faculty, I think we ought to remember how earnestly some of them tried last year to meet the students half way, by inviting them to their homes. I know positively of different ones who regret the chasm quite as much as the students do, but they say the students are unresponsive to advances.

Now, considering the progress of the last few years, we are justified, surely, in looking for a corresponding improvement in the students. But we do not find it, and therefore, I think, we must seek more earnestly for the hindrances. To my mind the roots of the trouble lie deeper and are more difficult to reach than the faults of the system already touched upon. The absolute lack of culture in our public schools and collegiate institutes, and the extreme youth of the average freshmen, combine to fill our university with a class of students who, for lack of training, know nothing of college ideals as they are bred in the men sent up to Oxford from such a school as Rugby, for example. Old Upper Canada has done pioneer work for Ontario, but her sons are but a handful in the student body. So, too often, instead of graduating perfect ladies and gentlemen, Varsity is obliged to content herself with having planted the mere rudiments of culture, and it is only after graduation that her students begin to see, too late, the true meaning of college life. Until this preparatory social training is done in our preparatory schools, of which we boast so much, they will remain very imperfect, and the college will suffer.

The time of indifference, public as well as collegiate, seems, however, to be passing away in Canada. The unvarnished criticisms made in so many recent speeches, both within and without college halls, seem to indicate a general awakening to our deficiencies. In college, the growing desire to wear gowns is a sign of the times. In my freshman year, our class attempted to revive the custom and were roundly laughed at by the seniors.

If Toronto profits, not only by old-world experience, but also by American mistakes, there is small reason why she should not set the standard for new-world culture. Already she is highly esteemed, scholastically, in this country. At the same time, the American dislike for England leads her universities to laugh at Oxford as a slow, old-fashioned place. They prefer to copy the German seminar methods, and are unfortunately beginning to apply them to undergraduate work, thus extorting a class of work which is out of the range of undergraduate capabilities, in the opinion of English universities. The result is that culture is pushed into the background, and one feels forcibly the distinction between learning and education, so aptly marked by Mr. Biggar.

I think we must all have felt the inspiration of Mr. Stringer's delightful sketches of Oxford, and had a longing spring up that the time may soon come when our own Alma Mater will look with as strong a pride to her sons and daughters.

E. M. GRAHAM, '96.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., Feb. 15th, 1897.

Y.W.C.A.

The last week's regular meeting of the Y W C.A. was very successful, in that it was the most largely attended of the term. It was the monthly missionary meeting and was in charge of the Missionary Committee. Miss Gillan, '98, read an interesting extract on West Indian Missions from the *World's Review*. Passages of Scripture, particularly bearing on the subject of Missions were read, and Miss Kirkwood, '98, favored the audience with a vocal solo. The meeting then adjourned, each one of the members hoping that the increase in attendance would be kept up.

E. M. SEALEY, Cor. Sec.

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St W.



## S.P.S. NOTES

The School may congratulate itself upon having a hockey team, which, though we would not now like to prophesy for it the proud position of the football XV., is at least going to be in the running for the inter-college championship. Though everyone expected them to win from McMaster, yet the score of 18 to 3 indicates that they have a most marked propensity for scoring goals, which will prove a matter for the consideration of any team to which they may be opposed.

The game was booked to be played on Victoria College ice, but when both teams, each supported by a numerous band of loud-voiced backers, had waded their way thither through the slush, it was discovered that arrangements had been made to play another match there that afternoon. Accordingly, after a short conference between the managers, it was decided to bring off the game at 4 o'clock at the Mutual street rink.

Adjournment was made to that place forthwith and the puck faced off at 4.10. The School were the first to draw blood, the puck going through after a hot scrimmage in front of goal. Six more goals were scored before the whistle blew for half time.

When the play was resumed, the School added 6 more goals to their score, in rapid succession, Morrison, McArthur, and Davidson all taking their turn at sending the puck between the sticks. The unlucky thirteenth game was scored for McMaster by Rossier. The School increased their score by 6 and McMaster by 2 before time was up. The School forwards played in good form, and their shooting was particularly praiseworthy, the shots coming in hard and straight, and few opportunities of scoring being missed. Morrison is decidedly the star of the team, though the two McArthurs and Davidson all did their share of the work. All the forwards, however, showed too keen a desire to do the scoring themselves instead of passing, which was not commendable, though possibly excusable under the circumstances. For McMaster, Rossier scored two of their three goals, and probably saved them from a whitewash.

The S.P.S. is not a big institution, but, oh, my! The natives of the Island of Papua will think differently next spring. Won't they be surprised when we land there some fine morning in May, and start off with "Hoom, rah, hoo!" Mr. S——y leading. It will be difficult to say which will have the greater anticipations, the natives or the school party, as they stand and eye each other (providing they both stand long enough to have anticipations)

on first meeting. If the natives realize their anticipations there will be no fourth year next year; it will have gone up in smoke, mostly, that's all. The first thing to do will be to send Mr. A——s ahead to negotiate with the chief. If he does not come back, well, we will try some other part of the island. True, an American prospecting party went into the island a number of years ago to search for gold, and have not yet returned; but, what of that? Mr. McM——n is to be our captain. Every man must put \$100 into the treasury before starting. Dr. G——n, the moving spirit of the expedition, is to be treasurer—and carry a Winchester rifle and a shovel. An old vessel will be chartered for five months. Mr. K——g and Mr. W——n will tell stories when work is slack.

\* \*

A special meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Friday, the 5th inst., at 4 p.m., in the Architectural lecture-room. It has been found necessary to hold one or two extra meetings in order to get all the papers read which have been prepared.

At the meeting on Friday, three very interesting papers were read, describing the tunnel and power installation of the Cataract Construction Company at Niagara Falls.

The first paper was read by Mr. Laing, B.A.Sc., who described the constructive features of the tunnel and gave a short history of the plans for power development from the Falls. Mr. Minty, B.A.Sc., then gave a description of the hydraulic features of the power installation. The third paper was by Professor Rosebrugh, on the electrical plant and the method of power distribution. All of the papers were fully illustrated by stereopticon views.

Several letters were read by Mr. H. V. Haight from the Cataract Construction Company and some of the large manufacturing companies at the Falls, giving permission to the students of the school to visit their establishments. A committee was named by the president to make arrangements, if possible, for an excursion to the Falls to give the students an opportunity of seeing the plant of the Cataract Construction Company and to visit the manufacturing plants.

\* \*

One of our enterprising third year men met with a rather discouraging set-back the other day. He had been trying for some months to make a respectable showing of hair on the upper lip, and partially succeeded, too, when, while sitting down at dinner the other day, a little girl who was staying at the same house looked up into his face, and, her face enlightened as if by a sudden revelation, remarked: "O, Mr. ———, you are getting a moustache." And this after three months!

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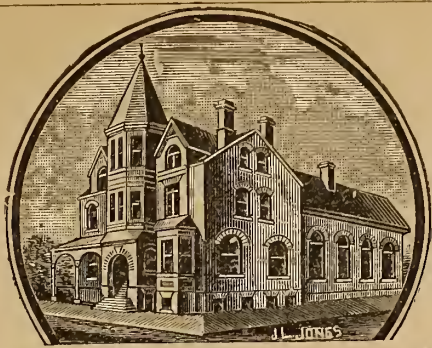
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## Abstract of receipts and expenditures:

## (a) RECEIPTS—

From Regular advertisements .....	\$681 75
" Casual advertisements .....	8 00
" Subscriptions .....	251 25
" Extras .....	1 45
" 1894-1895 management .....	50 00

\$992 45

## (b) EXPENDITURES—

Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co., printing .....	\$599 86
Job printing .....	20 00
Cuts for illustration .....	10 50
Cut for cover .....	18 00
Delivery in city .....	21 62
Sundries .....	68 62
Paid to management, 1896-1897 .....	50 00

\$788 60

Total receipts..... 992 45

Total expenditures..... 788 60

Balance ..... \$203 85

## This surplus is divided as follows:

C. G. Paterson, editor.....	\$ 50 96
R. H. Coats, editor.....	50 96
Business Manager.....	101 93

\$203 85

In presenting this report the business manager desires to acknowledge his obligation to the entire Board for their valuable assistance, and more especially to Mr. J. S. McLean, Mr. L. Burwash, of the School of Science, and to Miss E. M. Graham; and to express his regret that illness during the months of May and June has so delayed the completion of the business and in consequence the presentation of this report. It has also led to a small increase in the amount of bad debts. He would also call the attention of the students to the fact that their subscriptions do not constitute more than one-fourth of the income of VARSITY, and that, therefore, they should establish it as a good advertising medium by patronizing VARSITY advertisers on all possible occasions, especially as among them are to be found the most reliable dealers in the city. ALEX. J. MACKENZIE, Business Manager.

## THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting was held on Thursday afternoon in Room 3, the purpose being to nominate officers for next year's committees. The following were nominated:—

Miss G. Lawler, B.A., Honorary President, by acclamation.

President—Miss G. Hunter, nominated by Miss Menhennick; Miss M. Stovel, nominated by Miss Langrill; Miss H. Macdougall, nominated by Miss Eastwood.

Vice-President—Miss Northway, nominated by Miss Adair; Miss MacDonald, nominated by Miss Gibbs; Miss Rumball, nominated by Miss Eastwood; Miss Gibbs, nominated by Miss Morrison.

Fourth Year Councillor—Miss Rosenstadt, nominated by Miss McPhail; Miss Lamont, nominated by Miss Scott; Miss Jackson, nominated by Miss J. Brown.

Third Year Councillor—Miss Robinson, nominated by Miss Kurtz; Miss Cleary, nominated by Miss Scott.

Recording Secretary—Miss D. Wright, acclamation.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Hughes, by acclamation.

Curator—Miss Benson, nominated by Miss M. Hunter; Miss Tennant, nominated by Miss Northway.

Second Year Councillor—Miss L. Wright, nominated by Miss Menhennick; Miss Fleming, nominated by Miss Brown; Miss Grant, nominated by Miss Eastwood; Miss Evans, nominated by Miss Kurtz.

Editorial Board of *Sesame*—Fourth year, Miss MacDonald, Editor, by acclamation; Fourth year, Miss Mullen, by acclamation; Third year, Miss Downey, by acclamation; Second year, Miss L. Wright, by acclamation.

Business Board, *Sesame*—Manager—Miss Northway or Miss Kirkwood; Third year, Miss Benson, by acclamation; Second year, Miss Hughes, by acclamation.

ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Cor. Sec.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The closing literary meeting of the term was held on Monday last. There was a large attendance, and the programme, consisting of a paper on Jane Austen, by Miss Lawson, and one on George Eliot, by W. H. Alexander, was of great interest. The meetings this year have been well attended as a general rule, and have been felt to be very profitable. The Club feels specially grateful to the members of the staff and to those students in other departments who have taken part in the programmes.

Next Monday the annual business meeting will be held, at which the officers for 1897-8 will be elected.

G. S. BALE, Rec. Sec.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Next week VARSITY makes its last appearance for the present academic year.

We regret to announce the quite serious illness of Mr. A. T. DeLury, Dean of Residence, our popular mathematical lecturer.

Rev. W. P. Reeve, '94, has distinguished himself once more at Harvard, by winning a valuable prize for an essay on "Missions."

To-morrow evening the assault-at-arms takes place in the gymnasium at 8 o'clock. An admission of twenty-five cents is being charged.

The last regular meeting of the Political Science Club was held on Thursday. Messrs. Miller and Cohen were the essayists of the day, and delighted the audience with two very interesting papers.

The hockey rink has been the scene of much activity during the past week, as a result of the inter-year hockey matches, which have been played off as scheduled. The results up to date have been as follows: '97-4; '98-0; '99-6; '00-2; McMaster-3; St. Michael's-2; S.P.S.-18; McMaster-3; Dentals-5; Meds-0. The game has had an admirable effect in developing a great many hitherto unknown players.

We had a dream the other night,  
When all around was still;  
We dreamed that each subscriber came  
Right up and paid his bill.

*Queen's University Journal*, in commenting upon the match between Queen's and Varsity, played in Toronto, says, "It was believed that the Varsity team was the best that has represented the institution for many years. Captain Curtis is still of that opinion." The Varsity forwards, it goes on to

say, are fast, but lack combination. Sheppard was by long odds the best of the forwards. Waldie, in goal, was chiefly responsible, with his skilful work, for keeping down the score.

We are in receipt from William Briggs, publisher, of a critical "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," appearing in 1896, together with some of the more important of the publications of 1895. This is the first of a series of "University of Toronto Studies in History." The "Review" is edited by G. M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto, and has among its contributors such well known men as Dr. Bourinot, Abbé Casgrain, Dr. Geo. Stewart, Sir J. M. Lemoine, Prof. Mavor, and many others. The work is a most useful bibliography. It is bound in stiff paper cover, and its price is placed at seventy-five cents.

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One of the members of the Class lately concluded is taking copious notes of lectures, beautifully written, and one of the lady pupils of the same Class writes to a pupil in the present one that she has attained a speed of 120 words a minute.

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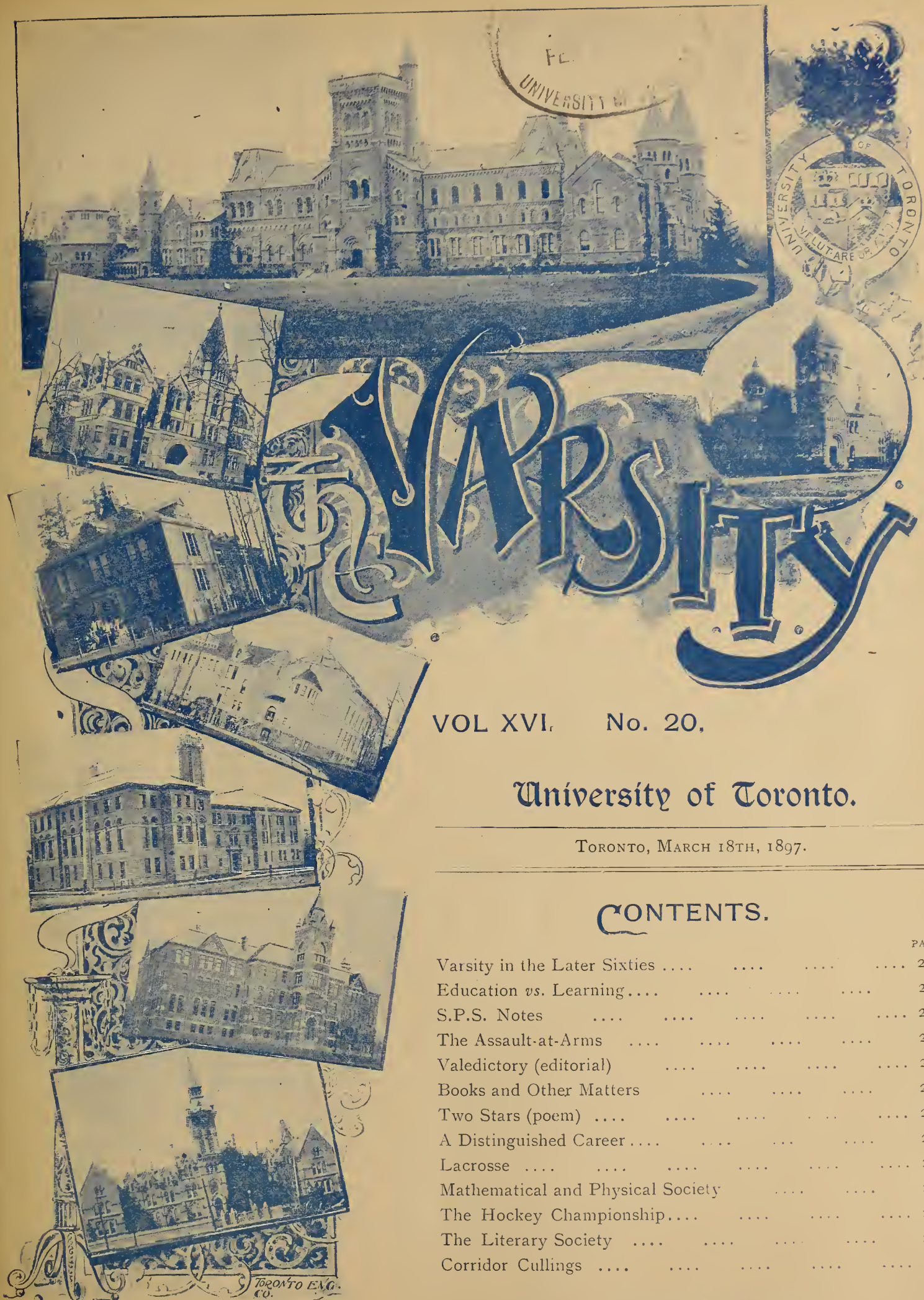
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VOL XVI. No. 20,

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, MARCH 18TH, 1897.

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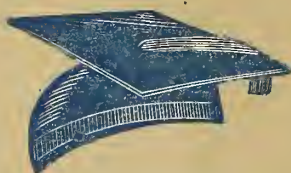
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1897.

No. 20.

## VARSITY IN THE LATER SIXTIES.

### I.

Although I matriculated in 1864, it was not until January, 1867, that I became a student of University College. My academic life belongs, therefore, rather to the class of 1870, with whom I graduated.

Amongst my fellow-matriculants were Alan Cassells, Purdy, Crozier, Atkinson, Bruce, Dr. Alex. Hamilton, Deroche, Wm. Macdonald, Edgar Paul, Croly, George Goodwillie, Dr. Lachlan Macfarlane, and others whose names are familiar to the "old boys" of a generation ago, possibly even to the *fin de siècle* freshmen of '96.

The impression produced by the first sight of old Varsity, as I threaded the Park, then in its pristine loveliness, on a charming September day in 1864, is still fresh in my memory. Even yet, as again I visit

"The reverend walls  
In which of old I wore the gown,"

there comes back some reminiscence of the boyish awe with which I first passed under the beautiful arch of the Norman portal, across the noble entrance hall, and down the eastern corridors to the splendid room where Convocation was wont to be held, and where nearly four-score youths like myself were to undergo the ordeal of a matriculation examination.

A generation ago! "As is the race of leaves, such is that of men." The Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor—their Registrar and Bursar—the Professors with their President—where are they? Hear the roll call: McCaul, Cherriman, Buckland, Croft, Hincks, Wilson, Chapman, Forneri, Hirschfelder—these composed the College Council. Mr. Justice Morrison was Chancellor; Adam Crooks, Vice-Chancellor; Thomas Moss, Registrar of the University. Mr. Buchan was Bursar, I think, then, as in later years. Mr. Lorimer was Librarian. Of all those named, but two—or three at most—survive. And Convocation Hall itself has passed away—like Hans Breitman's "barty," "avay in die Ewigkeit." And McKim, the "esquire bedel," who kept a vigilant eye upon us in the Hall, and mended our pens and replenished our stock of paper and ink, and who told us tales of the "Noble Six Hundred"—and old "Rex," our Cerberus, who kept the gate so well, and was replete with wise saws and ancient instances—and others, old servants of the University whom we conversed with in the old days—they too have become shadows and memories floating in the mist of long ago.

### II.

#### SOME "OLD MASTERS."

We had in my time nine professors to minister to the intellectual wants of some two hundred or two hundred and fifty students in Arts. As yet the days of "fellows" were not; nor had "associate professors" appeared upon the earth. There were "lecturers," however, even as now, Goodwillie, and afterwards in succession, Stuart Foster, VanderSmisen and Pearman, in Classics; Loudon in Mathematics; VanderSmisen in German; Pernet in French; Oldright in Italian and Spanish. Goodwillie and afterwards VanderSmisen acted as College Registrar. The present President of the University, in addition to

his lectureship in Mathematics, occupied the perhaps more difficult and onerous position of Dean of Residence. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the names of those who are still among us. But some reference to two or three of the "Old Masters" who are gone may be appropriate. Their name and fame are treasured by many a grizzled graduate, whose fiery youth dates back to the days when Plancus was consul.

"Head of them all  
And top of the tree  
Is Johnny McCaul,  
The LL.D."

If the words of the old song be regarded as irreverently familiar, they were at least in exact accordance with the facts, from the student's standpoint. Behind the seeming disrespect is apparent the singers' hearty admiration for the strong personality of the distinguished head of University College.

Tall, stately, dignified in appearance and gesture, his powerful physique satisfied the eye. His handsome Celtic face showed intellect, culture and decision of character. Rarely does one see a more imposing presence than that of Dr. McCaul in his prime.

His scholarship was of the old school. An honored *alumnus* of Trinity College, Dublin, editor of one of the best editions of Horace as well as other standard works on classical subjects, he was a recognized authority on Greek and Latin inscriptions, and his opinion was sought on disputed questions by eminent European epigraphists. He was Professor of Classics, Logic, Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres. We were expected to learn by heart the Latin and English texts of Murray's Logic. Of course, his expectation was sometimes disappointed. In Classics he was strong on the old learning—textual criticism, various readings, conjectural emendations, besides the thorough mastery of the subject matter. His lectures in Rhetoric and Belles Lettres consisted mainly of extempore translations, into splendid sonorous English, of long passages from the Greek and Roman orators—perhaps from Æschines "On the Crown," a Philippic or Olynthiac of Demosthenes, or some fierce invective of Cicero against Mark Antony.

From the great masters of antiquity,

"Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,"

he derived his own unrivalled oratorical style.

His Convocation speeches were works of art. He delighted in well balanced sentences, long rolling periods, and apt quotations from his favorite classics. How familiar we became with such sentences as:

"Macte, puer, virtute."

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos"

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

"αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,"

and others equally intended to inspire us with the manly qualities included in the old ἀρετή and *virtus*.

In the later sixties Convocation was a statelier function than in these degenerate days. The Chancellor, of course,



presided. The President's address was the *pièce de résistance*. By the unwritten law, the length of all speeches was regulated by the undergraduates' feet. Other orators, even of the highest eminence, were ruthlessly stamped down, when instinct told us they had said enough. But there was no hostile shuffling when Dr. McCaul was up. His carefully prepared oration was duly rounded off to the final quotation, and responded to by a climax of deafening applause.

We knew well his oratorical devices. At regular intervals we received and heeded the hint to encourage him. A stately gesture, a hesitancy before the apt word was caught, an interrogative "hem," gave us warning. Then at the proper moment came the expected burst of eloquence, and the hall resounded with the stamping of feet and clapping of hands.

He belonged to the now extinct race of snuff-takers. Nothing could exceed his dignity and majesty of port, as he sailed down like some great galleon from the President's apartment to his lecture-room, with robe swelling in stately fashion behind him. Carrying a snuff-box and red silk handkerchief in his left hand, and the thumb of the other held out horizontally before him to save its load of precious dust from spilling, he seated himself on the dais with the deliberation of a king opening parliament. Then slowly, and with the solemnity of a religious act, he raised his right thumb to each nostril in succession. Nature, they say, abhors a vacuum. In a moment the snuff had filled two vacuums created for the purpose. Then the handkerchief was creased diagonally. A corner held in each hand, it was slowly drawn two or three times across the lower half of his face, until there remained no trace of the dust. The class gazed with awe, not unmixed with irreverent amusement of scapegraces and blasphemers. Then the silk, carefully crushed together in an artistically careless manner, disappeared in the recesses of his tail-pocket, and the right index finger pointed to the student who was that day singled out for honor. "Gibson, you go on." Forthwith Gibson rose with justifiable elation to read and construe his Horace or Homer, and receive with due modesty the doctor's exposition of the beauties and difficulties of the text. Such was the preliminary ceremonial of a classical lecture in the olden time.

Dr. McCaul kept in close touch with student life. He would occasionally invite an undergraduate to his room, ask his opinion as to the methods of instruction, and request him to suggest improvements. He took great interest in College sports, the *Conversazione*, the Literary Society, and other undertakings, and kept himself well informed of all details. He would himself undertake to arrange for the bands of music or with musical *artistes*, who were to assist in entertainments. His long experience and knowledge of men were always of value to the students who consulted him.

Although he preferred to drive with a loose rein, we always knew he held the ribbons. He insisted upon a reasonable discipline and allowed a reasonable liberty. Complaints were listened to patiently, but not encouraged, unless there was substantial foundation for them. When a deputation of Residence men waited on him to complain of what was called the "grub," he heard us to the end, took snuff, chuckled, and answered, "Is that all? Not half so bad as we used to have at Trinity!" Then with his characteristic interrogative "hem! hem!" he rose, and we bowed ourselves out, angry but laughing. That ended our deputations, but we noticed a marked improvement in the meals.

The chief impression one retains of Dr. McCaul is of intellectual strength, eloquence, and dignity. These qualities, however, must be supplemented by others to make up a character which people could like as well as respect; and "Old Johnny" was undoubtedly a popular

president. When he unbent, as he sometimes did, his geniality and bonhomie at once put him on our own level—only we never forgot that he was "head of them all, and top of the tree." But, after all, it was his foibles that endeared him to us—his redeeming weaknesses. How familiar we became with his well-worn anecdotes and bon-mots, classical and modern, repeated with stereotyped phrase to each successive generation of students. How we gloated over his thorough appreciation of his own abilities and position, and his undisguised love of approbation, which was accordingly, whether deserved or not in the particular case, showered upon him by the complaisant collegians.

It was from himself that each successive class learned how Lord Elgin, when Governor-General, had addressed a University audience in Latin, but not until after he had rehearsed the speech to Dr. McCaul, lest some solecism in pronunciation or syntax should betray him to the Philistines. For, was it not the fact that some budding House of Commons orator of the last century had seen his parliamentary career checked for years by a solitary mispronunciation? He said *vectigal*, when he should have said *vectigal*!

Ay me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron!

We knew too the names of distinguished men, former students of the Doctor when he was at old Trinity, or familiarized by McCaul's Horace with the brilliant thoughts and artistic finish of the Augustan poet. Dr. Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent, came up to pay him homage whenever he visited Toronto. An eminent Roman Catholic Bishop from the States had crossed the line specially to visit the classical scholar, whose books he had studied. Incidents of this kind were always interesting to us, for our own egotism was magnified by the tribute paid to our President; but we smiled as he repeated the stories year after year.

In our brief interviews with him, we dwelt with malicious complaisance upon the impression produced by his last Convocation address, the applause of the audience, the newspaper comments. How the old lion purred as we stroked him, and his talons disappeared into the velvet paws! After all, the great world may remember him for his greatness, but we, who sat under him with admiration and somewhat of awe, perhaps like him best for his amiable weaknesses, which showed that he was in some things, at least, human like ourselves.

Of the other professors, Dr. Wilson—he was not then Sir Daniel—was kindly and always approachable, and his home on Bloor St east often opened its hospitable doors to the students. Professor Chapman was versatile in his many-sided cleverness. We laughed at his funny stories, admired his verses, esteemed the Professor and liked the man. His well-known mannerisms were mimicked admiringly. He used to dictate his lectures *verbatim*. Luckless was the freshman who got a sentence behind, and verdantly asked him to repeat the last. The words rolled mellifluously from his lips, as he courteously but firmly declined—usually spending more time on the refusal, however, than the desired sentence would have occupied: "I cawn't repeat, you know; really, I cawn't repeat. I always select only the most salient points, you know, and really, I cawn't repeat."

Professor Hincks, like the others, was a man of genial and kindly nature. His specialty, I remember, was Gasteropodous and Lamellibranchiate Mollusks. I am not sure what they are; but he was an authority on them. The learned professor was possessed of more than his due share of adipose tissue, and it was a moot point with the irreverent into what class of Mollusks his environment had evolved him. He had been appointed over the heads of



other applicants, who afterwards became distinguished. It is perhaps not generally known that Tyndall and Huxley were unsuccessful applicants for the chair in Toronto University to which Mr. Hincks was appointed. Of course the influence of his brother, the late Sir Francis Hincks, was all powerful in his favor. Owing to his advanced age, perhaps, there was not the best of discipline at his lectures; but the students had only the warmest feelings of respect and kindness towards this learned representative of a distinguished family of brothers.

Of Dr. Beaven's peculiarities the older graduates have much to tell. As a preacher he was learned and strictly orthodox, according to the perhaps narrow measure of the time. In the chair of Metaphysics and Ethics he was out of his element. His lectures were dry-as-dust and perfucatory. He read from a yellow MS., which appeared to date back to his Oxford days half a century before. Woe to the unfledged student who raised any question in class for the Doctor to solve. I remember a student from Goderich timidly interrupting the Doctor with a query, what was meant by a certain statement in Locke. The learned Professor turned on him with a severity that was pathetic, and with his voice quivering with age and emotion asked him sternly: "Did I ask you to ask that question?" We were formally notified that no questions were to be asked by any person in class, but if a difficulty presented itself, we were to call at the Professor's room off the western stair-landing and propound it there. It is needless to state that these calls were not numerous, nor when made were they satisfactory to either party. The dissatisfaction proceeded so far that meetings of students were held from time to time and deputations appointed to request him in justice to them to resign his chair. Great were the rejoicings when he was superseded by Dr. Young, "one of the simple, great ones gone, forever and ever by." But Professor Young came in after my time, and we must in this paper "only look and pass."

Dr. Beaven possessed some sterling qualities which commanded our respect for his character. One admirable retort of his is still no doubt floating about the corridors. During my time his lectures were "cut" whenever it was safe to do so, and the attendance was always meagre. One morning he was agreeably surprised to find the room well filled with an expectant audience. He smiled his satisfaction, spoke courteously to the class, and passed round the opened door to the professorial chair, which occupied the corner behind it. Then he discovered the real cause of the large audience. Some students—I think I know their names, but mum's the word—had during the previous night abstracted from the museum a large ape or baboon, and continuing their burglarious operations into Professor Chapman's room, had clad the stuffed specimen in the professor's cap and robes, and then placed it "en grande tenue" in the chair sacred to Dr. Beaven in the latter's lecture room. The Professor winced and showed his "amazement and surprise." Immediately recollecting himself, he turned to the class and remarked in his quavering tones, with studied politeness: "I am delighted that *at last*, gentlemen, you have a professor that is—ah—*suité to your capacities*." It was a "palpable hit," and our opinion of the old professor rose enormously at a bound. I well remember peeping through the doorway with other students an hour later and seeing the doctor, with Professors Hincks and Chapman, whom he had asked in, standing near the *new* professor of Metaphysics and all laughing heartily over the latest freak of the students.

Professors Croft and Cherriman were well known to all the students, not merely from their great ability as professors, but as enthusiastic and popular officers of the famous No. 9 Company, University Rifles, afterwards called Company "K," in the Queen's Own. Buckland, as professor of Agriculture, and Hirschfelder, as professor of

Oriental, did not come into contact with so many students. Occasionally the latter would preside at a public meeting of the Literary Society, to the delight of the students.

As to Prof. Forneri, I am not in a position to say much. He was professor of Modern Languages. *Vidi tantum*. But he was my examiner in French in 1864. I remember my boyish elation as he remarked "farra goot," when I had successfully run the gauntlet of an "oral" before him. He had had a strange and adventurous career in Europe—had I believe been a soldier of the great Napoleon. His professorship died with him.

Each of these distinguished scholars and teachers deserves a separate chapter, but I have singled out one or two for special notice for the present, in the hope that some other "old grad." may supplement the deficiencies of my paper, correct it wherein my memory or judgment may be at fault, and complete the inadequate and ill-defined outline I have given.

### III.

#### COLLEGE AMENITIES.

The story was an old one when I entered college, of the ghostly ringing of the great bell in the main tower one winter midnight. Officials were aroused, the doors opened with the "regular" keys and an investigation had. The ghostly sexton was discovered to be a harmless cow, fastened firmly to the bell rope at a proper distance from a bundle of hay. In her efforts to reach the fodder, the mysterious noises were produced which had startled the sleeping city.

In my own time the activity of the joker was worthy of all admiration. In one aspect, the energy consumed might have been better devoted to the regular work of the curriculum, but then the students at large would have been deprived of a good deal of fun which helped to make their work easier for them.

On one occasion for a day or two we missed the familiar and welcome sound of the Dining Hall bell. The clapper had been carried off in the night. It was restored after a public notice from the Dean that if it were not replaced within a specified time the expense of providing another would be charged against the entire body of Resident students.

We were in the habit of leaving our boots outside the door to be blackened. This was a temptation not to be resisted. Once the entire collection disappeared for two days. Then they were discovered under the bed of a new student—much to his mystification. Two weeks later there was a like disappearance, and the same student surprised me by "discovering" them under my bed. He had quickly learned to follow a bad precedent. Little wonder may be felt that in his downward path he finally pulled up as a member of the late Dominion Cabinet.

The present Rev. Dean O'Meara was in our year, and the now Surveyor-General of British Columbia, Tom Kains, was his fellow member of the Literary Society. O'Meara read "Locksley Hall" at a private meeting of the Society, and Kains happened to hear of it shortly before the event. The result was that when the reader had finished in the best elocutionary style the very first stanza, with the request,

"When you want me, sound upon the bugle horn," such a Roncesvalles blast came through the open door from an immense tin horn, a couple of yards in length, at the small end of which was Kains' much distended mouth, that the meeting was thrown into fits of uncontrollable laughter, and the further reading of Tennyson was postponed *sine die*.

One of the mysteries in our time was the disappearance of a coverlet from Kew's bed. After two weeks it was discovered that the Varsity was hanging out its banners from the outward walls, and the bed cover was floating



proudly and defiantly from the topmost windows in one of the eastern towers.

A somewhat dangerous mode of startling a new Residence man was by boring augur holes in his door, and introducing large gunpowder "squibs," which were then lighted by a fuse. The explosion was terrifying, and the room would be filled with the sulphurous odor and blind-smoke.

A comparatively harmless variation of this practice was to introduce a syringe through the aperture, and give the sleeper a cold water douche.

The "real evidence" of these squibbings is, I imagine, still manifest, even to the present generation of residents, in the form of carefully-fitted "plugs" in the old apertures of the doors.

Key-holes were occasionally plugged so carefully that when a student returned to his room at a late hour in the evening it would be with the greatest difficulty and delay that he could secure an entrance.

I mention these mischievous tricks, of course, in order that the present generation may avoid them. Some involved appreciable damage to college property, or were otherwise of a serious nature, and were properly visited with condign punishment. But, as a rule, they were the result of good-natured fun and bubbling animal spirits, and were wisely overlooked.

I wonder if the "ragged gown procession" is still a feature of undergraduate life? In our time, we always wound up the college year by organizing the owners of the raggedest gowns, including, of course, the entire graduating class, and marching in procession down Yonge to King, and up and down King (which was then the fashionable afternoon promenade). Of course, the procession was the great event of the day for the city, and especially for the Ladies' Schools, whom we sometimes met in these parades.

#### EDUCATION *vs.* LEARNING.

I am glad to see that the article, "Education *vs.* Learning," in VARSITY of February 10th, has aroused considerable interest. The opponents of the positions therein advanced have made out a good case, but their arguments do not seem to be wholly unanswerable. It is my purpose here to combat, as briefly as may be, some of their principal contentions. Limitations of space will make it impossible to go fully into the matter, or even to touch upon every point suggested by my critics, so that this need not be the last word on the subject.

In VARSITY of February 24th Mr. Munro asks: "What is the function [of a university]? Is it not to afford facilities for the ardent, independent, disinterested pursuit of truth?" As to the proper function of a university, Mr. Munro and I can, I fear, never agree, since our ideals are wholly different. Mr. Herbert Bates, in the *Outlook* of Feb. 27th, hits off the position exactly. He says: "Education, we all know, is dividing men into two parties: the party of those who seek fact, and the party of those who seek inspiration through fact; the party of mere science, and the party of those who demand not only science, but also beauty. Germany stands mainly on the side of mere fact; England and France mainly on the side of culture; America hangs in the balance." My first paper was an attempt to show that Toronto University was no longer hanging in the balance, but definitely had taken sides with Germany, and that this was much to be regretted. Mr. Munro defends and praises the German system. On which side Toronto University may finally range herself will be determined by the Faculty and Senate, backed by public opinion, which will be moulded by the graduates and undergraduates. For the sake of Canadian culture, it

is to be hoped that she will follow the lead of the Mother Country.

It was said in "Education *vs.* Learning" that the curriculum prescribed too much work, a statement to which two of my critics have taken exception. Mr. O'Higgins ironically asks: "What do the authorities know about drawing up a curriculum at any rate?" and Mr. Munro makes much the same objection. I think it can be shown that not only is this statement true but also the other one, namely, that "In some courses enough work is set down for eight months to occupy profitably two years of study." To do this it is not necessary to search through the curriculum for some particularly hard course. I shall use as an example my own course in my own year.

In third year Political Science there are seven honor subjects, for which seven months are allowed, that is thirty weeks, or when we subtract two for Christmas, twenty-eight, leaving exactly four weeks for each subject. Now it would strike one as ludicrous to expect a man to master Modern History from 1250 to 1763 (the history of the world for five centuries) in four weeks, each containing about forty-eight working hours. Yet third year Political Science students are expected not only to do this, but to master seven subjects (of which History is by no means the most difficult) in seven successive periods of four weeks, and then to take an examination on the whole *mélange*.

Knowledge thus obtained is necessarily superficial and evanescent. The student's brain resembles a gun, loaded to the muzzle with an ill-arranged, dimly comprehended mass of facts. In May the gun is fired, its contents are scattered about the different examination papers, and the piece requires little cleaning out to make it ready for a new charge.

In justification of the want of interest on the part of the teachers in the taught, Mr. Munro mentions the large number of undergraduates and the great amount of work thrown upon each professor. As an excuse, this is doubtless valid. But then, either the amount of work should be diminished or the number of professors increased. For surely the duty of a university professor or lecturer is not merely to prepare and read a *resume* of the books on his particular subject or simply to expound his own ideas. His mission must be something higher and better than that. Broad-minded, cultured men, as are the majority of our professors, could and should exercise a personal influence on the undergraduates, and this, even according to the defender of the present system, is impossible.

Mr. Munro says: "The wearing of gowns is a relic of past days, a superstition from which we are not yet quite free. But we need never hope to enforce a university spirit by demanding a distinctive dress." In reply, let me ask Mr. Munro: "Have not the uniform of the soldier, the gown of the barrister, the distinctive dress of the clergyman been adopted and retained because of their effect in producing and maintaining *esprit de corps*?" Why then need we "never hope" that university spirit would be fostered by a recognized academic dress?

Every article which has appeared in reference to "Education *vs.* Learning" has contained a criticism of my objection to co education. Any expression of opinion on the subject was perhaps ill-advised, for two reasons. First, because the system has come to Toronto University to stay, and nothing is gained by challenging the inevitable. In the second place, any discussion of the subject can only widen the gulf which must of necessity exist between the two great divisions of the student body.

At the end of his carefully considered article Mr. Munro makes some remarks to the effect that in criticizing the university and its system, the undergraduate should state his case with perfect fairness and an absolute adherence to truth. This is, I think, the only part of the paper with which I can entirely agree. As the Rev. Dr.



McCosh, of Princeton University, once said, "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us." Let me, therefore, ask the undergraduates and the Faculty to treat as leniently as possible any lapses from perfect fairness and absolute truth which may occur in Mr. Munro's article or in either of mine. Such lapses on my part were quite unintentional, and judging from the remarks cited, the same is true of Mr. Munro. O MOWAT BIGGAR.

### S.P.S. NOTES.

A letter appeared in last Saturday's issue of *The Mail and Empire* dealing with the mining policy of Ontario, and signed "Arthur N. McMillan." Is this our "Mac?" It is the same name, so we may conclude that it is. Well, we hope that all the S.P.S. students will take as much interest in their country and in their province. Mr. McMillan gives figures to show that we are shamefully backward in our mining industry, and all on account of the present mining policy of the Government, which is bad enough to discourage the most hopeful prospector.

The prohibitionists should give Mr. Hardy a rest, and let him turn his attention to mining for a little while. The critical season is approaching, and many of us will want to go gold-hunting after the first of May. We may expect to run across S.P.S. men in all parts of the Rainy River district next summer—at least—that part of it that has not been sold to "South African Syndicates"

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When the millennium comes:—Smellie will have his hair cut; John Shaw will be President of the Engineering Society; Stacey will get Mark Hanna's job; Andrewes will buy some ink; Piper will have his story published in *Varsity*; Isaac Morphy will graduate from the school; Haight will be able to grow a moustache; and Prof. Graham will be Principal.

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The School was, as usual, much in evidence at the athletic exhibition. Both faculty and students were well represented, the former, Mr. J. A. Keele, President of the Fencing Club, whose bout with Mr. Cartwright of the T.A.C., was a most skilled exhibition of the fine art of fencing. Five members of the gymnastic class wore the yellow, blue and white, while it is said that we can lay claim to the two only original "mirth provokers," who provided the fun of the evening. The features of one of them at least had a touch of familiarity about them. In the musical ride, indeed, we were forcibly reminded of the old rhyme:

"The Duke of Wellington had a great nose,  
So big that it frightened all his foes."

The event was voted a success by all, and the Athletic Association are to be congratulated.

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A meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, the 10th inst. It has been found necessary to hold several of these special meetings in order to get in all the papers which have been prepared. The members listened with great interest to a paper on "Pneumatic Foundations," prepared by T. Kennard Thompson, '86. Mr. Thompson was the first Secretary of the Society, and has always taken a great interest in its welfare. The paper described the work of laying the foundations for the Commercial Cable Building in New York City. It was read by Mr. A. T. Laing, B.A.Sc., who was also engaged upon this work during a part of the time. Quite a number of difficulties had to be overcome in laying these foundations. The building is twenty-one storeys high, which made it necessary that the foundations should be of the best. There is a cellar and a sub-cellar under the building, which required an excavation twenty feet below the level of the ground water in that part of the city, and the

contractors were under heavy bonds to make the cellars water-tight. During the progress of the work it was found necessary to repair the foundations of three adjoining buildings. The description of the methods employed in overcoming these difficulties was of great interest to the members.

R. W. Angus, '94, then read a paper on "The Gas Engine," giving an outline of its history, the theory of its action, and a description of the details of the modern types.

These two papers will prove valuable additions to Pamphlet No. 10, which is to be printed next month.

### THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

The crowning event in the annual career of the Athletic Association is the Assault-at-Arms. The abundant success attendant upon this term's exhibition affords ample proof for the statement. As usual, it was held in the Gymnasium, and was attended by an exceedingly large audience, composed of undergraduates, graduates, professors and friends of the University. President Gibson welcomed the spectators in a brief speech, explaining the import of the exhibition, and in a manner, apologizing for the unusual imposition of an entrance fee.

A neat programme was in the hands of all. The first event was the tug-of-war semi-finals; after much strenuous exertion on the part of the tuggers, and vociferous vocalization by their friends, '00 were defeated by the graduating class, while Knox pulled the Meds over the line with comparative ease. The gymnastic class then gave a spirited exhibition, using as the basis of operation the vaulting-horse. Every man did his part with all the ease and agility of an accomplished gymnast. A funny feature of the evening's performance was the queer antics of the two clowns who now first made their appearance upon a wooden tandem, with which they produced no end of amusement. The fencing finals were close and interesting, but Cupid chased his opponent out by a score of 5 to 4. In the semi-final pick-a-back wrestling contest the Meds beat the S. P. S., owing to Stevens' superior horse, while Jackson dethroned Thom hands down. Keith and Dickson were the bright particular stars of the gymnastic class in the exercises on the parallel bars. The bayonet contest came McMordie's way by a score of 5 to 3. In the finals of the wrestling contest Stevens, clad in a flaring red jersey, overcame Jackson. In the language of one of the boys, the musical ride of the clowns upon their doll horses, "was all right." Later in the evening it was repeated by special request for the amusement of a coterie of M.L.A.'s. The fencing class showed careful training in its exhibition lesson. Jackson and Stevens had a lively set to in the sword contest; Stevens won by the narrow score of 5 to 4. In the tug-of-war finals, Knox and '97 were pitted against one another; they were well matched in strength, though Knox was more massive. Still '97 won in two straight pulls. The exhibition of skilful and scientific fencing by Captain Cartwright and Mr. Keele was greatly appreciated. The handsome captain carried off the honors. McMordie won the quarter-staff fight, and the performance was brought to a close by a brilliant exhibition on the horizontal bar, led by Prof. Williams, who was ably assisted by Bertram and Dickson. To our mind, the best event was the one preceding the quarter-staff contest—the formation of pyramids by the gymnastic class. This is a pet scheme of the Professor's, and merited the rounds of applause that it received. The majority of undergraduates do not appreciate Mr. Williams at his proper worth. He is undoubtedly one of the most accomplished gymnasts on the continent, and as a teacher has marked ability. His own personal performance and the evidenced results of his teaching were revelations to the average collegian. Truly, the work of the Athletic Executive for the term '96-'97 is fittingly crowned by this successful event.

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# The Varsity

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## VALEDICTORY.

WITH this week's edition THE VARSITY appears for the last time under the present management. This farewell to college journalism of the members of the outgoing senior class is one of the events which go to mark the beginning of the end of the academic year. One by one the regular lectures are ceasing, to enable the undergraduate to give himself up more completely to the task of arming himself for the final struggle with the examination fiend. Within the last week the Literary Society has ceased from its labours, with the selection of those who, next fall, will assume the guidance of its fortunes. Everything seems to indicate that the college career of the class of '97, so far as it is concerned with other than its own immediate interests, has practically closed. A few more weeks in which to "scorn delights and live laborious days," and there will be attached to their names the simple letters which mark their divorce from the joys of undergraduate life. Then will they be compelled to shake the dust of college from off their feet, and go to join that already large band of university men, who are fulfilling their duties as citizens in the great outside world.

Their course, as members of our student body, has covered a period than which perhaps none is more important in university history. They arrived at a time when the disorder, which followed the great fire of seven years ago, had been for the most part overcome. Many influences were at work to send a spirit of unrest abroad. They saw an unhappy state of affairs grow more so, until it ended in an estrangement, which ever will be a cause for regret on the part of true friends of the University. But, though it was their misfortune to pass through these gloomy times, it has also been given them to witness, and in a very large measure direct and aid, a genuine process of recovery. Comparing university life, as they saw it in their freshman days, with that which they now leave, who can

augur for it anything but a future of real and great prosperity.

Yet we believe that there is still much room for improvement, and during the past year we have not hesitated to say so from time to time. In our columns, during the past few weeks, a most interesting discussion has been going on over some of the aspects of our work as a great university. It has had at least the merit of giving a clearer understanding of the position in which we stand in relation to other seats of learning, and cannot help but suggest some ideas for the bettering of our present condition. There is undoubtedly the need of a fuller and a more extended university spirit. But this can be obtained, not by any ready-made scheme of student organization, though by such means it may be aided. It is rather by each and every undergraduate taking an interest in his fellows as university men. Let there be a community of interests; let them be brought together more frequently and made to feel the great advantages which flow to each individually from a greater personal contact of man with man. Only then will an *esprit de corps*, worthy of the name, be found. In certain quarters to-day, we believe that we do find it. Its influence has been felt in past generations. We have seen in the graduates of this University a love of Alma Mater which, in its intensity, we do not think can be surpassed in the case of any other. But it is an undoubted fact that at present our students, as a whole, have too little in common. We live too much apart. Let but each feel the need of a closer bond, and our life here will come nearer to attaining that ideal of student brotherhood, that dream, ever present in the minds of our best men, but always so far from a complete realization.

When a class of graduates leaves the University we think that the strength of the college tie can best be tested by noticing the interest which they continue to manifest in the life which they leave behind. If it has had its right effect upon their characters and their lives, that interest need never lag. Let them not cut themselves off entirely from its influence. It is on the union of all Varsity men, with a single aim to the institution's good, that her future usefulness depends. So let no new-fledged bachelor of arts of next June think that with the obtaining of degree cease his privileges and his duties as a university man: nor let those who remain forget that in him they still see one of themselves, nor seek to exclude him from the circle of their interests.

With this long drawn-out homily, addressed to the coming graduate and his more fortunate fellows in the junior years, we bring to a close the editorial work for the term. We may say, for ourselves, that in its course we have become more and more impressed with the field of usefulness which lies open to a college journal. To those who have been to us the most stalwart of aids, we desire to render our sincerest thanks. To all those, with ability for that work, which we direct from week to week, we appeal for aid to our successors in office in keeping up the high standard which this paper has always maintained. As for our successors, if, at the end of their term of office, they can say that so has been marked by its course many lights and so few shadows as ours has been, that so many

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



pleasant memories strew its path as are now fresh to those who are giving up control, then, indeed, will they be loth to relinquish their connection with THE VARSITY.

#### BOOKS AND OTHER MATTERS.

Certainly the book-worm is the most comfortable of all prigs. Montaigne said he knew of few troubles which half an hour's reading in a good book would not banish. The book-worm adds to that that there are few delights which half an hour's reading will not purchase. Let us be a book-worm for the time and justify our being so. And that we may arouse the suspicion of talking cant—for suspicion means interest—let us take Shakespeare for our book. But here we must make digression and confession. We find in any good commentator that Lear and Macbeth and Othello are the greatest of the plays—and they are, too, for those who have lived, and known the tragedies of life; but since no unkind fate has made us sadly precocious, they are not so for us. Indeed, living the average life of natural development, every period should mark itself by preference for some particular play or group of plays. More than that it seems almost reasonable that we should prefer the plays in the order in which they were written—a chronological test which we yield up to such German investigators as have time for the experiment. All this is but an apology for the fact that we prefer the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, to the Castle at Elsinore, and would rather wander in the Forest of Arden than in any Scottish Heath.

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Now, if in your inmost soul you confess that you think Shakespeare stupid, you must have read him as scholars direct, which is a deadly error. Let us repair to the Boar's Head, let us take our ease in our inn. Falstaff shall down his sack and brag and lie, and talk better than any man talks in these empty days. Pistol shall swagger and quote blustering gasconade in King Cambyse's vein from every play then running. And when the prince comes in "playing on his truncheon like a fife," we shall make the welkin dance indeed. Or if the hour be late why not draw up our chairs to the warmth of the sea-coal fire in the Dolphin chamber, and while Dame Quickly binds up fat Jack's broken head, listen to him talking hiccupish sentiment? Then in summer's heat we can take the book with us to the woods, and stretched out on the pine needles read ourselves into the company of Rosalind and Touchstone, and that merry company, ghosts of the sunshine, returning from the radiant warmth of their own bright times. And so we may live with those who loved light and color, not heeding Charbon, the Puritan, "and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Shall we be blamed then if we love Falstaff and his roystering crew better than the polite people—Heaven bless them—who abound in 'evenings out;' if it is more to our taste to jest with the shockingly unlacharperoned Rosalind and affect a philosophic and melancholious gloom with Jaques, than to join in the picnics and excursions—plethoric lunch-baskets and shrieking games of girl's ball—which are our modern substitutes for the pastoral?

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How plausible is all this! Yet it is all pure priggishness in its self-contained conceit—all a sneering philosophy of cobwebs in its disregard of real things. Let those love books who can—and such are blessed—but if they make us despise our own life, and think less of the people we meet every day, they are only a curse to us. Those who take their mental gospel from Shakespeare would do well to mark that there is no teaching in him to tally with the sonnets Wordsworth wrote to books. And all our research into the life of the greatest of Teutons shows us that his

reading was but little. But how marvellous was the breadth of his intercourse with men and things!

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Now from this there may be light thrown upon the vexed question of our university education. It is a sour truth that the majority of people sneer at the "book-learned," the college-bred man. Have they better countenance than they know? Is their opinion founded on "divine common sense?" Our first movement is to hotly resent the sneer, for it comes oftenest from mere ignorant envy or demagogic slander; but there is much justice in it. We bring it upon ourselves by our silly prattle about our separation from the world. We talk loftily of our "four years sequestration in a peaceful *Academe*"—as if we had withdrawn into a tightly-closed clam shell, and for so doing were much to be commended. We are fond of talking about "the rarified atmosphere of the arts and sciences;" let us beware lest, like some eminent balloonists, we descend from this rarified atmosphere so puffed up as to be no longer a living part of mundane things, past all vulgar eating and breathing. We talk about "the outside world," as if our life of shadows could be compared to the great reality.

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There are wise men directing the universities of this continent, and what is very much more, our college life is beginning to be powerfully moved by the great currents of external action. Let us cease running after foreign and old-fashioned models. Oxford sends her Fellows into her tremendous library, and they glean among the manuscripts. Chicago has her great foreign colonies, her anarchists and socialists, her trusts and trades-unions; among these do her Fellows go for their higher instruction. Which is the better way? Shall our tutor be a book or the world? Is it not just this new education which will deliver us from the stigma of being learned stock-fish, of being stuffed with useless knowledge and wrapt in a conceit which holds us childishly aloof from life? The simpler people are our superiors in this. What arts' man has not blushed under the eyes of the "uneducated," when with all his learning he betrays his ignorance of how people live and think? What student of the School of Science has not reddened under the criticism of the artisan who mixes his knowledge of machinery with untheorizing mother-wit?

\* \*

To what end is all this? To the greatest of ends. Our world is full of change and revolution. I do not allude to the crisis in Europe—where it is yet to be seen if unlearned people, guided by the golden rule, will not show more wise than those who apply the doctrine of heartless theory to the *rapport* of nations—but I speak of what is passing in our own continent. A month ago a ball was given in the city of New York which cost a quarter of a million dollars. At the same time a snow-fall in that city offered a few hours' work to some lucky ones of the scores of thousands of half-starved unemployed. Those men fought each other for the snow-shovels, fought like animals for the chance of honestly getting a few cents. Some of them were taken to the hospitals. The others did the work—and then? Those men read. They knew of the cruel magnificence of that ball, and they cursed it from a depth of hatred which is yet to sow anarchy and chaos throughout the land. If you doubt this, talk to the unemployed in our own city—there are hundreds of them, rapidly becoming criminal. Speak to the women who show faces like death's heads in doorways not half a mile from our own University.

\* \*

They tell us that that ball founded an American aristocracy. With what words shall we greet the new nobility? O, thou Dives, whose uncounted hoards come from the



open hands of kind-eyed Mother Nature, thou rich man for whom the Almighty has put the lightning into harness, and made the boiling of water to move mountains, why dost thou dam up the streams of plenty, and hatefully grudge in giving what was so freely given thee? Dost thou jeer at thy fellows, and lie to them, deceiving them with a jugglery of words? Dost thou wring them till they sweat blood in thy service, and yet fear no justice? Thou usest them as brutes, and guard thyself, for brutes are they becoming. What thinks the father whom thou wilt not even let work, when he sits with a stony face, and sees, sick at heart, the pinched faces of his starving little ones? What thinks he of them who pour untold gold down the gutters? Of such stuff as this came the Reign of Terror. Hast thou no fear that he, too, will sometime rage, a man of blood?

Thou proud matron in silk and furs, wilt thou ever give over out-glittering the tinsel of others? How long wilt thou slander and fawn for an empty place? Dost thou hold thy head high? Thou art the farther from the joys of heaven as thou takest thy eyes from the pangs of earth. Dost thou ever think upon thy sister who sits in squalid misery? The tiny hands of her skinny babe beat upon the parched and shrunken breast, and the hunger of the mother is a double pang. Not otherwise than she were the white-lipped woman who knitted shrouds beneath the guillotine. They were not always furies who bore the flaming oil in the time of the Commune.

Ye gilded youths, would ye make loathsome vileness a thing to laugh at? Would ye turn all to lightness? Are ye content to be thought the froth of your generation? Nay, ye are the scum, the green slime poisoning the sweet springs of truth and purity.

Ye soft-handed daughters of the house, shall we forever make ye pretty verses? Shall we any longer watch ye purr under the titillation of a delicate flattery? Get ye to your knees, and rise Sisters of Mercy, angels such as ye might long have been.

Well have ye all been called barbarians; for while your brothers have frozen and starved, and almost hated God, ye have laughed and piped and danced. "Ye never thought?" Ye never think, ye brainless, heartless crew! Had ye but willed to see and know, those cruel lines which told of men who fought for work would have been to your unhallowed feast a handwriting on the wall. How many million loaves did ye fling away in that one accursed night? Better had ye defiled the bread of the eucharist, the body of Christ Himself. Oh, might a Jeremiah arise, and scourge ye with words of flame!

What is all this to us? It is everything. It is the cry for reform to those who alone can reform. It is the awful need which seeks help of men and women who have learned to think and feel, who have drawn knowledge from books, and wisdom from a life lived in the light of truth. It is a warning telling us to prepare ourselves for a great duty and the most tremendous of responsibilities. Who shall judge between these men, if it be not those who are of neither party, yet who know the thoughts of both? Who can make laws that will reform, if it be not those whom a broad and liberal education has left neutral and untrammelled? And if the worst comes, it will be for the men of the universities to build up order and government out of the bloody ruins and smoking chaos of the most awful of all revolutions. It was the "humanities" which gave their power to Erasmus and Melancthon and Luther; and holding in mind the deeper meaning of the word, we can turn all our studies into "humanities." Let us learn wisdom in the school of real things. If we are to have simple truth, and faith in the world, and noble aims, let us draw them from thinking on the minds and hearts of men. Then there shall be no more scoffing at what will truly be a higher education.

FESTE.

## TWO STARS.

Oh! poor lone star, that gleams above so bright,  
And casts thy beams of love across the night,  
I pray thee linger long upon my sight—  
Sweet star!

Thus thought a poet, wandering alone,  
This night that Heav'n a single gem had shown;  
And then he murmured in a blissful tone—  
"Sweet star!"

\* \* \* \*

Oh! twinkling \*, that down my future gleams,  
I pray thee do not shed on me thy beams,  
Nor haunt me ever in my sweetest dreams—  
Cruel \*!

Thus thought the poor, "hard-plugging" undergrad.,  
And no consoling word could make him glad:  
And from his soul he cried in accents sad—  
"Cruel \*!"

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## A DISTINGUISHED CAREER.

Mr. W. B. Hendry, B.A., '95, now senior Mathematical Master of Ridley College, St. Catharines, was one of the most prominent and successful men in his year, both as a student and as an athlete. After taking a double honor course in Mathematics and Moderns for three years, he graduated with honors in Mathematics (Physics option), and received from the School of Pedagogy specialist's certificates in Mathematics, French and German.

"Billy" Hendry played throughout his course on the '95 football team, was a member of the original Gymnasium Committee, and of the succeeding Athletic Directorate, of which he was Secretary in '94-5. For his signal services he received one of the four honorary life-memberships that the Association has issued, and is also a member of the recently appointed permanent Advisory Board. For three years the star centre-fielder of Varsity's crack lacrosse twelve, he also played on the senior tennis team; and was, in his final year, President of the latter club, and Vice-President of the Lacrosse organization. Mr. Hendry served the Literary Society as Secretary of Committees in '92-3, and The Varsity as Secretary of its Directorate in '94, and as an Associate Editor in '95. Altogether his was a career of tireless activity and well-deserved success and popularity, of which his fellow students and The Varsity wish him an unlimited continuance.

## LACROSSE.

The prospects for lacrosse this year are brighter than ever, which is saying a great deal. Managers Fitzgibbons, of Varsity, and Burns, of Osgoode Hall, have arranged for a combined tour to several American cities, including Washington and Baltimore, where exhibition games will be played between Varsity and the Hall. In addition to this, Mr. Fitzgibbons will carry out the usual tour, taking

his team to New York, Boston and Lehigh. The success of last year's trips, the best Varsity ever had, together with the excellent outlook for this season, has led a great many new men to decide on coming out to practice for positions on the team. Home games will assume a new prominence this year, as Varsity will have a formidable opponent in Osgoode Hall, and a series of three matches will likely be played for the inter-collegiate championship of Canada. In these games the "aspirants" will be given a trial, and from the good ones the American team will be picked.

Captain MacKinnon will have his men begin regular practice as soon as the campus is dry, for this season's work will be by no means light if the blue and white are to hold their places at the front.

It is understood that '97, elated by their success in hockey and tug-of-war, are after the inter-year lacrosse championship, and to that end will put a team in the field to meet all comers; now Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, on to glory; and may the best win.

Lovers of cycling will doubtless have noticed the '97 "Comet" wooden-frame wheel, which has been on exhibition at the Gymnasium for the past few days. Wooden frame bicycles, although of but recent invention, are rapidly displacing those made of steel in public favor; their chief superiority being that in riding them little or no vibration is felt by the rider, no matter how rough the road. The wheel on exhibition is made of the best second growth hickory, and is guaranteed to be stronger than any steel frame wheel of the same weight. It is also supplied with patent oilers, which obviate the necessity of the rider carrying an oil can. Varsity readers who have not already seen this wheel should do so at once. Any further information may be obtained from Mr. E. Gillis, personally, or by letter left with the janitor.

On Saturday morning, in the semi-finals of the Inter-Collegiate League, '97 Arts, beat S.P.S., 10-8.

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## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The final meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society for the reading and discussion of papers was held Friday, in Room 16.

C. P. Muckle, '97, read an essay on "Conic Sections before the Christian Era." As he covered considerable new ground his paper was most interesting and instructive. After dealing with the works of Euclid and Archimedes, he passed on to those of Appolonius, a mathematician highly esteemed by his contemporaries, yet now almost unknown.

Miss J. Dawson, '98, read a paper on "Recent Science," which was a fitting finale to this brilliant series of papers, contributed by the class of '98. After a short review of the preceding papers, came an enthusiastic description of laboratory and experimental work. After referring to some late scientific papers and researches, the paper closed with a description of the preparations for the coming meeting of the British Association in Toronto.

After some experiments by C. E. Race, '97, and G. W. Keith, '97, the officers for the ensuing year were nominated. The elections for these offices will take place Friday, March 19th.

The manufacture of a bicycle is a subject which is little understood by the great majority of those who ride a wheel. A visit to a well equipped factory would amply repay anyone, especially if he be of a mechanical turn of mind. In the matter of equipment none could be more complete than that of the Lozier Company, at Toronto Junction, where the Cleveland bicycle is manufactured. This factory is as complete as possible, containing every necessary appliance for the production of a perfect bicycle. Its machinery has been purchased regardless of expense, and the materials used are all thoroughly tested by competent mechanical experts. Every part of the wheel is tested, both during manufacture and upon completion, and as a result is thoroughly capable of performing its

special function. The materials used, moreover, are all of Canadian manufacture, with the one exception of the tubing, there being no tubing manufactured as yet in Canada.

The factory employs between 350 and 400 men, all Canadians except about a half-dozen experts, who could not at first be obtained in Canada. These men are all earning from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, being paid on the piece-work plan. A body of expert tool-makers, 35 in number, are employed in making tools for the factory. These men obtain a fixed wage of \$2.50 per day. Altogether, a visit to the establishment in Toronto Junction would well repay all students interested in Canada's economic development.

## THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is '97's Championship: that fact was decided most emphatically on Saturday and Monday.

Three teams were in the semi-finals; Victoria (with a bye), '97 and S. P. S. S. P. S. agreed to play '97 for a "little practice before playing Victoria." They got the "practice," also a little experience, for in spite of strategy and hard words on the part of Mr. McArthur of T.A.C. fame, the score was 10 to 8, S.P.S. second best.

The final between '97 and Victoria was played on Monday. Victoria were not favorites till half way through the game. Play was fast and exciting; Scott (W.B.) scoring for Varsity, and Freeman doing the same for Victoria made the score a tie in the first half.

Both teams came into the game in the next half with "blood in their eye," but after some good, fast combination play, Little scored for '97 and the game was no longer in doubt. Jackson and Bradley each scored in this half, making the final score 4-1 for '97.

Teams were: '97—Counsell, Bradley, Scott, T. H., Wilson, Jackson, Scott, W. B., Little.

Victoria—Fisher, Parry, Treble, O'Flynn, Winters, Freeman and Burwash.



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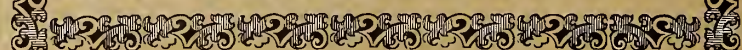
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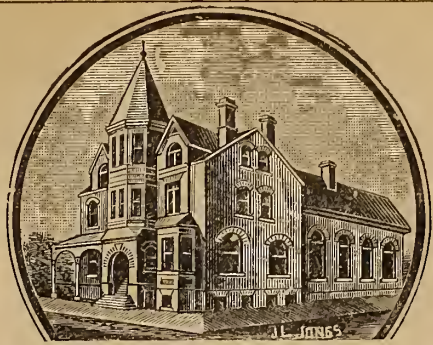
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## LITERARY SOCIETY.

Compared with the rousing nomination meeting of last year, the meeting of the Literary Society, which was held last Friday night, was rather uninteresting. The fact that there was only one recognized party in the field for election, doubtless contributed largely in making the meeting so one-sided. The Loyalist party had no opponents whatever, with the possible exception of Mr. Keith, who certainly did his best to make up for the absence of his following.

After the minutes had been considered, read and approved, Mr. Black, secretary of the Conversazione Committee, presented his report. It recommended that in future, to prevent overcrowding, the number of tickets be limited to about 750, and also that the price be raised as the reduction made this year had hardly fulfilled the expectation of the committee.

The next report, presented by Mr. Scarfe, created considerable discussion and amusement for a time. It gave the attendance of the officers at the meetings during the past year, and in one or two instances showed that the interest taken in the society by them was scarcely perceptible. The fact that one prominent member had been at only one meeting roused the ire of Messrs. Keith and Sandwell to such an extent that the latter moved that a vote of censure be passed on all the members of the Executive who had offended against the Constitution in this particular. Mr. Little moved in amendment that the Committee be censured, that the members who had been absent from three consecutive meetings be dismissed from office, and that Messrs. Sandwell, Shotwell and Keith be elected to fill the position thus made vacant, for the remaining meetings of the society. This comprehensive proposal was so satisfactory to all that discussion ceased, and the report, as read by Mr. Scarfe, was adopted.

The report from Mr. Hancock, treasurer of the Conversazione Committee, showed that about twelve hundred had accepted the Literary Society's hospitality on Feb. 14th, and that, after paying all expenses, a surplus of sixty dollars remained. Mr. Ross gave the House Committee's report as well as a statement of the financial standing of the society, which, to say the least, was not encouraging. The president appealed to the members to pay their fees and make up the eighty dollars deficit, in order that the new officers might start their year with a clean sheet.

The next business was the nomination of officers for the coming year. Mr. Hancock, the vice-president, in an eloquent, but rather lengthy, speech, nominated Mr. McLennan, who, after thanking the officers and members of the society for the support they had given him during the

past year, declined the nomination and bid them all good-bye. Mr. Greenwood proposed the name of Mr. Young, a down-town lawyer and a lecturer at Osgoode Hall. As there were no other nominations Mr. Young was declared elected by acclamation.

Mr. C. M. Carson, '98, was nominated for the 1st vice-presidency by Mr. Watt, who pointed out and elaborated the principles for which the Loyalist party was prepared to fight and conquer. No opposition was expected, and consequently it was a surprise to all when the redoubtable "Jimmie" McCrae took the platform. Jimmie's popularity was evinced by the rousing and continued cheers with which he was received and which interrupted him repeatedly throughout his speech. He regretted that some of the prominent men had not organized those opposed to the Loyalist party; indeed, it was only his supreme modesty which prevented him from doing it himself. He concluded by nominating Mr. Hugh Munroe for the vice-presidency. Mr. Pritchard, in nominating Mr. Russel, '99, for 2nd vice in opposition to Mr. McEntee, '99, the Loyalist party nominee, tried to make the election a personal rather than a party one. This was opposed strongly, however, by several gentlemen who pointed out the many obvious objections to a personal election.

The nominations for the other offices were as follows:

Third Vice President.—R. A. Armstrong, '00; Frank Brown, '00.

Recording Secretary.—G. L. Wager, '98.

Corresponding Secretary.—C. D. Collins, S.P.S.

Curator.—F. C. Harper, '98

Treasurer.—W. F. McKay, '99

Secretary of Committees.—W. A. Smith, '00

Historical Secretary.—J. R. Howitt, '98; G. C. F. Pringle, '98.

Fourth Year Representative.—R. J. M. Perkins, '98; J. M. Gunn, '98; John Inkster, '98; J. T. Shotwell, '98; F. A. Cleland, '98

Third Year Representative.—A. H. Birmingham, '99; W. H. Alexander, '99

Second Year Representative.—E. P. Flintoft, '00.

S. P. S. Representatives.—Third year, W. P. Roper; second year, Lorne Allen.

Messrs. Russel, Gunn, Inkster, Cleland and Alexander withdrew at once, thus leaving but four offices to be contested for. Mr. Shotwell, although not desiring an office, philanthropically consented to stand, if by so doing an election could be caused which would bring more fees into the treasury. As this ended the business for the night the meeting adjourned.

NOTE.—Since the above meeting, Messrs. Munro, Brown, Pringle and Shotwell have declined to stand for office.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Readers will please note our new ads. in this issue—Carnall below, and the Regal Shoe Company on another page.

We regret that lack of space prevents the publication of a most interesting account of the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, by Miss E. M. Graham, '96.

On Thursday afternoon the Hon. David Mills delivered a most interesting lecture, under the auspices of the Political Science Club, upon "The Niger Country." Prof. Mavor occupied the chair, and a fair audience was in attendance. The lecturer gave a general description of this interesting part

of the African continent, and then proceeded to narrate the various efforts which England, France and Germany were making to gain control of the region. France's policy was condemned, and its ultimate failure predicted, through the efforts made in the same field by England. The latter's power was altogether gained by the genius and the energy of her explorers.

One of the most popular of the series of Saturday afternoon lectures was that delivered by Mr. J. C. McLennan, in the Chemical Building, on March 13th, having an ever popular subject, that of the X rays. So great an interest was taken that many were turned away from the doors. Many most interesting experiments were performed, and the importance of the

discovery in every field of scientific research made clearly manifest.

The Assault-at-Arms in the Gymnasium on Thursday night was honored by the presence of a number of prominent members of the Provincial Parliament, under the charge of that genial friend of the University's, Mr. T. L. Church.

Subscribers in arrears are notified that they will be waited upon during the next two weeks for their subscriptions, at the end of which time a list will be posted up with the paid names marked. It will save much inconvenience to the management if subscribers instead of waiting to be called upon would hand their subscriptions to the janitor, who will give receipts for the same.

**Shorthand Class**

One of the members of the Class lately concluded is taking copious notes of lectures, beautifully written, and one of the lady pupils of the same Class writes to a pupil in the present one that she has attained a speed of 120 words a minute.

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## "The Whole Art of Advertising"

Is not possessed by any one man or firm, but each of us has a share. An ad. that is read to the end and remembered is the ad. that brings business. This space is being used by Curry Bros. to call attention to their business, and will be read every week by prospective patrons. We judge value by results, and if *this* ad. attracts attention please mention it when you leave that order for printing at 414 Spadina Avenue. It will encourage us to renew our space next year.

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